

# Outro (feat. Bun B, Nas, Shyne & Busta Rhymes)

## Lil Wayne

Yeah, when I step in the spot, motherfuckers say "who that?"  
Big Bun B, but you already knew that  
Live from the state where they chop it and screw that  
You hatin' on the trill OG, where they do that? (for real!)  
Motherfuckers need to get off the dick, man  
Fall the fuck back like a bike with no kickstand  
Get out my mix man, just go' get you stuck  
Deeper in the quicksand, with no easy fix, man  
No tricks, man, those is for kids  
Kush in my cigar, and hoes in the crib  
Drank, and the 20 ounce froze in the fridge  
You fuckin' with PA so you know what it is  
I'm sittin on the fours that clack  
Comin' down candy in the golden 'Lac  
We gettin' to the money like it's Goldman Sachs  
And we do it for the pimps that are holding back, let's go! [Nas]  
Look who crept in with automatic weapons  
Reppin' QB till the death of him  
That nigga that inspired lyrical tyrants like Kanye West and Em  
Track record, goes back to the Essence  
Smack adolescents who ask who the best is  
I'm nasty like gas from a fat man's intestines  
I pass it, you gaspin' for breath and you die fast  
Gut 'em like a gastric bypass  
But ya Nas advocates actors seemed to get typecast in the same role  
Since 16 I ain't grow a day old yet my brain grow  
Cocaine white Range Rov'  
Tats on my body like an art exhibit  
I did real good for a project nigga  
Was once a Bacardi sipper, now it's Chandon  
Fat blunts in the car with strippers  
Guns in compartments hidden  
I was real young little youth, a novice nigga  
Blessings, bowed down, respected  
Chowed down, now my food's digested  
Pow pow, with my shooters are Techs  
That'll bust louder than the noise that I just spit  
Let's get one thing straight that my crown ain't for testin', testin'  
Chop heads off like King Henry the VIII

Guillotine to ya neck bitch  
I'm a king in this thing, don't be dumb  
Been in this shit since '91  
Niggas can't fuck with the style I use  
Your fate is sealed, no Heidi Klum  
Calm now, was a wylin' dude  
Studied cowards and made power moves  
Watched Wild Planet seen lions devour food  
You can say that's how I move  
A monster nigga, and I don't really like doing songs with niggas  
There go my nigga Wayne  
Let them niggas hate or like my nigga Drake say  
"We ain't got time to respond to niggas"[Shyne]  
I'm a villain, I'm a villain, all that happens in the street  
Poverty and desperation made me everything I be  
I'm a shotta, when I pop up with them poppers burn ya block up  
Call the judges, call the coppers, we takin' over Gotham  
Word to Poppa, Blood gang, five  
Its that Blood gang five, but green is the bottom line  
I run this town, I aint gon' lie, they run they mouth, they aint gon' fight  
They actin' like they aint gon' die until I let them 'llamas fly  
Flatbush to Bed-do-or-die, from Watts to Larry Hoover Chi  
Poverty and heroine, its no place for a juvenile  
Put greed in our heart, its the green that we want  
Cash Money is the company and Weezy the boss![Busta Rhymes]  
They say Im underrated, but un-compete-with-able  
Understandable, being that my rating levels are unreachable  
Anything said other than that should be silenced, unspeakable!  
And the thought of you being nicer than me, unfeasible!  
They ask is what I do ever gonna stop, this shit will never end  
Thats when you hear a car crash in the vocal booth got 'em sayin' there he goes again!"  
See now they nominated a nigga to come and  
Flatten everything now let me dominate it, nigga run  
And they be knowin' that I be blackin' on everything  
And make it complicated like a nigga constipated with a gun  
I gotta make it what they want and wake em when I come  
And shake 'em and bake 'em and take 'em to another place  
Aint no fakin, aint no kind of mistakin' how I be breakin'  
Up everything and be creating a s-s-s-situation when Im done (DAMN!)  
You see I spit National Treasure, discography rich  
And I done killed more cats than curiosity, snitch!  
Most of you niggas sorry and owe apologies, quick  
What the fuck you niggas still hangin' around here for, you apostrophe bitch?  
Okay, now enough of that, see now Im out the door  
Tunechi, thanks for giving us a whole 'nother classic with tha Carter IV

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