Feel Me

Lil' Wayne

So "Little Wayne", whats your motivation?Is that really a question?
Do you really have that written down in your notepad?
You should be ashamed of yourself
You smell me girl
I smell like money
See, that's what they don't understand
To me it was always get money or die
I come up under Birdman the Number One Stunner
You know what I mean I'm Stunner Junior that's all I know that's all I ever knew
Get money or get nothing you know what I'm saying
And I feel that way
Foreal
So hard I go I keep pushing
The game so crazy I'm in it like deep pussy
I got chip from trying to get the whole cookie
Used to make a thousand dollars everytime I played hookie
Dwayne Carter absent keep looking
I'm present on the block
I'm a legend on the block
Ice so bright like heaven on the watch
Yeah nigga I done dropped one eleven on the watch
So watch and see what I do
Breeze by you so fast got you sneezing hachoo
They got the shivers 'mayne I got the fever
I got to bring the hood back after Katrina
Weezy F Baby now the F is for FEMA
Sick nigga bitch I spit that Leukemia
Yeah no cure no help
So me, so good, so hard, so felt
Feel me
And that's just my point right there
That's what I'm always trying to stress know what I'm saying
If you don't understand me if you don't feel me then you ain't real
In my eyes, and that's all that count to me you knowSo, is your music considered the voice of urban America or America period?I mean, I would say the voice of the hood 'cause that's who I speak for
And myself, you know what I mean, my family that's who I represent
My homies, my girl, my life you knowC'mon, bang this shit nigga pump my shit
You gotta bang that wimp and go and dump that bitch
You gotta claim that strip and go and flood that bitch

You gotta aim that shit and straight bust that shit
Like motherfuck them niggas what they wan-do I'm ready
Tevin Campbell, no homo, black Rambo
Fucking with the boy baby that's a cambo
If he won in Vegas leave him on the crap table
I'm willing and I'm able to come run up in your stable
Like nobody make a sound where the paper, where the paper
Gotta get it, gotta have it
Once I got it I'mma spend it
Then its back to doing any damn thing just to get it
The re-ups be like birthday parties
No room to park the cars in the garages
So outside the cribs all you see is arayis
If I ain't say it right fuck it I ain't foreign
Feel meAnd see that's where everybody get me wrong at you know what I mean
I got that heat rock, forealWhy do you think other rappers lack the impact of your music?That's because they ain't got that heat rock like me you know what I mean
They ain't spitting like me
They spitting, but, know what I mean, they ain't got colds
I got the flu over here man, foreal
I need relief, y'all help me, foreal
I know y'all sick of me, 'cause I'm tired of y'all forealAnd based on the bank, I'm doing much better than alot of these niggas
I'm tired of these niggas
Yawning when I see them make me stretch and pull the burner
I'm cocking back and passing
They catch 'em in they sternum
Ooh ooh that gone probably burn ya
That gone probably learn ya
To never ever ever - ever ever ever come around here no more
Rich gangsters over here you gotta die with the broke bitch
I'm the God I should ride with the Pope
But the boy so hood I just ride with my hoe yeah
Yeah, and tell 'em bout Hollygrove
Tell 'em bout my last show
Tell 'em bout my last hoe
You know, just born to mack
Call me Dione Sanders bring the corner back, yeah
I'm in my prime niggas falling back
That's right I'm coming baby yeah hard as crack
Feel MeAnd that's just what it is nigga
If you don't like my shit then fuck you and your shit man straight up
That's how I was taught that's how I was brought up
And that's how I'mma go down man foreal
Cash Money, Young Money in your motherfucking throat bitch

Swallow slow
Weezy F Baby this interview is over, go to the next song
Bitch
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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