

# Best Rapper Alive

## Lil' Wayne

Fuck with me?  
Thank you  
C'mon  
C'mon  
You know me man  
Alright  
O-V  
I got 'em boy  
Weezy baby  
C two  
Weezy baby  
You cant see me  
And I see you, Lawd  
I, I, I got 'em Bring the crowd and I'm loud and living color  
It is Weezy fuckin' baby got these rappers in my stomach (yummy)  
I'm takin' it I ain't askin' them for nothin'  
If you sell a million records we can battle for ya money  
I'd rather count a hundred thousand dollars on a Sunday  
Watch a football game and bet it all on one play  
Still stuntin' baby yes I'm still flossin'  
Latest car on the market with the top peeled off it  
Big wheels make it look a lil' bulky  
You look a lil' salty have ya-self a chill coffee  
Chill out, the girls is still out  
Even though I am a boss and got papers to fill out  
I'm busy I got people to reel in  
God I hope they snappin' at the end of my rod  
I hope I'm fishin' in the right pond  
And I hope you catch on to every line  
Who a I!The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)  
Swagger right check, game tight  
And they goin', R-E-S-P-E-C-T me (who?)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)

Swagger right check, game tight  
And you should, be afraid, be very afraidThe heart of New Orleans, thumpin' and beatin'  
Livin' and breathin', steallin' and feedin'  
Peelin' and leavin', killin' and greivin'  
Dearly departed, erased deleted  
No prints no plates, no face no trace  
Out of sight out of mind, no court no case  
Sell his chain, celebrate, block parties, second line,  
Zulu ball bar, S.S. fest, jazz fest, Mardi Gras  
Shotty bounce, body rock, now he dropped,  
No he got, family try, tell the feds, tell the cops  
Smell a rat, comin' back, to the house, to the spot  
Tap tap, knock knock, who is that? chicka pow!  
Trigger man, hoody man, tell the kids boogie man,  
"Pistol Pete", ammo-mammal, gun man, blum blam (ha ha)  
Damn semi you done fucked up  
Pussy ass niggas put ya nuts up  
Just call me!The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)  
Swagger right check, game tight  
And they goin', R-E-S-P-E-C-T me (who?)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)  
Swagger right check, game tight  
And you should, be afraid, be very afraidFuck up with all these rookie M-C's?  
Whew! smell like a bunch of pussy to me (fuck em')  
Fuck em' good, fuck em' long, fuck em' hard, fuck who? fuck em' all (yea)  
Like that just like that, right back  
I'm on that money train and that mack will knock em' off track  
The Carter back, well protected from the warren Sapp  
The young heart attack, I spit that cardiac  
You cant see me baby boy you got that cataracts  
I'm right here, straight out ya hood just like an alley cat  
Since everyone's a king where the fuck ya palace at  
Me I got callus on my hand I can handle that  
Its no problem baby I so got em'  
Its just a victory lap baby I'm just joggin'  
Yeah, and I ain't even out of breath  
The motherfuckin best yet  
Sorry for cussin'  
Who!The best rapper alive (huh, yup)

The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)  
Swagger right check, game tight  
And they goin', R-E-S-P-E-C-T me (who?)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh, yup)  
The best rapper alive (huh)  
Swagger right check, game tight  
And you should, be afraid, be very afraid, yeah(The best rapper alive)

Songwriters

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