

# Uproar (feat. Swizz Beatz)

Lil Wayne

Y'all know his name  
Ayo Mac  
Ladies and gentlemen, C5 (Oh) (crowd cheering)  
Wayne time (Oh)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Woo)  
Zone, zone, zone, zone, zone  
Let me see your shoulders work  
I mean, I don't know what y'all came here to do, but uhh  
If you don't ain't a lighter, what the fuck you smoking for What the fuck though? Where the love  
go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro  
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo  
You a roughneck, I'm a cutthroat  
You're a tough guy, that's enough jokes  
Then the sun die, the night is young though  
The diamonds still shine, get it rough hoe  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, where the ones go?  
It's a shit show, put you front row  
Talkin' shit, bro? Let your tongue show  
Money over bitches, and above hoes  
That is still my favorite love quote  
Put the gun inside, what the fuck for?  
I sleep with the gun, then she don't snore What the fuck yo? Where the love go?  
Trade the ski mask, for the muzzle  
It's a blood bath, where the Suns go?  
It's a Swizz beat, down the drums go?  
If she's iffy, down the drugs go  
If she sip lean, double cup toast  
Gotta duffle full of hundos  
Down the love go, where's the uproar?  
What the fuck tho? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro  
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro  
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo Get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro'  
I come out the scuffle without a scuff, bro  
Puff, puff, bro, I don't huff though

Yellow diamonds up close, catch a sunstroke  
At your front door with a gun stowed  
"Knock-knock, who's there" is how it won't go  
This the jungle so have the utmost  
For the nutzoz, and we nuts, so  
What the fuck, bro? It's where I'm from, bro  
We grew up fast, we rolled up slow  
We throw up gang signs, she throw up dope  
Dreadlock hang down like a bundle  
Put the green in the bag, like a lawnmower  
Hair trigger pulled back like a cornrow  
Extra clip in the stash like a console  
Listenin' to Bono, you listen to Don O  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Swizzy, you a chef, I like my lunch gross  
Just look up,  
bro there the stars go  
I see the shovel, but where the drugs go? Mm  
To the unknown  
Only way he comin' is through his unborns  
If you see what's in my bag, think I'm a drug lord  
It's empty when I give it back, now where's the uproar?  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro  
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>