

# Ain't I

Lil' Wayne

I am the real, I am the authentic,  
The fact and the truth, it's Jae Millz,  
Brown skin but I'm black in the booth.  
And for the green or that white, you'll see red.  
Mushroom bullets hit your body then they spread.  
Then your ass dead. No need for a hospital room or a bed.  
Just tell his momma to get him some nice threads.  
So at least he will be a bitch ass nigaa dyin in style.  
He didn't want to look up to me now he gotta look down.  
Somebody better tell him on these beats I'm a beast.  
Half man half animal like king on tekken. Now I'm a wreck him.  
Hell ya young money is what I'm reppin'.  
Respect em or I'll put you on that highway to heaven.  
Matter of fact pussy you'll get your own lane.  
With no speed limits so you'll get there in a minute.  
It's Dedication 3. It's no replacing we.  
That is like askin a group of muslims where that bacon be.  
Straight Gran n Patrone flow there is no chasin me.  
And that amnesia is what my medication be.  
That's that Amsterdam grade A I'm smokin in neverland.  
So high I'll probably never land.

Muthafuggin psychopath, young money cave men, muthafugg a geico  
add.  
Fo' Fo' bulldog, fuck around and bite yo ass, shittin on you bi  
tches now lemme flush the toilet and wipe my ass.  
Bitch I'm all into like my cash, no I'm not I love my dough. go  
t them hoes fallin like a hundred million dominoes.  
But I don't eat pizza, I eat pussy when he wouldn't...  
Holla at ya guala, yeah bitch itz me, kickin muthafuggas out th  
e kitchen heat.  
I'll put you where the fishes sleep and when they wake, you'll  
be the fishies feast...  
Imma shark you see my fin hoe, bullet leave a hole in ya face n  
ot a dimple.  
Straight from the N.O. it's no problemo to put a niggaz brians  
on the muthafuggin window..  
Uggggh, damn right I'm nasty, how I come thru in that white eye  
d Aston.  
The leather guts and might I add in it's black on chrome like D  
arren McFadden. yeah.  
And don't be comparin my swag wit these wack-ass niggas thats o-  
so-swagless. yeah.  
And call me mr. swag-more, gotcha girlfriend open like some fug  
gin pores, or open like some fuggin doors.  
Nigga its fugg you and I'm fuggin yours.  
From the bedroom to the floors...whores