You Ain't Know

Lil Wayne, Baby (a.k.a. Birdman)

Yeah, I got a lot of loot and I ain't lookin' for a lady
And you could never pay me I'm from uptown baby
I wake up in the mornin', take a piss and wash my hands
Take a knee and thank the Man, then get back to the money
You ain't know, I gotta go
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money
You ain't know, I gotta go
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money, to the money
N**** I ain't got a money printer
So for this paper chase I'm out runnin' sprinters
Yes, the last two cash money members
Shout out to the new cash money members
Baby and Slim still point guard and center
So much money on my mind it's all I remember
And I just bought a gun with a extender
And that b**** hold me up like suspenders
Cut like a blender sharper than a b****
They got so many *** *** I can make a list
N***** wonder why I stress that I am the best
'Cause even bobble heads tell me yes, ha
Put it on the hood, I'm Hollygrove to death
I'm already good, I'm workin' on my left
A jungle on my wrist, a circus on my neck
Don't forget the baby no, don't forget the F
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Brush the platinum, grab the straps, homie make it happen
Comin' through my neighborhood with 4's on the caddy
Limo tints out the pound and uptown crackin'
Red bandanna duckin' feds and the money stackin'
Rest in peace to Miss Gladys like everyday
We on the grind for the shine and we gon' get paid
Spent a mill' on the wheels custom with the navi'

Two of the same whips we doin' it big livin' lavish
This is a Scott storch and I'm a hot torch
And gettin' money is my sport
And understand the rap game is my court
So I shall walk and come forth like a rock port
Or some sort of matchin' slippers or yacht shoes
See I don't cruise control I control the cruise
Yes, I gets throat on a boat
And I vow to never fall like soap on a rope and
I got a lot of loot and I ain't lookin' for a lady
And you can never pay me I'm from uptown baby
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Take a knee and thank the Man, then get back to the money
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Fresh with the hustle so we bounce back on them suckers
Blowin' big, doin' gigs, got it ran in hundreds
They reppin', layin' here we stuntin'
On the grind all the time homie gettin' money
3rd Ward soldier, 13th gangsta
17th hustler known top ranker
Money go getter, them clowns can't figure
Poppin' at the mouth like this cutter won't split 'em
Know how to survive hustlin' stayin' fly
My whole hood cried when my lil' brother died
Know I had to ride, never let it slide
It's just the G in me and I'ma get it 'til I die daddy
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