

## Bass Beat

Lil' Wayne

Gangsta Grillz  
It's me and Spitta man  
Gangsta Grillz, Mack Maine we see you  
Young Capo I see you  
Gangsta Grillz

I get that money that's my top commitment  
Ya'll niggas just talking ya'll politicians  
But let me get slick  
Real quick like Rick  
Without the patch on my eye  
Take a patch out the sky, cause I'm fly  
I say that a lot and Imma keep on  
Thousand dollar jeans on nigga keep going  
Keep walking, piece on  
You won't find me in my beach home  
I'm out ya reach arm  
I got a speech for 'em, um  
Fuck them and whoever know 'em, one  
I'm stepping in Roberto's with a nasty ass virgo  
She feeling my gangsta, I ain't even have to game her  
But that came natural sort of like magical  
I disappear when I dip in the bathroom  
But I'll be back soon fucking with them raccoons  
Like Jackie Gleason on his honeymoon  
What up Fuke?

Hot Spitter in the building  
Young Money in the arena  
Ya catch me with two bad bitches between us  
(Gangsta Grillz)

I cook good crack in a pot in a pot I pissed in  
Ya'll niggas just talking ya'll politicians  
With the wind against my back I defend in the attack  
By any man I'm in fact, ha ha  
And its like that  
My impact so hard if I die  
I probably bounce right back  
I walk around with a mice trap  
Niggas with cheese don't like rats  
And despite that  
I been around a few gold fish  
I'm still a shark out the ocean  
I wear the fuck out the 0 6, 4 sent flow  
Like I'm 4'6", left arm so stiff  
Ya'll don't shit about this stuntin' business  
I'm about to teach that to all of my bitches  
But, back to the business  
Give the mutha fucka so much coke  
He probably have problems with they kidney  
Spit 'em

Jesus Christ  
Young Money mother fucker  
Money go way back  
Way back like an old man hairline

Mu fucka y'all can't see that

It's haters out there but I'm optimistic  
Ya'll niggas just talking ya politicians  
I'm walking what I'm talking  
And I'm playing what I'm saying  
And I'm stepping what I'm reppin  
I'm about what I shout boy  
The loudest mouth of the South boy  
I'm from the dirty dirty  
You can't get me out my shop boy  
I got a money clip but like what for  
I tote whole stacks, they can't hold that  
I stick it in her back pocket make her butt large  
And pull her seven jeans down she like fuck drawls  
And I'm like fuck that but she thought I was ignorant  
Approached her like a gentleman  
Her friends trying to get with him but  
I already been with them  
They all act the same I fucked them all  
Man they like synonyms  
I like dividends, I might give her them  
She the niggas I'm with I might give her them

I don't know how he get so many girls, and rap  
And handle like that, and the lyrics!  
It's cool though, if y'all listening to him and y'all like all that  
Y'all need to come get with me  
Curren\$y the Hot Spitta  
The new gentleman  
2005, YM mother fucker