I'm A Beast

Lil' Wayne

Rapping is my hobby
My house has a lobby
My bitches act snobby
Because I feed them thousands
I know that didn't rhyme
But I'm only being honest
You can't pay me in cash now I'm only seeing commas
I swear I got on Sak's 5th Boxers right now
I'm trying to milk the game as if the game was a cow
I had and Eddie Bau Expedition 7 years ago
My grandma used to tell me that she swear I've been here before
I used to wear braids like Jasons Lyrics, Whoa
I spent a bundle on the cross because I'm spiritual
And I can never pass a physical, I stay high
High as the voice of Akon
And make mine a straight with no chase
Hold the ice, I got enough on anyway
And when they see the boy, they hyperventelate
I got them running after me like I'm about to win a race

Cause I'm a Beast, I'm a Dog
Bitch I'm a Beast, Hoe I'm a Dog
Ya you know that I'm a Beast, I'm a Dog
I'm a Beast, Hoe I'm a Dog (You know that)

Never entertain the suckers with the hating business
I'm on the Yacht playing table tennis
Expensive linen, women sinning
Adultry, Compulsively
I'm an arsonist on this beat, blaze fire
The door closed to the booth, I feel like a caged lion
Ya, let me loose, now let me get em
Cause I ain't going back and forth like Badmitton
No I will never drop the ball like Bad Mitten
And I ain't been conceited I'm just Ad-mitting
I flow cocky, Got hand rhythum
I got this bitch on lock like Sam Quinton
I'm tough daddy, What's poppin gangsta
I'm trying to keep my pockets fat like Opera singers
So sharp, If you touch me I chop your fingers
I'm on top of the game like Helicopter angles
I see you niggas, I hope your having fun
I hope you have a gun
This shit is crazy, it's little baby
I'm here to take it, and it's looking vacant

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Now I'm gonna go off on them
At first I was going soft on them
But now it's time to go hard
Bustin, Bangin Boguard
Took a shit in your yard
Take a piss on your Broad
Make a list of your Boys
And go and murder them all
Life is short, Ya a midget told me that
And I always thought I was fly like a had a pigeon on my back
But I got these stitches on my back
A vision on my back
Don't try to run up on me, I got precision with that gat
I don't Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat
All I got to do is Tat
Bet I hit my target like a fucken Dart mat
My address is Cloud 9
See and you shall find
Weezy on the grind
I'm about my Frankenstein
You know me, Ya from my Lincolns to my Franklins
See I make that money stretch and connect like an anklet
Keep them bitches running in and out of my house like a Banquet
And I don't even speak their language
And if the bitch boyfriend get angry
Then my niggas turn around and tell his whole clique
Fuck that Nigga, Pussy Ass Nigga!
Fuck that Nigga! Ya

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