

## Lamar

## Lil' Wayne

Uh, I spit that R.O.C., nothing but crack, bitch  
Get my cleats 'cause I'm running this rap shit  
Y'all know me, this ain't nothing but practice  
I'm running the streets and I'm running this rap shit  
I got bars, OD, I been running this rap shit  
I run this bitch like I'm Lamar Jackson, uh

Takeover, the breaks over  
Hit yo' brakes 'cause the race over, I'm the case closer  
Bust yo' whole fucking face open, that's a makeover  
Lean make every soda grape soda, purple taste golden  
Make me have my skaters skate over to your place soldier  
You a play soldier, you a snake, you a fake cobra  
You ain't safe, have the safe open, I need payola  
On yo' knees, nigga where the keys? I'm like Beethoven  
It's like bringing a knife to a gunfight, a pen to a test  
I bring the night to his sunlight and zen to her stress  
I bring the gun to a fist fight, the dick to her breast  
She want the cum on her tongue like it's mint to her breath  
This is grown man BI, R.I.P B.I  
Nigga, you might be a CI, talkin' to the FBI  
Big beast to the east-side, now she's on my G5  
Fuck on her to some C5, cut on Funeral and she die  
Your reach ain't long enough, yo' peeps ain't strong enough  
Yo' beach ain't warm enough  
You ain't been in the throne  
'Cause the seat ain't warm enough  
And nigga, I'm the only one  
I got the crown on, I'm the goat and you the pony, son  
Don't let me do it to him Dunie 'cause I overdo it  
The choppa was too big for me, had to grow into it  
His stylist split his wig for me if I told her do it  
We hit his crib and broke into it, if it's smoke, we blew it  
We don't believe you, you need more people  
Ain't shit sweet, boy, you need more Equal  
You ain't runnin' shit boy feed your Ezekiel  
All my niggas rich boy, clean no illegal  
Don't let em gas you, like Tunechi reading Thrasher  
He won't thrash you 'cause I'll be glad to split your apple, I had to  
Stab you, chop you up in the bathroom so casual  
Then drop you off in front of a chapel with candles  
Detach you, body from soul  
Anita Baker body and soul, come out of my soul  
I made a way to the rockiest roads and highway patrol  
Full speed ahead clean the bread from the sloppiest joes  
I got it in the hot and the cold, the mud in the rain  
I stomach the pain, got more bloods than the blood in my veins  
I'm huntin' the game, you guys ain't fuckin with Wayne  
Ask your vibe 'cause she fuckin' Lil Wayne, yeah

Nigga, y'all know me, this ain't nothin' but practice  
OG, I been sonnin' these bastards  
Double R, no key, got a button for that shit  
And if y'all don't see, then I'm comin' with graphics  
Nigga, war no peace, and I'm comin' with caskets  
Screamin' RIP to everyone in this rap shit  
Nigga, y'all so sweet and I'm nothing but nasty

And I'm runnin' this rap shit, nigga, Lamar Jackson, No Ceilings

This is No Ceilings 3

That's right, Lil Wayne

And be ready for I Am Not A Human Being 3

The album coming 2021

Another one