

## Dedication 2

Lil' Wayne

Dedication 2

Alright I think you're ready this time  
Y'all know what I come here for  
Call me the iPod King  
Call me Mr. Thanksgiving  
Call me whatever the fuck you want

Bang bang, I shot you down  
Bang bang, you hit the ground  
Bang bang, that awful sound  
Bang bang... I used to shoot you down

Hah, Dedication 2, that's right, you already  
Wake up motherfuckers it's Weezy, you got a problem?  
Heads to them Katrina victims, we still mobbing  
Shiny black coupe at night look like a goblin  
AK on the backseat, baby it's so-

Wake up motherfuckers it's Weezy, you got a problem?  
Heads to them Katrina victims, we still mobbing  
Shiny black coupe at night look like a goblin  
AK on the backseat, baby it's so vibrant  
Watch me let it spray like a hydrant, can't dodge it  
You're not getting wet in the rain is not logic  
She won't give that pussy to Wayne, I'm so obliged just  
Live and direct from inside of your bitch body  
And, hi there ho what do you know I'm riding  
In the same streets my pops died in, I got 'em and  
I get that money tell my momma I'm grinding  
And I'll be coming home with our future in my pocket  
Shoot you if you block it, leave a nigga awkward  
Murder the adults and let the kids get adopted  
Sit it in the pot and watch me rise to power  
Getting out twenty American pies an hour  
Goddamn, excuse ma'am but I'm the man  
And you better put my money in my hand, stop playing!  
Got ends, no friends, just brothers one color  
And I spread the motherfucker all over your room shutters  
Yeah, they knew better I'm two letters  
I'm like M.J. and 2-3 and O.G., yeah I'm low-key  
'Cause niggas and bitches is police  
I roll leaf, patching up the game's slow leak  
I'm Weezy baby!  
Lemme catch my breath  
OK  
Pussy-ass.. pussy-ass.. pussy-ass.. pussy

Pussy-ass niggas, fake fraud-ass niggas  
Tryna save the past, SIM card-ass niggas  
Them broads laugh at you, them niggas won't kill you  
And them niggas that's with you, could die right with you  
I'll be shooting everything up in my eyesight mister  
I say I might miss you, but little FeFe gon' hit you  
And little Curren\$y'll split you, Mack Maine'll straight flip you  
Let Taz Po ship you, then we'll all forget you  
I'm sitting in the kitchen like "How can we all get richer?"

Got paint on my hands from painting the perfect picture  
Then I tell little Josh, roll up the perfect Swisher  
God damn the hurricane, to the weed man, we miss you  
I'm the best just listen, I ain't what the game been missing  
Ask my nigga Juelz, I been here since twelve  
Ten shells, let 'em save themselves  
Fuck them niggas and their pals, pal, pow!