

# My Weezy

Lil' Wayne

Young Money all stars on the way  
Put the party in the bag now hand it over

Wait a minute  
Wait a minute  
Wait a minute  
See I ain't know you were gunna do this one.  
Ight, Now you motherfuckers happy huh?  
That's what y'all you been wantin' huh?  
Okay, Okay,  
Go ahead Drama

See I don't wanna be the Mixtape king no more,  
More like the Mixtape President,  
Barak Odrama!  
It was definitely time for change,  
I mean the game been dry  
So, I figured we going for re-election  
So, Me and Wayne gon' keep runnin'  
So y'all niggas can fly

This a big E beat,  
And I'm a cook this bitch like piggy meat  
Yeahh, hehe  
You can get pork chopped,  
Young money bitch  
Let the champagne cork pop,  
I will bat your man,  
Now go tell her short stop  
Okay bitch, You do the wop  
Well bitch, I do the guap  
Okay man, You do the drop  
Well man, I do the yacht  
You pull up in parking lots  
I pull up the dock like  
Yeahhh  
Macaroni greens and hamhocks,  
I am not on your planet like Dr. Spock,  
Rock...  
To my own tune,  
Lil tune  
My stomach hurtin'  
My shit is dropping real soon  
Kill whom and whoever for whatever  
That barrel longer than a word with 10 letters  
Now you spell it  
I say Young Money bitch forever,  
And we better than all these mothafuckas up in this era  
Know'm talkin bout?  
Yeah  
I tell my niggas pick the target out,  
And then I quickly pick the target off  
Like volleyball, I'm a serve em,  
And being fake is pussy so nigga, I'm a virgin

Dr. Carter, Tell them bitches I'm a surgeon  
Cleaner than some brand new detergent  
Ya heard me?  
And I make ya bitch get on the plane with that Fergie  
Tell em get on (Birdman Jr.'s Birdy)

I love the skin that I'm in  
Goose pimples couldn't shake me up out of the Y.M.  
That Yack,  
That Goose,  
That Tron,  
That Gin  
Got a couple girls crackin'  
Let the party begin  
I heard you call your self a baller when the cameras on  
If it ain't trickin' cuz you got it  
What you trippin' on?  
See, I'm a spoiled chick  
You frontin' niggas hatin' me up with  
But my crew holdin' duffle bags bitches

Rockin on the scene  
And yeah, I hit my duggy  
I D-Town boogy  
Now the girls really love me  
V.I.C. to Vic  
Yeah, They both got silly  
Lil Twist, I get silly  
I'm the king of the city  
Young Money, Young Mullah  
Yeah, The kid in this thang  
Grown men in this game  
Can't compete with me mayne  
Especially  
When I pull up in that candy red  
(54's on the dash sittin' next to Lil Wayne)  
I'm a beast  
I'm a dog  
Yeah, Yeah I rap harder  
Mic in my hand  
I run like Marion Barber  
You haters on the sidelines  
And I be a starter  
Going Bad on you kids like I'm Reginae Carter  
That's my little sister if you boys didn't know  
(Wait)  
That's Weezy's daughter  
(So don't mess with her bro!)  
Cuz we'll come find you in all kinds of cars  
Signin' out  
Young Money, D-town's All Star

Its Tyga  
No lion  
I'm eating  
No Diner  
This species  
Don't diet  
Every milla fish Friday  
Squad deep

Like the white guy from Verizon  
Gator righteous  
So its only right you meet the fugitive  
John McGiver  
Teenager  
School cyphers  
I was too nicer  
Than them no liscence,  
You gets no high-fivin'  
Nigga, Roll the damn dices  
Touche  
My word play touches from the colour great  
My kick game so unreal  
They say them colours must be fake  
Never been made  
MTV, I make  
Quake your very eyesight  
My fame's no mistake  
Since the deal  
Steak dinner everyday  
For the movie  
My life is like a Compton Play  
You can see it  
Nearly breathe it  
From a couple feet away  
But stay away  
Cuz I don't  
Get along  
With them tag-along  
Let me  
Get on a song  
Period gone  
I'm off the hook like cordless phones  
My identity so right  
They think its wrong  
G.E.D. Young Money  
Finish strong, so I'm a keep goin'  
My ligaments covered in green like general symbols on my face  
Like my skin was leather made  
Leatherman Louis  
You ain't never seen  
Like a nun booty  
None before me  
After  
Its only boys  
Tyga man  
I do it for the hatin' homies

Shout to Hollygrove  
Shout to the A-town  
304 wassup!  
Shout to Harlem  
Philly wassup!