Feel Me

Lil' Wayne

So Little Wayne
What's 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 moneySee, 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
Tha'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 for realSo hard I go I keep pushing
The game's 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 watchSo 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 meAnd that's just my point right there
That's what I'm always trying to stress, you 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 know
So, is your music considered the voice of
Urban America or America period
I mean, I would say the voice of the hood 'cause thats who I speak for
And myself, you know what I mean, my family, that's who I represent
My hommies, 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 wanna 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 tableI'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 it's 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 the roggies
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, for real
Why 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, for real
I need relief, y'all help me, for real
I know y'all sick of me 'cause I'm tired of y'all for realAnd based on the bank, I'm doing much better
Than a lot 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, 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 yeahAnd 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 tough, that's how I was brought up
And that's how I'ma go down, man, for real
Cash-money, young-money in your motherfucking throat bitch
Swallow slow
Weezy F. Baby this interview is over, go to the next song
Bitch

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/