

David Banner

Lil' Wayne

Chrome on the monster, leather intestines
With a top model, and the contestants
I'm a Rottweiler, yes I'm a rock 'n' roller
It's Weezy Fuckin' Baby, yeah straight up out the stroller

Chrome on the monster
Leather intestines
With a top model
And the contestants
I'm a Rottweiler
Yes I'm a rock-n-roller
It's Weezy Fuckin' Baby
Yeah straight up out the stroller
I'm higher than the solar
System
Marley twist 'em
I'm like Macaulay Culkin
I was rich when I was pissin'
On myself, I'm ballin'
You niggas haterholics
I'm just the recipe
So you can save the garlic
I'm like a set of keys
I'm bout to get it started
I smoke them Beverly
Hills, from California
Them bitches after me
So I put that paddle on 'em
She rode my dick and said she shoulda put a saddle on him
I watch out for them snakes, listen for that rattle homie
And I ain't got a clique, I got a cattle homie
What up five, kickin' back just bein boo
I'm talking foreign money, like a European dude
Yeah I'm heavy man, so you should reconsider
I hit you one time, fuck up yo equilibrium
I got rhythm, yeah, I got soul y'all
I travel all around the world like a postcard
My flow cold, fuck around and get a cold sore
I got this bitch on lock like a closed door
Weezy's real, them other niggas folklore
I'm connected, I got more hoods than a coat store
I'm successful, I got more shit than you can hope for
And I got through that water like a boat oar
Young, Carter the name
Baby boy rising like hot water and 'caine

Whip it, stretch it, and flip it
Re-up, stretch it and flip it
Re-up, stretch it and flip it
Re-up, stretch it and flip it

Re-up
We up in the club, we up in the club
Money running like water, bitch get up in the tub
I'm up in the club, she up in the club, he up in the club
Now she can't leave so we fuck in the club
Am I lucky or what? Playboy Rabbit

And I like big tongues like skateboard fashion
I got more girls than the Playboy Mansion
I bet I serve 'em up like my name Pete Sampras
And a nigga drink like the late Fred Sanford
And a nigga smoke like there is no cancer
And I know this world is so cold and deceivin'
But I keep my head up like my nose is bleedin'
Yeah, and until that chosen evenin'
I'mma be screamin Apple and Eagle
Yeah, that's right, Apple and Eagle
Hollygrove 17, I won't leave you
Nope, and this is just the preview
But I'm already workin on the sequel
Fuck with me wrong I'll fuck with your home
Like a letter to the wife saying your husband is gone
Like Muslim, I'm calm
But like Muslim I'll bomb
And beat the track up like a hundred arms
I'm funky like underarms
The engineer's recording a thunderstorm
My hunger forms, then ring the alarms
The Carter 2 was nice but the third times a charm

Weezy Fuckin'