

Inkredible

Lil' Wayne

I pop some Percocets
Then I pop some Xanax
Sitting back strapped, cocked
Plotting on your man next
Jack a nigga for his work
Then stretch it like some Spandex
He hesitate, I spray and leave him
Like a Tampex - oops, I meant a Tampax
Bitch, I keep that anthrax
I can get your man wacked for a couple tan packs
Shoot off your Sedan Lac
Nigga, I demand stacks
I ain't playing black
Bitch, I be spraying Macks
All type of guns with accessories
I'm like Cosby for the bills
I need mills like Stephanie
Pussy niggas can't stand next to me
I've got dope and ecstasy
Keep em floating like both of the levees breached
Eighties baby but my soul from the seventies
Worldwide game like a traveled the seven seas
Niggas ain't OG, scary lil bitch, please
Put your pussy in the pan, Friskies

I got ten up on my pinky ring and twenty on my bracelet
Now these niggas kissing ass, but they can't say shit
I'm just here to separate
The real from the fake shit
I told you, I was coming in
I'm sorry for the wait
I gotta get this money man
It's right here in my face
I got the Devil on my back
I don't wanna be up in that place
My grandmom tell me to be safe
I just keep running in these streets
I can't stop fucking with these hoes
When I say I'm just doing me
Bitch, I'm a Ninth Ward nigga
Mason street, D & G
That Florida right by the D
Need to free my nigga B
I ain't the type of person to be
Running from no beef, those fucking guns
Are gonna be bursting, knock somebody
Off their feet
So watch your fucking mouth
Before you end up on that floor and stop
Acting like you're hard cause
You know you've been a ho
I told you out the gate I'm not the fake
I gotta say, please excuse
Almost forgot man, I'm Raw Dizzy by the way

Money over bitches, bitch I'm coming for the check
Vampire living, bitch I'm coming for your neck

Raw, I'm sharp, my swagger like an X
I'm a motherfucking monster, I rap like I'm possessed
Call me Mr. Still Smoking, smoke it in a paper
The game is a bitch, hold that down and rape her
Yes I am a Blood but I be riding with my skaters
We probably smoking flavors bumping Tyler the Creator
I'm an Eastside native, all my niggas Soo Woop'n
They went brazy when they heard I had a song with Lil Tunechi
Bitch, get some ice and pour my Sprite
And light my bong and my doobies
Fuck your producer, I'm the one who be
Producing my music
I'm a hippie surrounded by a lot of pot
Cock the semi
Drop you like an Otterbox
They sleeping on me like I'm rapping with a blanket
Kill a nigga, have him thinking that he planking

All-red plaid shirt, skinny ass jeans on
Them goons at your front door, choppers out: ding dong
Didn't I change the game and put my motherfucking team on
Now let my chopper ring, blaka is my ringtone
Fuck you ho-ass niggas, I get money and get over hoes
We hold court with them heaters, pop case open/closed
Looking for a bitch to hop up on my totem pole
And my blunt be stupid-fat, double-stuffed Oreos
I get loaded til I motherfucking overload
Been rapping, flows still tight like aerobic's clothes
Ask them bitches, I told em hoes
They back it up like Sonny drive in Bronx Tale, Calogero
Lighter in my pocket, light the sky rocket
Pull them hammers out and run them nigga's like stockings
Got some niggas from my city
Thugga, Dizzy, Flow
Sorry for the Wait, coming soon, Carter IV, beyotch