

# Lil Wayne, Street Chains

Straight from the East side  
Blood gang we heavy, fuck nigga dare me  
I turn into Freddy, my fingers machetes  
Trap house jumpin' like Monta Ellis  
We trap out the teli when we outta town  
Uzi on deck, phone ringin' off the hook  
Bitch that's the plug  
Ocean view bedroom baby  
See through showers and I just put some fish in my tub  
Hold up I ain't playin', niggas say they rich I say eeh  
Same old song I don't dance  
Heater on my waist hotter than a frying pan  
If you don't see what I'm saying I give your ass a fuckin' eye exam  
I ain't playin', guns in my hands I ain't prayin'  
Fireman spittin' venom, Spiderman, I'm enhanced  
I'm at peace, joggin' pants cost at least about a grand  
I'm advanced like Japan, got more sand than Sudan, lord

And life ain't nothin' but a long day  
And tomorrow ain't nothin' but a long way, away  
You know the haters come in all sizes, all shapes (okay)  
That's why I had to get a little more trunk space  
Gotta insurance on the trap house, Allstate  
Got the trap house pumpin' like a heart rate  
Got the trap house pumpin' like an 808  
Boom like an 808

I could fly around that bitch need a tarmac  
I just landed in Cuba need a straw hat  
I gotta get the raw back I need a format  
I put the shit on horseback and start my own ranch  
From where they don't talk smack, they just snort smack  
I turn your head to an open hot sauce pack  
I tell the bitch some true lies and some false facts  
Boy I'm drownin' in the syrup like a short stack  
Ooh, 187, 211, hockey mask on, Wayne Gretzky  
Stunt my ass off, chain heavy  
Your bitch get passed on, chain letter  
Train smoker, smoke plain never  
Had a date with the devil, then I changed schedule  
I'm a trained killer, like a paid killer  
Better yet Saddam Hussein nephew  
Nigga no love  
That's from the bottom of my heart  
I pull up and paint yo' whole fucking block red  
And get out of my car and admire my art  
Then smile at my thoughts  
My bitch from Atlanta got eyes like a Hawk, she see why I'm a boss  
I just got another speeding ticket on the Bugatti  
While it was parked  
Now I don't wanna talk, bitch I don't wanna talk  
Lean in my punch, I decided to spar, anybody want war?  
I'm excited to start, get indicted tomorrow, I be out by the morning, before I even yawn  
Stay in ya' lane, I remind these little boys, this is victory lane, now do I need a horn?  
The struggle is real, and the Bible too long  
I'm writing my will, and I'm typing my won't's  
Lord please, Kilo's OZ's  
Cause my bitch act like she like Pinot and cheese  
I dropped out of class so I'm zero degrees  
I can out-think a shrink, she can deep throat a tree  
I can hijack a brinckle, my sweet soda pink  
I'm a freak-show to freaks  
I'm spitting these bars, hope my bartap is cheap  
I'm a hard man to reach, I'm newborn and deceased

I'm too hard for this beat, I'm the heart and the beat  
The Chong and the Cheech, my blunt long as a speech  
Roach look like a leech, I'm too long for the brief  
I'm too wrong for the priest, with this chrome on your teeth that get blown out yo' cheek  
Like my bitch mixed, like Long Island Tea  
She don't hide her figure, she don't hide her feet  
I'm the head nigga, like prodigy  
And bitch I'mma shine, like Connery

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