

# Banned From T.V.

## Lil' Wayne

[Lil Wayne]

Ayo, its Weezy muthaf-cking, easy with the hating  
B-tch Im in the building you just decorating  
Im just detonating  
Then I get blatant  
More dangerous than internet dating  
Scoob got the cameras on so I got to show off  
I put your sister on, I knock your bro off  
We just spit snowballs catch it in your face b-tch  
Good game Wayne mayne I deserve a naysmith,  
Cook game gain flow dope in the vein flow  
Ill only be smoking the purple out the rainbow  
Stronger than Drano, your boyfriend a lame-o  
And if you stay wit em then yall in the same boat  
Deep water Carter fishin for a dollar  
You can join the salad and Im splitting your tomato  
Ball cuz i gotta  
Youll love me in the mornin  
I told her Imma king, them other niggas Prince Charming  
She love to rock the mic she say thats nothing like performin  
Man Im in love with her grill George Foreman  
Forewarning Young Moneys on  
And we can shoot it out, I got the money drawn  
yeah, take that to the bank with ya  
I rock my hat to the side like I paint pictures  
Smoke weed talk sh-t like Lane Kiffin  
Whole country in recession but Wayne different  
huh, and Im a Maybach rider, havent drove it one time I got a cool black driver  
Cant walk around with guns i got a do that got em  
Dont worry if Im shootin as long as you get shot  
Imma beast, Imma pitbull  
I get my ass kissed, I get my d-ck pulled  
Imma beast  
Imma big wolf  
I got my money right, I got my clip full  
haha, its like 7 in the mornin n-gga  
Im up for whoever the opponent n-gga  
Stop the track, let me relish in a moment n-gga  
Now bring that mutha f-cker back cuz Im zonin n-gga

I go hard like Rafael Nadal  
And if the b-tches were havin it, I bet we have them all  
And man Im so high its like an ever-lasting fall  
And Im chargin these hoes like women basketball  
Uh, i bet that chopper get his mind right  
Leave a hole in his chest like a lion bite  
Super hero call like a crime fight  
I see big cheese, you n-ggas blind mice  
T-Streets still roll with me  
Still stickin to the script like Nicole Kidman  
Need the man hit, We are those hitmen  
He stopped runnin, the bullet holes didnt  
uh, Basically, Im still a monster  
Till the fat lady sings I come to kill the Opera  
Yall too plain, Imma helicopter  
My words keep goin like a teleprompter  
Im a asshole, wipe me down b-tch  
I get big checks, Nike Town b-tch  
Yeah, mean mug, Bobby Brown sh-t  
And the flag red like clown lips,  
uh, TI cant stop goin  
Dropped my best sh-t like the Cowboys dropped Owens  
Im the best to ever do it mutha f-cker I know it  
No Ceilings Got Dammit now the f-ckin Skys showin uhh!

Lyrics provided by

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