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

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