Dinnertime

Lil' Wayne

[Lil Wayne:]
I think we got a problem
Yeahh...[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]
Big money in this bitch if you didn't knew.
Big business minus the business suit.
Even I look in the mirror like is it you,
And I say I must be the hottest if it isnt you.
Stay fresh from my top to my tennis shoes.
New coop, no top, big tennis shoes.
Never slipped, not even on the side of a swimming pool.
We don't get rid of Q,
We get rid of fools.
They said I couldn't play football I was too small.
Yhey say I could'ntplay basketball I wasn't tall.
They say I could'ntplay baseball at all.
And now everyday of my life I ball.
And they say it ain't raining until someone assassinate,
And I feel like MLK
Yeah... I have a dream to be your worst nightmare,
And now meet the boss of the cartel.[Verse 2: Rick Ross]
I'm a seven-nine satan, sitting on Lorenzzes.
And I seem really patient, picture the equation.
People taking pictures and they really getting fragrant.
Flags down my spaceship, sergeant searching for a fragrance.
Yayo, Yayo, he wanna sniff the yayo, flying saucer on the hasa
In the casa just to lay-low.
Make more (money man) that the model for the mob,
Need a blowjob my model, get a model for the job.
Go hard, no job, hustler, no prob, poster,
Nigga what finger fuck you whole squad.
Forty around spending doe, flipping for my?
Let you raid tax on them packs if you didn't know
Bought a new crib, niggas feeling like I hid.
3.2 but I just did it for the kids.
More guns than a pawn shop,
Got my whole arm rocked.
Keep the 760 double parked in the wrong spot.Still huustling...
BOSSS[Chorus: Lil Wayne]
Yeah... You gotta pay for this,

I remember when I used to pray for this.
This, this is classic,
So this shit you might never see again.
And we taxin, you don't want it nigga leave it then,
And we taxin, you don't want it nigga leave it then.
And we ain't trying to see the pen,
Like a needle in a hay stack we ain't trying to see the pen.
This is a luxury tax.[Verse 3: Young Jeezy]
(I don't ask them baby I just tax em baby)
(Let's go)
Yeah imagine this,
No imagine that.
Gave me my sack like, goodluck getting back.
(Yeah...)
I'm like how the fuck I'm gonna get outta there.
And if I'm not careful,
Leave em the same place they find him there.
And I'm a winner if I make it cross the finish line,
Putting food on the table like it's dinner time.
And this is what you call stereotyping about?
Can you tell me my your dog keep sniffing my car?
Huh? Got the audacity to call me a liar.
So what you got in your trunk?
Oh, just a spare tire.
You niggas talked blow,
While I sold mine.
Like a bad crape, it's locking up in no time.
More time in the kitchen then I spent in the studio,
Case paradise and I ain't talking about Coolio.
Can't lie, still addicted to the odor
Got a ice cold Pepsi,
But still thinking Coke-Cola.Hahaha...[Chorus: Lil Wayne][Verse 4: Trick Daddy]
I'm up early in the morning, and I'm dressed in black.
Hold on, every morning I get dressed in black.
While your half ass looking at my pants sagging,
I'm getting money, and my swagging and black flagging.
Million dollar status, fully automatic.
Heavy on the? and even harder on the women.
If it wasn't for reverend,
I probably would pimpin and shit.
Pops, my papai, has already hear me.
Tied trapping, shit sent me to prison,
Got mad and went to savage so homicide came to visit.
I smell gun powder,
So you got one hour to come up with every damn dollar,

Or your dun-dolla.
It cost a ball dogg,
Especially when the players on your team,
Consider you as the ball hog.
You treat me like Shaq,
And you Kobe but I didn't say you owe me nigga.
But act like you know me nigga.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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