By Myself

Lil' Wayne

No more lying friends
Mourning tragic ends
Know they do pretend
They won't go when I go

Come on home biscuit for man's sake
No more fake hugs and handshakes
Stand straight
You sweeter than a pancake
Me, I'm tryin get that green like the landscape
That's for my team in region eight
See what I gotta say can't wait
I demand cake
Gotta eat, keep the family straight
They all holding out they hands and plates, yeah
Wayne's from a place called hollygrove
From the bottom of the globe
Area code 504
Be hero joe and I zero in
With the eagle when there be no him
Ion need no help
Ion need no homie
Ion need no buddy
Nigga I got money
Nigga I got heart to go along with the guns
Call me weezy f. baby
I be by myself when I come yeah

No more lying friends
(yeah, yeah)
Mourning tragic ends
(ion need em, ion need em)
Know they do pretend
(ion love em, ion trust em)
They won't go when I go
(so motherfuck em, I was born by myself with my dick in my hand) no more lyi
ng friends
(with my mind on the million dollar plan) mourning tragic ends
(now baby you are looking at the million dollar man) know they do pretend
(and I'm a die alone, so alone I stand) they won't go when I go

(I feel you nigga)
Dudes that never spoke to me now wanna speak (beat it)
Girls that never said a word now wanna creep (beat it)
Guys that never ran with me now wanna be (what) the only passenger in my coo
p with two seats
Damn, what is it homes
You boys breast soft and fake, I can feel the silicone (yep) you all a bunch
 of pamela andersons
Me, a family man, I take care of the family man (ya dig) and it seems like m
y day one niggas ain't actin like day one niggas (uh un), I ain't change I j
ust came up niggas (yep) and trust me when I say I ain't put the streets dow
n or them thangs up nigga
Bring the phantom through the hood, I ain't frontin on ya'll,
Just tryna let you know it's bigger than the corner my dog
I ain't playin basketball, but I'm ballin for sure
Now back to the money

Catch me when I come off tour
Fuck em

The rims may offend you on the shit I slide into
Fuck you
Send you to the desert, tell ya be cool
Uh um, hold on the pistols
Roll by the cops and turn up the stereo
Sittin in the corner lookin like a owner
Talkin to the owner, yeah my price gone up
All in the strip club, never get a boner
Only get hard for doe, I'm homer, and you're a simpson and I'm a pimp son an
d she ain't comin to the crib til her friend come
We gettin money over here you need to get some
Out comes the cold steel for my income

Out comes the cold steel for my victims
Born alone, die alone, but you could die with em
Cars white and sexy like Nicole Kidman
Bad chick by my side, video vixen
Might fly to L.A. just to shop at Kitson
Thousand dollar hoodies I'm pickin up about 15
That's about 15 thousand
I'm trickin zero on bitches
Zero
Zavosky crystals, great china wall
My money run longer than the great china wall
And my pockets is mediterranean sea deep
So keep plottin and prayin to get me
Come on

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