

# Right Above It - Lil Wayne Lyrics

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## "Right Above It"

Kane is in the building

Now tell me how you love it

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

We on, 'cause we on

Who else really tryna fuck with Hollywood Cole? I'm with Marley G bro

Flyin' Hollygrove chicks to my Hollywood shows

And I wanna tell you somethin' 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

Now tell me how you love it

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

We on

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

And I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?

I got my gun in my boot 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 smoked '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 me

Yeah, and I ain't a killer but don't push me

Now tell me how you love it

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

We on

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

And I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig?

I got my gun in my boot purse

And I don't bust back because I shoot first

Uh

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, 11th 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, now-now c'mon be my blood donor  
Flow 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 jack  
And 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  
Uh  
Now tell me how you love it  
You know you're at the top when only heaven's right above it  
We on  
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? (Suwoo)  
And I got my gun in my boot purse (five star)  
And I don't bust back because I shoot first (yeah) (alright)  
Yeah  
We on  
Young Mu-, Young Mula, baby

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