

# Earthquake

## Lil' Wayne

(Speak to them Jazze)[Chorus]

I

(Yea fly guy)

I'm way more fly than you

(That's right)

I'll take your dime from you

(That's right)

Now she want to spend all night with me

(She want to wake up with Weezy-F baby)

Let me be the one that you throw it to, baby

(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)

I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you

(Yea so how bout you, so how bout you)I'll take your bitch give her back, take your bitch again

Because you throw a five I pitch a ten

Now she want to get inside of my sixty six

She sees my wrist blue and yellow like Michigan

She say she love her man she misses him

But nobody do it better than her distance dick (me)

I'm her long distance pimp

When I land my bitches want for me on the strip (yup)

And I don't lie I confess,

I'm the one who turn that orange vest to a dress

Gotta dress to impress though,

Gotta stay clean, plus momma in a Lex four

She with me, what you expect, I live to be fly to death

It's the bird man Jr. sincerely yours

When it rains it pours, when it rains it whores[Chorus]Now why you want to go do that

Like I can't see through that

Tattoo right there like I can't view that

Girl what that say, Girl what who that

Bet he was lame, bet he ain't Lil' Wayne (nop)

Cause I'm way more flyer

Have you hanging round a bunch of yeyo buyers (no),(no)

And not a day go by us,

We don't get higher than the telephone wires

Cut your telephone off we ridin'

Where phones don't roam they don't even come on

You're far from home so leave it alone

You creeping with the king of the throne

You sleepin' in a tee and a thong  
With your hair in a pony  
I ain't got no blinds  
We can stare at the morning (yup)  
But I can't be there all morning  
I'm a pimp, baby girl, I'm going, going, gone[Chorus]I'm sorry I was grooving  
Gotta love that laid back Mannie Fresh music  
But let's get back to what we was doing  
Laid back in that black on Pat Ewing's  
That's thirty three V tires, he fire  
These streets ain't papaya ma  
You gotta keep heat on your side  
Two must, so I'm a get three more and cop you one  
Wait, naw hun cause you ain't exempt  
If your ass ever trip I'll give you a clip (yea)  
But I love the way your jeans suck in your hip  
And you walk kinda mean how you strut with a dip  
And you talk kinda clean and you lick your lips  
But I can't fall for you cause I stick to the script (yup)  
I said I stick to my grip,  
I stick to my money,  
That's life to me  
Sorry honey Jazze[Chorus]So how bout you, yea  
So how bout you?  
See what I'm talking bout sweet heart  
You ain't even gotta have John Madden  
You ain't gotta have Dick Vitale,  
You ain't gotta Lee Carsole  
You ain't gotta have Stuart Scott,  
You ain't gotta have Linda Cohn  
Know what I'm talking bout,  
You ain't gotta have the staff of E-S-P-N  
You ain't gotta have ABC staff just to talk sports baby  
Cause I got game sweetheart  
Just fuck with the boy and I'll get you a jersey  
What you want me to put on the back  
Daddy's little that's right,  
See what I'm talking bout  
I can't give you the game  
But I can show the game  
And you can see what you see  
And peek how you peek and get what you get  
Know what I'm talking bout  
Weezy

Songwriters

ALEXANDER, PHALON ANTON/GREEN, AL (USA)/JACKSON, AL JR./MITCHELL, WILLIE

LAWRENCE/CARTER, DWAYNE/THOMAS, BYRON

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