

# Feel Me

Lil' Wayne

So "Little Wayne," whats your motivation?

Is that really a question  
Do you really have that written down in your notepad  
You should be ashamed of yourself  
You smell me girl  
I smell like money  
See, thats what they don't understand (Tell 'em a god damn thang)  
To me it was always get money or die  
I come up under Birdman the Number One Stunner  
You know what I mean I'm stunner junior thats all I know thats all I ever know  
Get money or get nothing you know what I'm saying  
And I feel that way  
Foreal

So hard I go I keep pushing  
The game so crazy I'm in it like deep pussy  
I got chip from trying to get the whole cookie  
Used to make a thousand dollars everytime I played hookie  
Dwayne Carter absent keep looking  
I'm present on the block  
I'm a legend on the block  
Ice so bright like heaven on the watch  
Yea nigga I done dropped one eleven on the watch  
So watch and see what I do  
Breeze by you so fast got you sneezing hachoo  
They got the shivers 'mayne I got the fever  
I got to bring the hood back after Katrina  
Weezy F. Baby now the F is for FEMA  
Sick nigga bitch I spit that Leukemia  
Yea no cure no help  
So me so good so hard so felt  
Feel me

And thats just my point right there  
Thats what I'm always trying to stress know what I'm saying  
If you don't understand me if you don't feel me then you ain't real  
In my eyes, and thats all that count to me you know

So, is your music considered the voice of urban America or America period

I mean, I would say the voice of the hood 'cause thats who I speak for  
And myself, you know what I mean, my family thats who I represent  
My hommies, my girl, my life you know

C'mon, bang this shit nigga pump my shit  
You gotta bang that wimp and go and dump that bitch  
You gotta claim that strip and go and flood that bitch  
You gotta aim that shit and straight bust that shit  
Like motherfuck them niggas what they wan-do I'm ready  
Tevin Campbell, no homo, black rambo  
Fucking with the boy baby thats a cambo  
If he won in vegas leave him on the crap table  
I'm willing and I'm able to come run up in your stable  
Like nobody make a sound where the paper where the paper  
Gotta get it gotta have it

Once I got it I'mma spend it  
Then its back to doing any damn thing just to get it  
The re-ups be like birthday parties  
No room to park the cars in the garages  
So outside the cribs all you see is arrays  
If I ain't say it right fuck it I ain't foreign  
Feel me

And see thats where everybody get me wrong at you know what I mean  
I got that heat rock, foreal

Why do you think other rappers lack the impact of your music

Thats because they ain't got that heat rock like me you know what I mean  
They ain't spitting like me  
They spitting, but, know what I mean, they ain't got colds  
I got the flu over here man, foreal  
I need relief, y'all help me  
I know y'all sick of me, 'cause I'm tired of y'all foreal

And based on the bank, I'm doing much better than alot of these niggas  
I'm tired of these niggas  
Yawning when I see them make me stretch and pull the burner  
I'm cocking back and passing  
They catch 'em in they sternum  
Ooh ooh that gone probably burn ya  
That gone probably learn ya  
To never ever ever - ever ever ever come around here no more  
Rich gangsters over here you gotta die with the broke bitch  
I'm the God I should ride with the Pope  
But the boy so hood I just ride with my hoe yeah  
Yeah, and tell 'em bout Hollygrove  
Tell 'em bout my last show  
Tell 'em bout my last hoe  
You know, just born to mack  
Call me Dione Sanders bring the corner back, yeah  
I'm in my prime niggas falling back  
Thats right I'm comming baby yeah hard as crack  
Feel Me

And thats just what it is nigga  
If you don't like my shit then fuck you and your shit man straight up  
Thats how I was taught thats how I was brought up  
and thats how I'mma go down  
Cash-Money Young-Money in your motherfucking throat bitch  
Swallow slow  
Weezy F. Baby this interview is over, go to the next song  
Bitch