

Right Above It
Lil Wayne

Capo 3

Chords are C/G (332010)

Em Am F

that order, through the whole song, every line, change chords.

[Lil Wayne]

Now tell me how you love it

You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it

We onnnn

~Cause we onnnn

[Drake]

Who 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 uh, 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

[Lil Wayne]

Now tell me how you love it

You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it

We on

It's Young Money, motherfucker

If you ain't runnin' wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right

Now somebody show some money in this bitch

And 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

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 fuckinâ€™ 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, Iâ€™m just playinâ€™ in the sand
Uh, wake up and smell the pussy
You niggas canâ€™t see me, but never overlook me
Iâ€™m on the paper trail, it ainâ€™t no tellinâ€™ where it took me
Yeah, and I ainâ€™t a killa, but donâ€™t push me

Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heavenâ€™s right above it
We on
Itâ€™s Young Money, motherfucker
If you ainâ€™t runninâ€™ wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right

Now somebody show some money in this bitch
And I got my bees with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?
I got my gun in my boo purse
And I donâ€™t bust back, because I shoot first

Uh, how do he say whatâ€™s never said?
Beautiful black woman, I bet that bitch look better red
Limpinâ€™ off tour â€™cause I made more off my second leg
Maâ€™fuckinâ€™ 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
No-now, câ€™mon, be my blood donor
Floâ€™ so nice, you ainâ€™t gotta put a rug on her
Do it big, and let the small fall under that
Damn, where you stumbled out? From where they make gumbo at
Kane got the fuckinâ€™ beat jumpinâ€™ like a jumping jack
But you know me, I get on this bitch and have a heart attack
Hip-hop, Iâ€™m the heart of that, nigga, nothinâ€™ short of that
President Carter, Young Money Democrat

Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heavenâ€™s right above it
We on
Itâ€™s Young Money, motherfucker
If you ainâ€™t runninâ€™ wit it, run from it, motherfucker, all right

Now somebody show some money in this bitch
And I got my bees with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig? (Soo woo!)
I got my gun in my boo purse
And I donâ€™t bust back, because I shoot first