

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 'emBring 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 afraid
 The 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 afraid
 Fuck 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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