

Down And Out

Lil' Wayne

Mommas oldest, dads brightest
But youngin still thugging
What was it that bad guidance
Love him he's God gift
Though they hate I love it
It make me drive faster
They won't catch the F50 Ferrari
I got on Ferrari glasses
Mashing through New Orleans like it's Cali
I'm just trying to keep up with the fashions
Got my music blasting
Televisions flashing
I'm watching The Passion
Me I get my hot box game up when I flame up
Shame lil niggas at the red light change up
See everyone was around when I was down
Now it's lonely at the top since I came up
Look up, they trying to look me up and hook up look
I ain't got a nose for your boogers I'm sugar
That mean I'm good, if you is I'm gooder
Should've, would've, could've, but you didn't, cocksucker
This is that old south I'm talking with that old slang
Pushing that new thing, shitting on my old hoes
Pissing off my old homies
The game is fair but it's cold get your winter garments
Still can't warm it
See I'm a break from the norm
My LA girls they say I'm so bomb, they eat tofu
The 40/40 on a special day
Them cheap niggas I'll still slide 500 to Desiree
I talk shit and I don't never hate
Cause I would forklift whoever face
See I ain't rich yet
Oh but I'm ballin now and that get your bitch wet
We just trying to see how many dicks she can bench press
See I'm a business
Dogs I'm a bitchness
I ain't a rest haven I let the rest save them
Mack Maine hit me with the trap game
Now I'm having second thoughts about the fucking rap game
Hold up

Tez
Please get on my schedule let them know that I'm open
Pick a day when I'm free and put "beef"
C'mon, let them know I'm hoping they tripping
We could get it in motion you get to know physics
Leaving them in the ocean with pistols dripping
With all these bannana clips and we ain't slipping
Foggy behind the tints, good grief
So you blow o's of the leaf I blow a wreathe
Sheesh, Great Scott, is he a theif?
It seems like he got a mouth full of gold teeth
Chyea, shout out to Cee Lo Green
Young money we know green
Spitta say you no crazy
We got shit that you don't need

That's my nigga he fly, so now he keep me fly
And all the talk in the streets bout us is we be fly
My bitch be asking why I don't go suit and tie
Because they put that on you when you die