

# 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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 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 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  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>