Amen

Lil' Wayne

(The Greatest DJ in the world) Ooh Boy!
Yes! We about to say a prayer for all our loved ones. (im a call this one real rap.)
Anybody you lost put them on yo heart, cause this rap is real, light it up for em.

Ya Know
I hope you aint to tired to cry, And I hope u know u aint never to live to die.
Listen, I grew up where them people called them people on us, think we slangin' but we just got beepers on us, grinding all day like we got sleep ins on ya, living like the videos writing treatments on us, stuck in the hood like they poured cement on us, ghetto bird still shitin on us, government still quitting on us, lost a few homies, and the grief's still sitting on us, so we got they names written on us, white folks still spitting on us, and them bitch ass police k9's, teeth still gritting on us, but we smoke ashes still getting on us, older bitches still hitting on us, I remember well, BZ rolled a "L", BZ aint here, Where's BZ at? BZ got killed. And that was my nigga, I go way back with my nigga, but I know that's how it happened my nigga, shit is much deeper in this rapping my nigga, But know they all rappin my nigga's, so now I must make it happened, so im a play the captain sail boat flapping my nigga, no fingers im snapping, happy for my nigga lil Tagus, cause even though we couldn't the lord saved him, last time we seen him was when Katrina hated, shhh found his body like a month later, rest in peace boy, he was a east boy, and so was Wessy West, he was a good nigga so I know he bless, and his daughter is a princess, this shit is harder than a bench press, but let me keep going, but I swear I got a lump in my throat, but im a keep on pumping the floor. So if I cry don't stop the beat, I feel like my heart just stop the beat, my nigga lil Derek was quick to cop a key, either that or load the gat and pop a jeep, and because of that, he's just a name in a rhymer mind, I pray his family in his momma's fine, so much shit, just sit on this mind to mind, I think about it all the time, I drink about it all the time, I smoke back to back, cause if my heart got to me I'll be in this rap, or I'll be in a can, thank god I had dreams of being a man, yeah, and fuck a man with a badge, cause he aint shit to a man on the edge. the 5-0 killed naud he cooked all day, man u would've thought they killed cornbread, shot him up face down on the lawn, not to mention he had handcuffs, not to mention they had playing clothes on, and the complain goes on. But nobody do nothing about it, the jail house and the mortgage to fucking crowded, and hate us like at an all time high, everybody gotta hate us like a fucking ipod. Shit and they tried to burn my Phantom up, but I got my gun licenses, I got my hammers up, im ready to shoot like a ca-me-ra, stay still motherfucker, im a have to write my will this summer, cause if they don't kill me, im a kill this summer yae. And you can put that on my late father, or my late grandmother, Miss Macaty Carter, or my grandfather Larry Balsock, the old man hustled till his heart stopped, and I know that my real father had money, no bank account that brown paper bag money, yea he might hit me off with a little brag money, but that nigga still wouldn't be a dad for me, but look how I turned out I hope he glad for me, but that's why when I see him I act mad funny, cause he a joke to me, don't message, don't call, don't talk to me, it's just me and my momma how it suppose to be, and I make sure she paid like she roll for me, and I know she get all hope from me, and I don't never wanna see her molt for me, Hopefully!, but Truthfully, there is a day that's due for me, but we gone pray that's it's as far as the future see's, you are listening to the future Weezy F. Baby. Amen.
Rest in peace to my cousin Kim Carbo, my nigga Vick, Rest in my peace lil Harold, shoutout to my nigga Steve land rest in peace pimp. Quiet Storm in the building.

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