Dedicate

Lil Wayne

If it wasn't for Wayne, it wouldn't be
You tatted your face
Bugatti, new boo
You screamed Suu-Whoop
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You bought a Bugatti, so you can flex
Most of the bad bitches your exTattoos, Suu-Whoop, Bugatti, Nobu
New subject, new paper, new Class, new school
New buddies, new haters, new ass, new boobs
Smash later, too soon, too bad, too cool
Too hot, too lit, too high to move
Two eyes to view, but too blind to bloom
Who lied to you?
Two middle fingers that's up high to whom
It may consume, kaboom, goddamn
Who knew that I am the guru with voodoo
That sued you to high hell
With shooters that shoot through the
iron man and see through the con man
And now he a dyin' man
I turned a goddamn into a God's Plan
Go over to diagram and get to the job man
Watch for the spycam
Sit back and watch and do not watch your watch hand
Give me some time, man
I am the bomb, man
I'm gon' swim 'til I come out on dry land or on the fryin' pan
No we did not land on Plymouth Rock
But it landed on our land, now I'm just buyin' land
Back to the block where they got more rock fans
Than a fuckin' rock band under a rock, man
We need Barack, man
I do what I can to keep it solid as a you know what I'm sayin'
With some rock playin'You tatted your face and changed the culture (you changed)
You screamed suu-whoop and them gangsters loved you (yeah, yeah)
You bought a Bugatti so you could flex (so you can flex)
And most of the bad bitches your exI started this shit, you just part of this shit
I'm the heart of this shit, and the heart doesn't skip
Take the heart of yo' bitch

'Cause like Bart, you a simp
And your water don't drip so your garden ain't shit
You just countin' the money, I'm drownin' in money
Like "Where the fuck is the lifeguard in this bitch?"
I go mars in this bitch, watch me orbit and shit
For the art of this shit, Andy Warhol and shitGo retarded and shit, you go sweet tangy
I go tart on this shit, I'ma barf this shit
I'ma martian and shit, you a offerin' lil' bitch
If I taught you some shit, that's like Harvard lil' bitch
You ain't talkin' 'bout shit but you softer than shit
Walk it like you talk it, now you walkin' in shit
I go Marvel movie on some marvelous shit
In the spotlight too long should be darker than this
It's Tha Carter, lil' bitchYou tatted your face and changed the culture (you changed)
You screamed suu-whoop and them gangsters loved you (yeah, yeah)
You bought a Bugatti so you could flex (so you can flex)
And most of the bad bitches your exI started this shit, they borrowed this shit
I thought of this shit, they thought it was it
I'm doggin' this shit, they bark and they sit
Put a fork in that shit, which drawer to look in
I brought in this shit, the starters get benched
Artists get sent, then targets get hitBillion dollar smile, I sell myself short if I grin
I'm bargainin' then
Apartments and shit, I could park in this shit
In the foreign car that I could talk to and shit
With a cultural bitch I can talk to and shit
'Bout the culture and shit, how I altered this shitTattoos, suu-whoop, Bugatti, new boo
Tattoos, suu-whoop, Bugatti, new boo
Tattoos, suu-whoop, Bugatti, new boo
All of that shit, just tha Carter lil' bitchYou changed, suu-whoop (you tatted your face)
Bugatti, new boo (you screamed "Suu-whoop")
Tattoos, suu-whoop, Bugatti, new boo
Tattoos, suu-whoop, Bugatti, new boo
Tunechi(If it wasn't for Wayne, it wouldn't be)
They might think they've got a pretty good jump shot,
or a pretty good flow.
But our kids can't all aspire to be LeBron or Lil Wayne!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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