

Juicy J and Wiz Khalifa, Weak

The main nigga on the block, where it's hot, talking shit (Man, everybody wanna be a gangster, ma
Gon' be the main motherfucker somewhere dead in a ditch (You know what I'm sayin'?)
What Juicy say? He like, "Shut the fuck up"
I really don't know why, though
Maybe we can fuck when the internet
(Mafia)

When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Ayy)
Weak-ass bitch (Ayy), weak-ass bitch (You tell 'em)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Uh-huh)
Weak-ass bitch (Yeah), weak-ass bitch (You know it)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (What?)
Weak-ass bitch, weak-ass bitch (Ayy)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Ayy)
Weak-ass bitch (Ayy), weak-ass bitch (Don't be scared now)

Pop it off (Pop it off)
Choppers on, it's a war (Nigga)
Walk him down, spin the block, shoot some more (Boom)
Man down (Down), send him up, check the score (Check it)
Mama cryin', fuck the laws, call the morgue (Call 'em)
It's real in my city, it's like World War 3 (World war 3)
Young niggas been drawin' down on MPD (They don't give a fuck)
Ain't got shit to lose, they got shit to prove (Shit to prove)
Get your ass whacked, you won't even make the news (Nigga, North Memphis)
Memphis 'bout that action like The Rock and Tom Cruise (North Memphis)
Catch you lackin', now, you sleepin', nigga, put your shit on snooze (North Memphis)
Only rule, it ain't no rules, all these young niggas got bangers (North Memphis)
Now you can't tell your partner, "Be careful," gotta tell your nigga, "Stay dangerous"

When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Ayy)
Weak-ass bitch (Yeah), weak-ass bitch (Yeah)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Uh)
Weak-ass bitch (Ayy), weak-ass bitch (You tell 'em)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Ayy)
Weak-ass bitch (Ayy), weak-ass bitch (Ho)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Bitch)
Weak-ass bitch (Ho), weak-ass bitch (Blrrrd)

When I say, "Pop out" (Pop out), they pop out with a switch (A switch)
Hit a nigga or a bitch, come through with everything but the kit (On God)
Thirty shots come out the ceiling, we disguise in dresses and wigs
You think this car full of bitches 'til we pop out, get to hittin'
All my killers be overkill, if you send a doctor, you blessed (Blrrrd)
Boy, your life ain't worth two words, if I tell 'em, get you, say less (Say less)
You might catch me in your city with four hundred shots, nothin' less (Nothin' less)
Give a fuck about that 'Vette 'til they can't cover up your head, blrrrd, blrrrd (Blrrrd)
I'm CMO (Certified), I'm CEO, Big Choppa Gang, the leader
Smoke more dope than Wiz Khalifa (Gas, gas), I stay full of Percs and reefer (Gas, I'm high, I'm fly)
I'm sippin' syrup, fly as the birds, scrap with a Desert Eagle (Blrrrd)
You a snitch, so I ain't kill shit and you are not one of mine, neither (Nah)

When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Bitch)
Weak-ass bitch (Ho, ho), weak-ass bitch (Ho)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Bitch)
Weak-ass bitch (Ha), weak-ass bitch (Ho)
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch"
Weak-ass bitch, weak-ass bitch
When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch"
Weak-ass bitch (Uh), weak-ass bitch

Khalifa fresh up out the gym, puttin' them numbers up
They can get mad as they want, they can't fuck with us
I bought a Taylor Gang chain and got my niggas one

I took the little one on tour, then bought a bigger one
She got her feelings now, I can't deal with a weak bitch
She fuck with gangsters, keep it gangster, she like G shit
I parked my Rolls-Royce, then pulled up in my old school
Ain't pillow talkin' 'bout no nigga, that's how hoes move
I copped the double R and traded in that big Mercedes
We started underground and now we fuckin' up the majors
Diamonds in different flavors, your bitch, you could never save her
Get a massage and take a nap, and wake up countin' paper

When I say, "Weak-ass," you say, "Bitch" (Bitch, yeah)
Yup