Earthquake

The Tributers

Speak to them Jazze
Yea fly guy
I, I'm way more fly than you
(That's right)
I'll take your dime from you
(That's right)
Now she wanna spend all night with me
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)
Let me be the one that you roll into
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)
I'll take your bitch give her back, take your bitch again
That's because you throw a 5, I pitch a 10
Now she wanna get inside of my '66
She see that my wrist is blue and yellow like Michigan
She say she love her man, she misses him
But nobody do it better than her distant dick, me
I'm her long distance pimp
When I land my bitches wait for me on the strip, yup
And I don't lie, I confess
I'm the one who turn that orange vest to a dress dough
Gotta dress to impress though, gotta stay clean
Plus momma in a Lex 4
She with me, what you expect? I live to be fly to death
It's the Bird Man junior, sincerely yours
When it rains it pours, when it rain it whores
Jazze, c'mon
I, I'm way more fly than you
(That's right)
I'll take your dime from you
(That's right)
Now she wanna spend all night with me
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)
Let me be the one that you roll with too
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you, baby
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)
Now why you wanna go do that?

I can see through that
Tattoo right there, like I can't view that
Girl, what that? Say wait, who that?
Bet he was lame, bet he not Lil' Wayne, no
'Coz I'm way more flyer
Have you hangin' 'round a bunch of yayo buyers, nope
And not a day go by us
We don't get higher than the telephone wires
Cut your telephone off, we ridin' where phones don't roam
They don't even come on
You're far from home so leave it alone
You creepin' with the king of the throne
You sleepin' in a tee and a thong, with your hair in a pony
I ain't got no blinds, we can stare at the morning, yup
But I can't be there all mornin'
I'm a pimp baby, I'm going, going, gone
I, I'm way more fly than you
(That's right)
I'll take your dime from you
(That's right)
Now she wanna spend all night with me
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby)
Let me be the one that you roll with too
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)
I'm sorry I was groovin'
Gotta love that laid back mannie fresh music
But let's get back to what we was doing
Laid back in that black on plat Ewing's
That's 33 weak tires, he fire
These streets ain't papaya ma
You gotta keep heat on your side 2 must
So I'm a get 3 more and cop you one, wait
Naw hun 'coz you ain't exempt
If your ass ever trip, I'll give you a clip, yea
But I love the way your jeans suck in your hip
And you walk kinda mean how you strut with a dip
And you talk kinda clean and you lick your lips
But I can't fall for you 'coz I stick to the script, yup
I said "I stick to my grip, I stick to my money, that's life to me
Sorry honey, Jazze"
I, I'm way more fly than you
(That's right)
I'll take your dime from you

(That's right)
Now she wanna spend all night with me
(She wanna wake up with Weezy F, baby, damn)
Let me be the one that you roll with too
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)
Baby, I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you
(So how 'bout you? So how 'bout you?)
So how 'bout you?
So how 'bout you?
See what I'm talking bout sweet heart
You ain't even gotta have John Madden
You ain't gotta have Dick Vitale, you ain't gotta Lee Carsole
You ain't gotta have Stuart Scott, you ain't gotta have Linda Cohn
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
You ain't gotta have the staff of ESPN
You ain't gotta have the ABC staff just to speak sports baby
'Coz I got game sweetheart
Just fuck with your boy and I'll get you a jersey
What you want me to put on the bag?
Daddy's little girl, that's right
Know what I'm talking 'bout?
See I can't give you the game but I can show you the game
And you can see what you see and peek how you peek
And see what you get
Know what I'm talking 'bout?
Weezy

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/