Fly Out

Lil' Wayne

We here, I said we here
The back of Tha Carter
The back of Tha Carter II
Yeah, this here is the end of Tha Carter II, people
Hey, yeahI got the game on ball and chain
I threw the key in the train, I'm like the key in the truck
I spent a G on these frames, though my vision is priceless
Seeing through you niggaz like a fuckin' psychicHearin' through the grapevine, niggaz wanna hate mine
Say my name and die in the daytime
You catch my drift, man you better be Peyton
Boy, the heat's on, they make a peace bondI'm in this bitch, throwin' up the seventeenth sign
Straight frowns, no daps, strapped three times
A Tec-11, AK 47, one Beretta, ready for whatever
Tell them pussy niggaz come togetherHeavy wetter, nigga super soaker wetter, nigga
Six feet under flowers, you ain't nothin' but a petal nigga
I'm just a little nigga, tryin' to be a civil nigga
Thirty years old, shit that'll be a different niggaQuit it, Wayne, your mom is listenin'
But she ain't really trippin' 'cause the pots is piston
Them niggaz trippin', until the shots whistling'
Hear them bullets sizzle, like a cobra at attentionI gotta bitch and quit callin women bitches
As long as she don't worry 'bout the coke in the kitchen
No preventin' the crime, I gotta get it
I'm admitted to the game, true playa, no quittin'There you go shittin' on a way a nigga thinkin'
Only history I know is Benjamin Franklin
Is this the future and crime is to no one
I live everyday like this is the sure oneTrain in the tidal wave, this is the ocean
Stand in the heat, till the mother fuckin" snow come
And it feels so fuckin' good
Throw my dope like a rope, let them tug and pullNo hope for the hopeless, rats and roaches
Runnin' cross the porch, in the attic there's a fortune
Come and get it, automatics in motion
We bangin' for the bread nigga, even the moldedI got my loaf, I got my toast
Chaperone of the south, I got my coast
Yeah and until I die I'm da, da, da, da da
Da best rapper alive

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