

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 Currensy'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!