

## Dedicate

Lil' Wayne

If it wasn't for Wayne, it wouldn't be  
You tatted your face  
Bugatti, new boo  
You screamed suu whoop  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You bought a Bugatti, so you can flex  
Most of the bad bitches your ex

Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
New subject, new paper, new Class, new school  
New buddies, new haters, new ass, new boobs  
Much later, too soon, too bad, too cool  
Too hot, too lit, too high to move  
Two eyes to view, but too blind to bloom  
Who lied to you?  
Two middle fingers that's up high to whom  
It may consume, kaboom, goddamn  
Who knew that I am the guru with voodoo  
That sued you to high hell  
With shooters that shoot through the iron man  
And see through the con man and now he a dyin' man  
I turned a goddamn into a God's Plan  
Go over the diagram and get to the job, man  
Watch for the spycam  
Sit back and watch and do not watch your watch hand  
Give me some time, man, I am the bomb, man  
I'm gon' swim 'til I come out on dry land not on the fryin' pan  
No we did not land on Plymouth Rock  
But it landed on our land, now I'm just buyin' land  
Back to the block where they got more rock fans  
Than a fuckin' rock band under a rock, man  
We need Barack, man, I do what I can  
To keep it solid as a you know what I'm sayin'  
With some rock playin'

You tatted your face and changed the culture (you changed)  
You screamed suu whoop and them gangsters loved you (yeah, yeah)  
You bought a Bugatti so you could flex (so you can flex)  
And most of the bad bitches your ex

I started this shit, you just part of this shit  
I'm the heart of this shit, and the heart doesn't skip  
Take the heart of yo' bitch, 'cause like Bart, you a simp  
And your water don't drip so your garden ain't shit  
You just countin' the money, I'm drownin' in money  
Like, "Where the fuck is the lifeguard in this bitch?"  
I go Mars in this bitch, watch me orbit and shit  
For the art of this shit, Andy Warhol and shit  
Go retarded as shit, you go sweet tangy  
I go tart on this shit, I'ma barf on this shit  
I'm a martian and shit, you a offerin', lil' bitch  
If I taught you some shit, that's like Harvard, lil' bitch  
You ain't talkin' 'bout shit but you softer than shit  
Walk it like you talk it, now you walkin' in shit  
I go Marvel movie on some marvelous shit  
In the spotlight too long should be darker than this  
This is Tha Carter, lil' bitch

You tatted your face and changed the culture (you changed)  
You screamed suu whoop and them gangsters loved you (yeah, yeah)  
You bought a Bugatti so you could flex (so you can flex)  
And most of the bad bitches your ex

I started this shit, they borrowed this shit  
I thought of this shit, they thought it was it  
I'm doggin' this shit, they bark and they sit  
Put a fork in that shit, which straw to look in  
I brought in this shit, the starters get benched  
The artists get sent, then targets get hit  
Billion dollar smile  
I sell myself short if I grin, I'm bargainin' then  
Apartments and shit, I could park in this shit  
In the foreign car that I could talk to and shit  
With a cultural bitch I can talk to and shit  
'Bout the culture and shit, how I altered this shit

Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
All of that shit, just tha Carter lil' bitch

You changed, suu whoop (you tatted your face)  
Bugatti, new boo (you screamed "Suu whoop")  
Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
Tattoos, suu whoop, Bugatti, new boo  
Tunechi  
(If it wasn't for Wayne, it wouldn't be)  
They might think they've got a pretty good jump shot, or a pretty good flow.  
But our kids can't all aspire to be LeBron or Lil Wayne!