My Weezy

Lil' Wayne

[DJ Drama]
Young Money all stars on the way
Put the party in the bag now hand it over[Lil' Wayne]
Wait a minute
Wait a minute
Wait a minute
See I ain?t know you were gunna do this one.
Ight, now you motherfuckers happy huh?
That?s what y?all you been wantin? huh?
Okay, okay,
Go ahead Drama[DJ Drama]
See I don?t wanna be the Mixtape King no more,
More like the Mixtape President,
Barack Odrama!
It was definitely time for change,
I mean the game been dry
So, I figured we going for re-election
So, me and Wayne gon? keep runnin?
So y'all niggas can fly[Lil' Wayne]
This a Big E beat,
And I'm a cook this bitch like piggy meat
Yeah, hehe
You can get pork chopped,
Young Money bitch
Let the champagne cork pop,
I will bat your man,
Now go tell her short stop
Okay bitch, you do the wop
Well bitch, I do the guap
Okay man, you do the drop
Well man, I do the yacht
You pull up in parking lots
I pull up the dock like
Yeahhh
Macaroni greens and hamhocks,
I am not on your planet like Dr. Spock,
Rock
To my own tune,
Lil' Tune

My stomach hurtin'
My shit is dropping real soon
Kill whom and whoever for whatever
That barrel longer than a word with ten letters
Now you spell it
I say Young Money bitch forever,
And we better than all these mothafuckas up in this era
Know'm talkin' 'bout?
Yeah
I tell my niggas pick the target out,
And then I quickly pick the target off
Like volleyball, I'm a serve 'em,
And being fake is pussy so nigga, I'm a virgin
Dr. Carter, tell them bitches I'm a surgeon
Cleaner than some brand new detergent
Ya heard me?
And I make ya bitch get on the plane with that Fergie
Tell 'em get on (Birdman Jr.'s birdy)[Shanell]
I love the skin that I'm in
Goose pimples couldn't shake me up out of the Y.M.
That Yack,
That Goose,
That 'Tron,
That gin
Got a couple girls crackin'
Let the party begin
I heard you call your self a baller when the cameras on
If it ain't trickin' cuz you got it
What you trippin' on?
See, I'm a spoiled chick
You frontin' niggas hatin' me up with
But my crew holdin' duffle bags bitches[Lil' Twist]
Rockin' on the scene
And yeah, I hit my dougie
I D-Town boogy
Now the girls really love me
V.I.C. to Vic
Yeah, They both got silly
Lil' Twist, I get silly
I?m the king of the city
Young Money, Young Moula
Yeah, the kid in this thang
Grown men in this game
Can't compete with me mayne
Especially

When I pull up in that candy red
(54's on the dash sittin' next to Lil' Wayne)
I'm a beast
I'm a dog
Yeah, yeah I rap harder
Mic in my hand
I run like Marion Barber
You haters on the sidelines
And I be a starter
Going bad on you kids like I'm Reginae Carter
That's my little sister if you boys didn't know
(Wait)
That's Weezy's daughter
(So don't mess with her bro'!)
Cuz we'll come find you in all kinds of cars
Signin' out
Young Money, D-town's all star[Tyga]
It's Tyga
No lion
I'm eating
No diner
This species
Don't diet
Every milla fish Friday
Squad deep
Like the white guy from Verizon
Gator righteous
So it's only right you meet the fugitive
John McGiver
Teenager
School cyhphers
I was too nicer
Than them no license
You gets no high-fivin'
Nigga, roll the damn dices
Touch
My word play touch is from the color great
My kick game so unreal
They say them colors must be fake
Never been made
MTV, I make
Quake your very eyesight
My fame's no mistake
Since the deal
Steak dinner everyday

For the movie
My life is like a Compton play
You can see it
Nearly breathe it
From a couple feet away
But stay away
Cuz I don't
Get along
With them tag-along
Let me
Get on a song
Period gone
I'm off the hook like cordless phones
My identity so right
They think it's wrong
G.E.D. Young Money
Finish strong, so I'ma keep goin'
My ligaments covered in green like general symbols on my face
Like my skin was leather made
Leatherman Louis
You ain't never seen
Like a nun booty
None before me
After
It's only boys
Tyga man
I do it for the hatin' homies[DJ Drama]
Shout to Hollygrove
Shout to the A-town
304 wassup?
Shout to Harlem
Philly wassup?

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