Inkredible Remix (Freestyle)

Lil' Wayne

[Thugga - Verse 1]
I pop some Percocets
Then I pop some Xanax
Sitting back, strapped, cocked
Plotting on your man next
Jack a nigga for his work
And stretch it like some Spandex
He hesitate, I spray and leave him
Like a Tampex oops, I meant a Tampax
Bitch, I keep that anthrax
I can get your man wacked, for a couple Tan packs
Shoot off your Sedan lap
Nigga, I demand stacks
I ain't playing, black
Bitch, I be spraying MacksAll type of guns with accessories
I'm like Cosby for the bills
I need mills like Stephanie
P-ssy niggas can't stand next to me
I've got dope and ecstasy
Keep em floating like both of the levees breached
80s baby but my soul from the 70s
Worldwide game like a travelled the 7 seas
Niggas ain't OG, scary lil bitch, please
Tune ate p-ssy in the can: Frisky[Raw Dizzy]
I got 10 up on my pinky ring and 20 on my bracelet
Now these niggas kissing ass, but they can't say shit
I'm just here to separate the real from the fake shit
I told you, I was coming n I'm sorry for the wait
I gotta get this money
Mane, it's right here in my face
I got the Devil on my back
I don't wanna be up in that place
My mom tell me to be safe
I just keep running in these streets
I can't stop f-ckin with these hoes
But I say I'm just doing me
Bitch, I'm a 9th Ward nigga
Mason street, D&G
That Flordia right by the D they need to free my nigga B

I ain't the type of person to be running from no beef
Those f-cking guns are gonna be bursting
Somebody knocked off their feet
So watch your f-cking mouth
Before you end up on that floor and stop
Acting like you're hard cause
You know you've been a ho
I told you out the gate I'm not the fake
I gotta say it, please excuse
Almost forgot I'm all Dizzy by the way[Flow]
Money over bitches, bitch I'm coming for the check
Vampire living, bitch I'm coming for your neck
Raw! I'm sharp, my swagger like an X
I'm a motherf-cking monster
I rap like I'm possessed
Call me Mr. Still Smoking, smoke it in a paper
The game is a bitch, hold her down and rape her
Yes I am a Blood but I be wylin' with my skaters
We probably smoking flavors bumping Tyler the Creator
I'm a Eastside native, all my niggas Soo Woopin'
They went crazy when they heard I had a song
With Lil Tunechi, bitch!
Get some ice and pour my Sprite
And light my bong and my doobies
F-ck your producer
I'm the one that be producing my music
I'm a hippie surrounded by a lot of pot
Pot is in me
Drop ya like an Autobot
Sleeping on me like I'm rapping with a blanket
Kill a nigga have him thinking that he planking[Lil Wayne]
All-red plaid shirt, skinny ass jeans on
Them goons at your front door, choppers out: "ding dong!"
Didn't I change the game and put my motherf-cking team on
Now let my chopper ring
"Baka!" is my ringtone
F-ck you ho-ass niggas, I get money and get over hoes
We hold court with them heaters
"Pop!" case open/closed
Looking for a bitch to hop up on my totem pole
And my blunt be stupid-fat, double-stuffed Oreos
I get loaded til I motherf-cking overload
Been rapping, flows still tight like aerobic's clothes
Ask them bitches, I told em hoes
They back it up like Sunnydrive and Bronx Tale closure tho

Lighter in my pocket, light the sky rocket
Pull em hammers out and run them nigga's like Stocktons
Got some niggas from my city
Thugga, Dizzy, Flow
Sorry 4 the Wait, coming soon, Carter IV, beyotch!

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