

Yeah, now what it do you know it's Weezy F. the fuckin boss
inside that Phantom bitch so big I prolly get lost
how bout that exhaust, and my funky cold medina
I make that hoe tip toe like a ballerina
I'm the ~Miami fever~, in that ~Miami Heat~
I been in Miami water, I'm like a ~Florida Marlin~
But I come from New Orleans nigga we still strong
and my money real long, real real real long
and this my thirteenth year, bitch I'm still goin'
so my money real long, real real real long
Nigga that steel on, red beam safety y'all
Murder scene tape it off, red rum, tomato sauce
niggaz say they paper boys, but bitch I be wit caper boys
I say we be burnin bodies, we dont be burnin cars
and I got a bitch wit me, call her "Miss Without Drawers"
When I'm at the bank, you could call me "Mr. Withdraws"

If you want it I'ma bring it let Diana Rosssing it
I'ma pull it I'ma bang it that's that Nina Ross singin'
I be weighin a block up wit that Rick Ross bangin'
If you try me I reverse ya, now you Kriss Kross swangin' yeah
Whip soft top seats off leather feet prop
Heat cocked, somethin on my neck look like a peacock
you need not, talk that street hop to me Ak' cause we bought
Like thousand dollar bottles of that Chris Rock
bitch stop trippin' I been hot, when not
I been threw away what they just got
and niggaz talk shit but when I see em they lips lock
bitch bop, know I got that ooo wop griplock, get shot
bitch I bet I'm hustlin' when ya nigga not
Bigger appetite, bigger pot, EAT

Call it what you want, but baby just dont call the cops
let em chase that drop, I'ma chase that guap
yeah, race track jacket wit the race track loc's
yeah all black Maserati taste that smoke
I'ma crack that egg open, beat that yolk
Let it soak let it soak watch it come back broke yeah
then I hit the streets up and talk that talk
let it float let it float, never come back broke, naw
run that shit, I'm cash money's bread and butter no sugar
bring me all the beef, I'm the motherfuckin' pressure cooker
Yeah, yeah, I could change the weather for ya
lose ya ass, the neighbors tell em that they never saw ya
close ya mouth it'd be better for ya
all that snitchin like the cops got a medal for ya
I'ma hustler, got work hoes and metal for ya
when ya think ya ready I'll be ready for ya, bitch Yeah WEEZY
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