

Fly Away

Lil' Wayne

Ahem

I'd like for you to take this time
And remember where you was
The first time you heard Dedication
If I asked you how many times you listened to D2
Could you tell me?
Dedication 3 was the first mixtape you heard
When we had a black president
D4 and 5, we got back to business
Y'all done copied the rhymes
Y'all done stole the artwork
Tried to emulate my shit-talkin'
Weezy and Dram', we are the Mixtape Blueprint
Hahaha! You welcome
A Dedication

I got Doja, Narcotics, and Actavis; that's DNA
Got a dyke ho nympho and your bitch laying next to me and bae
Eazy like NWA, they make me feel A-OK
Feeling like Tony, grrreat
Feeling all on me, TSA
She got Dollars, Nut, and Alcohol all over her T&A
She snort all this KKK, and this broad need AAA
Let's enjoy some NBA, y'all lil boys' NCAA
Yeah, we got A-M-M-O but you get beat like MMA
I got Dracos, Ninos, Automatics; that my DNA
You get beat like Sugar Ray, TKO, O-H-H
I smoke O's, I sip Ace, I pop hoes, Xanies straight
I got P's, I got weight, I got keys, I got gates
I got moon rock, molly, ecstasy inside this weed, it's laced
I smoke doobies, don't smoke J's
Don't watch movies, don't go to plays
I watch cuties, porn and play
I got Uzis on the way
I don't be choosey, I don't be safe
I don't get woozy, I get the waist
My bitch ballin' like Zhané
Erykah Badu with the fade
Capital-WNBA, I just teach her how to save
I been sleeping with my AK
With my finger around her waist
I been dreaming I caught a body
That's some sweet dreams, who want a taste?
Give the American dream to a bitch that ain't even from the USA
That's the land of the Free, it's the home of AJ
Got a whole brick of some yay, I put one line on the plate
She's gon' take it to the face like "Thin line between love and hate"
I got Dealers 'N' Associates, call that my DNA
All these diamonds, all this gold and shit, call that PB&J
I got Bloods in LA, I got Bloods down in the A
I got Bloods everywhere you lay, but ain't no blood in my filet
Hit the court, shoot the DA, treat beef like USDA
OMW to your trap (blap) Now I'll be On My Way
I got plugs I ain't got to pay, I got shit I ain't got to say
I got cribs way out of state, ain't got no more pocket space
Sipping slo-mo at my pace, lean like I wear a brace
Queens want to be embraced, Kings wanna be an Ace

I remember Ace of Spades, I remember that Goose is Grey
Now it's Bumbu by the case, nigga, fuck you, fly away
Sick shit...

Dedicated...

To the culture that Tunechi birthed
To the sons and daughters of Weezy
Y'all niggas still watching a master at work
(I already got...)
D6

I already got the Ganja
I already got the Fanta
All black like Uganda
Hair back like E. Honda, wait
Hardhat like a condom
Your skull crack, then we crowned you
Shark-bite to a flounder
Bar-fight to a bouncer, wait
All Franks like Sinatra
Face been painted, they ain't never clowned him
Everybody raking cash like it's autumn
Y'all boys sweeter than Whatchamacallit
All y'all take a seat on this toilet
Y'all ain't shit but y'all piss-poor, and
Sitting in the foreign like I'm on a Harley
Keep bloodsuckers away with the garlic
Alone in a mansion, I'm Macaulay Culkin
Thought about your coffin and started barfing
Thought about your orphans, how they prolly starving
Thought about this artful shit, how I'm so thoughtful
Walking on the marble, feeling like Ricardo
Walking 'round like the campus of Harvard
Shoutout my nigga Swizz, niggas getting smarter
Try to hit the books, and nigga hit the target
Sitting on the charter, talking 'bout the targets
Waiting on departure, waiting on a sculpture
Make sure my vultures keep an extra cartridge
Make sure my Barbie keep an extra Barbie
My dick is her electric chair, feel the voltage
And her pussy better smell like a orchid
Wetter than a wishing well, need a quarter
Damn, I wish I was a lil bit taller
Damn, I wish I drank a lil more water
Damn, my weed stank a lil more harder
Damn, I pull up with a redbone, scarlet
With a yellowbone car; that smoke green, that's Marley
Purple and the orange, you seen, that's horror
No Eve in my garden, F-R-uh, F-R-uh
All the Gs in my corner, them boys so warriors
Believe we deserve every leaf in the forest
Kis and quarters layin' around my headquarters
Borderline hoarder, you a mortal, I report 'em
World on my shoulders but it's lighter than a clover
I'm your bitch, baby, hold me tighter than a stroller
System so solar, got white like Crayola
Nut like granola all in your bitch rollers
You never been to jail, ain't never been in a Corolla
Then I roll a blunt 'bout as thick as a Samoan
This is that sick shit, the sickness is showing
The sickness is spreading, the disease is growing
The bitches is hoeing, the witnesses knowing
The dollars are torn, they fishing for coins

I continue going, I get to the boar
And I rip off his horns, six in the morning
Then I just yawn and forget to mourn
And give to the star, it's 6, the reward