

Man of the Year

Drake

[Verse 1: Drake]

Damn!

I done walked in here
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year
Think I had the mothafuckin' plan of the year
Which was simply to make groupie fans of my peers
And I get my girl whatever she desire
And my niggas get whatever they require
These rappers old, I'm the reason they expire
Plus I got a city that I Carey like Mariah
Damn!

That punch line was predictable
I still got you shittin' bricks, homie, quit the bull
And we don't need new members
To me the clique is full
And I be gettin' the same women that tip the pool
Believe or not
I receive a lot

So, I be wearing the same Gucci that Jeezy got
And I be buyin' the Louis that Kanyezy cop
And I be rippin' the same reords that Weezy rock
This shit is easy Pop
That's why I'm ready, man
I'd never copy Norbit like Eddie, man
Did you get it? Eddie Murphy was in Norbit
Or was it way over your head?
Did you forfeit?

Yeah, I take a woman shopping in a store quick
Her ass big, she just tryin' to make a four fit
Yeah, they need to issue out a recall
I'm goin' up and they headin' into a freefall
The fundamentals are needed, you playin' streetball
And I was out at BET, but I didn't see y'all
These skee-low rappers wishing they could be tall
Lettin' all their fake friends use them like a free stall
Yep! [Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

Damn!

I done walked in here
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year

My shades so dark
And my ice so bright
My buddies and my fans wanna fight your right
Like, round one, round two, round three
I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me
'Cause, ain't no nigga like a Young Money nigga
No, ain't no nigga like me
Ya dig?[Verse 2: Drake]
I said I know you see me chillin'
Super low key
If I'm with the right niggas, you can scoop a O.Z.
All the hustlers and the bouncers
And the groupies know me
Fresh denim, fresh shades
In a group with no kids
It start up when I touch the door
And I encourage ladies to touch the floor
As soon as we finish cuttin', we can cut some more
Then after you get high, make 'em, get 'em, girl you finna get low
Lights dimmed down
Got alota dough
Plus a hit sound
What you mean you ain't heard?
I come highly recommended
Everybody my friend, even if they been offended
They ain't really got a choice, it's an obvious decision
You tryna make a come up in my city, it's a given
Plus a nigga famous
Plus I got a vision
Not to mention havin' bars like a mothafuckin' prison
They takin' too long
Their records on hold
They threatened by my presence
'Cause I make 'em feel old
Guaranteed if they drop, they braggin' 'bout what they sold
Just remember where I lived at, 50 thousands goin' gold
Holla at me when you see me, make yourself known
'Stead of hatin' on my music in the comfort of your home
Nigga, be a man
You actin' like a bitch
I ain't actin' like I'm rude
I'm just actin' like I'm rich, rich
Yeah, uh!
Ridin' with Weezy Fuckin' Baby
Are you the type of girl that me and Weezy fuckin', baby?

'Cause I don't waste time, can't you see a nigga lazy?
And I might need some help
But, you know, Weezy's fuckin' crazy[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]
Damn!

I done walked in here
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year
My shades so dark
And my ice so bright
My buddies and my fans wanna fight your right
Like, round one, round two, round three
I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me
'Cause, ain't no nigga like a young money nigga
No, ain't no nigga like me
Ya dig?[Spoken: Lil' Wayne]
Y.M., bitch!
Everybody!
Two time on Sunday!
Spit 'em!
Check ya blinkers, baby!
Check ya blinkers, baby!
'Cause, to me, look like you've been turning right all day! Yeah!
Right my way! Ha ha!
I got a boulevard, baby!
That's right!
Cash Avenue!
Wall Street gangsta!
Carter, y'all! Heh heh!
Why would I lie?
Yeah!
I ain't rich, bitch, I'm wealthy!
Young! I talk shit 'til I die!
Come kill me, nigga!
Fuck you!
No homo!
She like it! Heh ha ha!
Yeah!

Boy, these mothafuckin' glasses I got on right now, are so mothafuckin' cold![Chorus: Lil' Wayne]
I'm feelin' like...
Damn!

I done walked in here
Straight up lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year
My shades so dark
And my ice so bright
My buddies and my fans wanna fight your right
Like, round one, round two, round three

I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me
'Cause, ain't no nigga
Ain't no nigga
Ain't no nigga like a young money niggaDamn!
I done walked in here
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year
My shades so dark
And my ice so bright
My buddies and my fans wanna fight your right...

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