# Carter II

## Lil Wayne

So you made it this far, heh, we upstairs, I let you up here
You special, Marley, don't shoot, you know what this is?
Still The Carter II people, still The Carter II people
Yeah, you still in The Carter II people, hey yeahAll I have in this world is a pistol and a promise
A fist full of dollars, a list full of problems
I'll address them like P.O. Boxes
Yeah I'm from New Orleans, the Creole cockpitWe so out of it, zero tolerance
Gangsta gumbo, I'll serve 'em a pot of it
I'm wealthy, still fuckin' wit that block shit
Wet your ass up, head to feet 'til your sock a dripDon't slip, you might fall and bust your ass
No snakes at the carter, tell the gardener cut the grass
I hear 'em but they talking under mass
Stop throwing pebbles at a bulletproof glassThat's Cash Money, honey pie
We ain't runnin', we don't hide sayin' fuck the other side
Don't get caught on it, this the dailiest grind
I'll put your heart on it and walk on itThe chalks only for the art homie
How they trace ya after I erase ya
Look around, we at war and you still in preparation
I'm riding for them reparations, no patienceSlow paper is better than no paper
Fast money don't last too long, you gotta pace it
You gotta know that paper
If you got it from a caper, you gotta blow that paperGotta know that photo phobia, no Kodak moments
Feds walls with my pictures on 'em
Nah, I ain't even in the school yearbook
I don't do too much posin', got a cool killer lookCareer crook, get your career took
I'm back like a briezeer hook
Bitch cheer, camouflage gear, the hunter's here
Better play it by ear, you ain't nothing but a deerAround here and this here is The Carter
Serve it while it's hot out the pot to your mama
And Slim tell me ain't nobody hotter
But get your boy some dippin' sauce, I want the whole enchiladaI got 'em by the collar, watch me drop 'em
On the head at the bottom
You ain't gotta shoot 'em 'cause I already shot 'em
And I ain't gotta get 'em 'cause I already got 'em
Get 'em

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/