# Best Rapper Alive

## Lil' Wayne

Bring the crowd and I'm loud In Living Color
It is Weezy fuckin' baby got these rappers in my stomach
Yumi, I'm takin' it, I ain't asking them for nothing
If you sell a million records we can battle for ya' money
I rather count a hundred thousand dollars on a Sunday
Watch a football game and bet it all on one play
Still stuntin' baby, yes I'm still flossin'
Latest car on the market wit the top peeled off it
Big wheels make it look a lil' bulky
You look a lil' salty have ya' self a chill coffee
Chill out the girls is still out
Even though I am a boss and got papers to fill out
I'm busy I got paper to reel in
God, I hope they steppin' at the end of my rod
I hope I'm fishing in the right pond
And I hope you catchin' on to every line
Who am I?
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
Swagger right, check game tight
And they gon R E S P E C T me
(Who?)
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
Swagger right, check game tight
And you should be afraid, be very afraid
The heart of New Orleans
Thumpin' and beatin', livin' and breathin'
Stealin' and feedin', peelin' and leavin'
Killin' and grievin', dearly departed erased deleted
No prints, no plates, no face, no trace
Out of sight out of mind
No court no case
Sell his chain celebrate block party second line
Zulu ball, essence fest, jazz fest, Mardi Gras

Shorty bounce body rock
Now he drop now he got
Family cry tell the Fed's tell the cops
Smell the rat comin' back to the house
To the spot tap, tap, knock, knock, who is dat?
Trigga man hoodie man tell the kids
Boogie man pistol pete ammo mammal, gun man, blum, blam
Damn Sammie you dun' fucked up
Pussy ass niggaz put ya' nuts up, just call me
The best rapper alive
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And they gon R E S P E C T me
(Who?)
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And you should be afraid, be very afraid
Fuck up wit all these rookie MCs
Smell like a bunch of pussy to me
Fuck 'em, fuck 'em good, fuck 'em long, fuck 'em hard
Fuck who? Fuck 'em all
Yeah, like dat jus like dat, right back
I'm on dat money train and the mac'll knock 'em off track
The quarterback, well protected from the Warren Sapp
The young heart attack, I spit dat cardiac
You can't see me baby boy, you got dat catorax
I'm right here straight out the hood jus like an alley cat
Since everyone's a king where the fuckin' palace at
Me I got calus on my hands, I can handle dat
It's no problem baby, I so got 'em
It's just a victory lap baby, I'm jus joggin'
And I ain't even out of breathe
The motherfuckin' best yet sorry for cursing
Who?
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
The best rapper alive
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Swagger right, check game tight
And they gon R E S P E C T me

(Who?)
The best rapper alive
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