

## Dedication

Lil' Wayne

Chyeah!  
You guessed accurately  
It's me, ladies and gents  
Weezy F. Baby, please say the "Baby"  
B told you that, yeah (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
Gangsta Grillz  
All up in your grill, nigga  
Drama, holla at your nigga (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
I won't lose me, y'all  
Nope  
This is the Dedication!  
Rest in peace! (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)

So now, I'm burying the burner in the bomber  
I carry the concerns of my mama  
I'm married to the money and the power  
And still got guns on my side for my private affairs  
Yeah, I know that water get cold, but I dive in it bare  
And swim through it, alive and aware-I been through it  
You probably never been to it, so now I dip through it  
And they respect me like a pistol, I'm hip to it  
I gets to it, like, "Just do it," I miss doing it  
Hundred-shot drum, play 'em some clip music  
I am the drum major, the drum section waiting  
All it takes is one signal: you can get a cadence  
You can get it catered, I'm at your service like a waiter  
When it's beef, I become a nigga neighbor (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
I put potatoes on the heater, no labor, later  
Now, how me make mashed potatoes (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
French-fry niggas, I bench, then fire niggas-bye, niggas!  
Wet 'em up like rivers-now, flow by, niggas  
I'm dripping-dry fly, now, squint your eyes bitches  
I Dempsey-Tom bitches up out of new Bentleys  
I'm old school like a loose Winston  
Like, "Since when they make bulletproof skin?"  
I put it to your chin, and grin, and sin, and then, I-  
Sin again; then, I'm gone in the wind  
And I'm dumping my Scarlett O'Hara in the canal  
'Cause I'm not getting stopped with cop paraphernal'  
Now, I'm preparing to ill, not preparing to fail  
'Cause my flow is for real, like the Sahara and Hell  
Comparisons is irrelevant, I'm a arrogant male, yeah  
I can handle it, I can graduate Yale, yeah (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
They featherweight, I sporadically ill the fuck out  
And you can automatically killed, yeah (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
Peep the narrative of the New Orleans heritage  
You can go get your evidence, I tell where and tell you when  
I was prescribing medicine, you was getting your lesson in  
I was getting my adolescent in (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
Lesser than God only, better than my last is what I strive for  
Dwelling on my past, I get high, so I light it up and smoke  
Keep that Mary Poppins poppin' like a toaster  
I'm Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious  
Can't forget that purple potion-oh, shit  
You ho niggas is ass, that's ho shit  
So, shit, I blow bigger and mash, and laugh, like, "Ohh, shit!"  
I'm the best-no shit! Weezy