Right Above It (feat. Drake)

Lil Wayne & Drake

Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it
We onnn, cause we onnnnnWho else really tryna fuck with Hollywood Cole? I'm with Marley G bro
Flying Hollygrove chicks to my Hollywood shows
And I wanna tell you something that you prolly should know
This that Slumdog Millionaire Bollywood flow
And uhhhh, my real friends never hearin' from me
Fake friends write the wrong answers on the mirror for me
That's why I pick and choose, I don't get shit confused
I got a small circle, I'm not with different crews
We walk the same path, but got on different shoes
Live in the same building, but we got different views
I got a couple cars I never get to use
Don't like my women single, I like my chicks in twos
And these days all the girls is down to roll
I hit the strip club and all them bitches find a pole
Plus I been sippin' so this shit is movin' kinda slow
Just tell my girl to tell her friend that it's time to go
Now tell me how you love itYou know you at the top when only heaven's right above it
We onnn
It's Young Money motherfucker
If you ain't runnin' with it, run from it motherfucker
Alright
Now somebody show some money in this bitchAnd I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?
I got my gun in my boo purseAnd I don't bust back because I shoot first
Meet me on the fresh train
Yes I'm in the building, you just on the list of guest names
And all of my riders do not give a fuck, X Games
Guns turn you boys into pussies, sex change
And I smoke 'til I got chest pains
And you niggas know I rep my gang like Jesse James
Women are possessive, and they wanna possess Wayne
I been fly so long I fell asleep on the fuckin' plane
Skinny pants and some Vans
Call me Triple A, get my advance in advance, Amen
As the world spin and dance in my hands
Life is a beach, I'm just playin' in the sand
Uh, wake up and smell the pussy
You niggas can't see me, but never overlook me
I'm on a paper trail, it ain't no tellin' where it took meYeah, and I ain't a killer but don't push

meeeee
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Now somebody show some money in this bitchAnd I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?
I got my gun in my boo purse
And I don't bust back because I shoot first
Uhh, how do he say what's never said?
Beautiful black woman, I bet that bitch look better red
Limpin' off tour cause I made more off my second leg
Motherfuckin' Birdman Junior, eleventh grade
Ball on automatic start
I could hand it to Drake or do a quarterback draw
Wildcat offense, check the paw prints
We in the building, you niggas in apartments
Uh, no-now c'mon be my blood donorFlow so nice, you ain't gotta put a rug on her
Do it big and let the small fall under that
Damn, where you stumbled at?
From where they make gumbo at
Kane got the fuckin' beat jumpin' like a jumping jackAnd you know me, I get on this bitch and have a heart attack
Hip Hop I'm the heart of that, nigga nothin' short of that
President Carter, Young Money Democrat
Uhh
Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it
We onnn
It's Young Money motherfucker
If you ain't runnin' with it, run from it motherfucker
Alright
Now somebody show some money in this bitch (yeah)
And I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig? (soo woo)
And I got my gun in my boo purse (5 Star)
And I don't bust back because I shoot first (yeahh, alright)
Yeahh
We onnn
Young Mu-Young Mula babyyy

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/