My Birthday

Lil' Wayne

[Intro - Lil Wayne]Yeah, it's on
Basically..
I got Streets in the booth with me
Dedication trois
[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]Now let me talk my shit!
Fresh up out the water like a caught five fish
Weezy F bitch
I can say what I please
Swagger so cold it stay when I leave
I see you little dogs just shaking out fleas
I kill dogs like I'm making chinese food
Rude only when I gotta be
Sometimes I gotta tell myself not to bother me
"Tell Lil Wayne not to bother Weez!"
Shawty wanna be on my team, she could cheerlead..
Sure, I go, Wayne go, Ice on a white T
I make a snow angel
Y'all niggas squares, but aint got no angle
My shit's so tight you can get strangled
It's Young Money aint no such thing as plain clothes
Polo jammers, Louis slippers, call that "private plane clothes"
Oh
I'm taking off, going to another land
Call her missus never going to another man
Shawty knows Weezy, muthafucka, I'm a lover man
Yeah talk that shit Tune! I gotta wipe my diamond Grill with a tissue
I talk too much shit
I eat p-ssy and you suck dick
[Kidd Kidd]Young Kidd KIdd
They call me "Lil Nut" but my nuts aren't the same
No homo, that's how I came in the game
I married Mary Jane, I seen the Spidermane
The shit that made Pinky blow
Out the Brain brain
Told Lois Lane I can't be a Super Mane
My whole ? is back mane and I keep that iron-mane
They wanna yellow flag me, throw me out the game
I'm back at the halftime like it's just an ankle sprain
Ain't no one could do it better

More hits than Eddie Guerrerra
The flow like Eddie Monster praying at the competitors
It's mass hysteria, historic in your area 51 alien
What planet is he from
Huh? Ain't no fun when the rabbit got the gun
Picture Bugs with the shotgun ?
All my thugs get dirty like we running in the mud
We 7:30 livewires
Unplug off the chain, utterly untame
Put the gun to your frame, bitch a bloodstain
Hard to come out, like a nut-stain
I came from nothing, now it's fuckin' cars, hoes
And planes, who the fuck could complain?
Huh?
[Gudda Gudda]So you mad cause I'm styling on you?
Lights off, mask on, creep silent on you

Get violent on you, you a sissy like Sisqo
Gudda, I'm the East gang schizo
It's no coincidence, man, I bet your bitch know
How I knock her down with the Kosher dill pickle
High yellow nigga but my hot dog, like nutskins
Bitches aiming for the pockets? You get nuff skin
Let me get back in it, bitch
I just go head first, you be on that timid shit
Get head first, then I be on my Jimmy shit
Shitting on bitches with that Chris Brown
(give me shit)
My niggas Streets say "Kill them all!"
Bitch, you know we got guns like the Pentagon
I'm just eating nigga, I'm getting my dinner on
And your bitch licking, getting her lizard on
[T Streetz]Talk reckless, I don't give a muthafuck
I make you do what you is, bitch nigga, duck
I come for you and your kids like nigga what
Niggas with elephantitis ain't got bigger nuts
Young Money nigga, big dicks, big trucks
I'mma smash a nigga if he try to diss us
Go to court, the case get dissmissed
Cause if we did time, your main bitch would miss us
[Mack Maine]It's Mack Maine, ain't shit to discuss
I get up in a bitch throat like hiccups
I Chris Kringle bullets with niggas for Christmas
Then turn to their female dog like "bitch, what?"
My niggas squeeze triggers like they got arthiritis

My dick bigger, that's why I walk like I got tendonitis
I spit nasty on the mic like I got gingivitis
The doc said I got a case of real nigganitis
He ain't got a vaccine or cure strong enough to fight it
See, I'm a warrior, they compare me to Leonidus
I got a set fee, I ain't about discussing prices
Cause I ain't tryna go broke like Hammer or Mike Tyson
Wish you could see my face now
Feel like I'm poltergeistin'
See me in streets, be Street Fighting like Blanka or Bison
Slicing, dicing like we butcher knifeing
Wifing bitches, never, that shit is trifling
Young Money the fucking nicest
Put words together like a fucking hyphen
Nigga don't make us start fucking rifling
Nigga really it go to fucking striking
We got a lot of rappers striking
Standing by the harvest for fruit
Waiting for the fruit to ripen
We run up on niggas and jack them for their stipend
You catch me in Minnesota like I'm a Viking
I'm with every video vixen that you liking
I'm the reason your bitch dyking
Nigga dont want no beef, look at Kidd Kidd
He like this
How I get like this?
I pop a nigga, break something like Midas
Im trying to be modest, nigga, I'm honest
Young Money, Young f-cking Money
And this is what I did for my birthday BITCH

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