

Make Way (Feat. Fat Joe & Lil' Wayne)

Birdman

Hey!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh oh no!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!
Me come them say Hey!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh oh no!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!Coca Bitch!
Here is something you can't understand
How I can just kill a man
Shame what the mack can do, K's spit faster
I'll make an ass of you, save the theatrics
Watch like a quarter mil, chain like double that
I ain't gotta to talk about the half up in the duffel bag
Stunna my brother, Weezy Wee the syndicate
Hundred Phantoms, hundred Maybachs, I guess we're nigga rich
I'll yellow bottle your face in, trust me
Look at all the shit I be talking and no one touched me
"Pray and pray for my downfall"
BIG said it, so I made it rain till it poured
Speak from the heart, this emotional rap
Catch feelings when you hear me, I'm supposed to do that Crack!
A G what the streets done made me
And the only language I speak is "Fuck you pay me!"
Bitch!And when me come them say Hey!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!

Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh oh no!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor! Say Pardon!
Bad man no take Pardon!
Peer gunshot army them make backup!
A man no fear no man, man no fear no one!
Man a real Islam, man a get down done!
A me no hear them talk, me eat in me car!
Respect a soldier, him in a middle of war!
Me I'm a Babylon gangster, holly grove monster
You no look familiar, roofers them kill ya!
Gunshots I will cut then open toolbox and drill ya!
Jump off body and let the mailman mail ya!
Me think I'm gon need the almighty one to heal ya!
And me behind the jungle with the lion and we killa! And when me come them say Hey!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh oh no!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor! Yup! Put it in the air nigga
Light your lighters in the air
This for my dead homies
Yeah! "Gangsta Gangsta" that's what we yelling!
Shoot him in his head, let his bitch go and tell them!
We in the hood, getting money, we swelling
Bigger than life, you know it's the cheaper price
Bigger your stripes, you know what we doing tonight
We getting it right, we plan, then hit, then flight
We know the rules nigga, live by none
Get it by none, bitch I'll kill for my son Yeah! Gangsters don't live that long
That's why we gotta party everyday like Frank came home
And it's hard for me to say that my heart ain't yearning
To walk up in a church and believe the sermon
But instead, I spark up and relieve the burning
Hoping that he understands my reasons for it
No, I ain't evil, I'm equal
And nigga I ain't sweet, motherfucker I'm diesel! And when me come them say Hey!

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Me come for murder them all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way!
Me make way!
Uh oh no!
Him fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ask to become solo!
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!

Songwriters

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