

Wayne's Takeover 2

Mannie Fresh

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Alright that nigga gone man
Fuck that nigga man, fuck that Fabe
Go through all this nigga's Pro Tools
First beat you pick, I'm slaughterin' this nigga's shit
'Cause B done already called me and told me Man go to that studio, fuck what Fresh doin'
Tell Fresh let you get on that shit and kill that shit
Fresh told me no I can't go back to B 'til B knows
So Fabe pick a song and I'm going off
Let's do it Oh yeah, oh yeah, lock the doors to the booth man
Don't let Mannie in man, 'bout to kill this nigga's album
Ya understand me? Birdman Jr. Weezy F-Baby
Please say to Baby 1 7 Holygrove Gangus Street nigga Cash Money Records
Get down and lay down, lie down and die down
Bitch nigga thought you knew
Rapper with guns Get me, get me, get me that piffy
I'm higher than my attire
I float like I spit through the fryer
I uh sniffin' cocaine is some fire
I uh get to buy money out the dryer Ridah in the five buggy slim tires
Tryin' to find a try to light Jeremaih
They call me Weezy F-Baby
Women wanna suck all on my pacifier
And if she tell ya she didn't, homie that's a liar You see me passin' by ya more like flashin'
Lights, camera but I'm more like action
So get your back into it, stop actin'
'Cause we bring pistons to the balls Cool cat, wind breezin' through my whiskers
Hurry, speed up, hater you just missed us
I just twists up Birdman Jr.
Swoop down on ya bitch like what's up with cha, yeah Walk through that's real
We on that Shrek, I met her neck like let's chill
When we ridin' in my SL
She give me more tongue, less grill My yellow diamonds give you spit nigga bitch yield

And that tooley gets saluted or I'll shoot it, yeah
I kidnap the boss, make the click squeal
Got you out of position like Sheffield in left field
Call me when its gangsta niggaYo
Yo, what the fuck is goin' on over there?
Ya'll think I don't know what the fuck goin' on?
I got ears all over dude I know you on my album cursin'
Talkin 'bout cuttin' bitches and killin' motherfuckers
And murkin' motherfuckers, I don't want that dude {Right now, I'm out here with full bar bitches
I got a Spanish bitch, a Chinese bitch
A Vietnamese, what are you baby, whatever the fuck she is
And this other bitch and we doin' like this, this five some thing
And whatever 'n' y'all over there talking bout killing motherfuckers} {Wayne, what is your mama's number
dude? I'm gonna call your mama
And let your mama know whats goin' on with you
Dude you never used to curse brah
Now you just all fucked up with this shit
I'm pissed off dude, I'm really pissed off wit you, brah} {I told you my album is about loving
Huggin', holding hands, fuckin' and all that kinda shit
No, that's it, I don't want you no more on my album dude
I just got you for a chorus and we over with
Now let's finish the album}

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>