Banned From T.V.

Lil' Wayne

Ayo, it's Weezy muthafuckin', easy with the hating
Bitch, I'm in the building; you just decorating
I'm just detonating, then I get blatant
More dangerous than Internet dating
Scoob got the cameras on so I got to show off
I put your sister on, I knock your bro off
Weezy just spit snowballs: catch it in your face, bitch
Good game, Wayne; mane, I deserve a Naismith
Cook caine game flow: dope-in-the-vein flow
I'll only be smoking the purple out the rainbow
Stronger than Drano, your boyfriend a lame-o
And if you stay with him, then y'all in the same boat
Deepwater Carter, fishing for a dollar
You can join the salad I'm splitting your tomata
Ball cause I gotta, you'll love me in the morning
I told her I'm a king, them other niggas Prince Charming
She love to rock the mic, she say there's nothing like performing
Man I'm in love with her grill: George Foreman
Forewarning: Young Money's on, and we can shoot it out
I got the money drawn; yeah, take that to the bank with ya
I rock my hat to the side like I paint pictures
Smoke weed, talk shit like Lane Kiffin
Whole country in recession, but Wayne different
And I'm a Maybach rider, haven't drove it one time
I got a cool black driver, can't walk around with guns
I got a dude that got 'em; don't worry if I'm shootin
As long as you get shot; I'm a beast, I'm a pitbull
I get my ass kissed, I get my dick pulled
I'm a beast, I'm a big bull
I got my money right, I got my clip full
Haha, it's like 7 in the morning', nigga
I'm up for whoever the opponent, nigga
Stop the track, let me relish in the moment, nigga
Now bring that motherfucker back, cause I'm zoning, nigga
I go hard like Rafael Nadal
And if the bitches were a habit, I bet we have them all
And man, I'm so high it's like an ever-lasting fall
And I'm charging these hoes like women's basketball
I bet that chopper get his mind right

Leave a hole in his chest like a lion bite
Super hero car like I crime fight
I see big cheese, you niggas blind mice
T-Streets still roll with me
Still sticking to the script like Nicole Kidman
Need the man hit? We are those hitmen
He stopped running, the bullet holes didn't
Basically, I'm still a monster
Till the fat lady sings I come to kill the Opera
Y'all too plain: I'm a helicopter
My words keep going like a teleprompter
I'm a asshole: wipe me down, bitch
I get big checks: Nike Town, bitch
Yeah, mean mug, Bobby Brown shit
And the flag red like clown lips, T., I can't stop goin' in
Dropped my best shit like the Cowboys dropped Owens
I'm the best to ever do it, motherfucker, I know it
No Ceilings, goddammit, now the fuckin sky's showin'

Songwriters
Dwayne CarterPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/