Best Rapper Alive (feat. Drake)

Lil Wayne

[Verse 1]
Bring the crowd and I'm loud _In Living Colour_
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
And I hope I'm fishing in the right pond
And I hope you catchin' on to every line
Who am I?

[Hook]
The Best Rapper Alive [4x]
Swagger right (check) game tight
And they gon R-E-S-P-E-C-T me
(who) The Best Rapper Alive [4x]
Swagger right (check) game tight
And you should be afraid be very afraid

[Verse 2]
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 feds tell the cops
Smell the rat comin' back to the house
To the spot tap tap knock knock who is dat
(Pow!) 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

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Fuck up wit all these rookie MCs
(whew!) smell like a bunch of pussy to me
Fuck Em!
Fuck 'em good fuck long fuck 'em hard
Fuck who? Fuck 'em all
(yeah) like dat jus like dat
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 hand I can handle dat
Its no problem baby I so got 'em
Its 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?

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/