

Rah!

Lil' Wayne

Bang, guess who checked in the game
Smoke in the air like LeBron James
Running this shit like he Ron Dayne
Pull out my dick and just pee on flames
She on Wayne, but she ain't what I be on
I'm Leon, I pee on you pee-on's for eon's
I'm in my prime like Deion
I'mma shine like neon
I'm a Lion like Leon
But I'm 'bout to go off, cause that is all I know of
I don't have to show y'all, I'd rather show off
Yeah, Travis on the Drums
Travis on the beat
Wayne got the smoke and Game got the heat
Weezy F I'm an F'ing star
Haha, get it? I'm an FN star
Ha, and it's the Rock you bastards
If I'm the rockstar, will rock you bastards

Yo, now all these bitches wanna try and be my bestie
But I take a left and leave them hanging like a testi
Trash talk to em then I put em in a hefty
Running down the court I'm dunkin on em Lisa Leslie.
It's going down, basement, friday the 13th guess who's playing Jason
Tuck yourself in you better hold on to your teddy
It's nightmare on Elm street and guess who's playing Freddy
(My chick bad)
Chef cooking for me, they say my shoe game crazy
The mental Asylum looking for me
You a rookie to me
I'm in dat wam bam purple Lam' damn bitch you been a fan.

Tupac and Juice riding mans on the loose
King James round my neck, haters wish it was a noose
Long Maybach and I wish it was a coupe
Kush out the jar, car smellin' like duke
Quarter milli on the seat, yeah I know I'm a goof
Designer underwear she knows I'm a goose
Got the wide body I'm a fat muthafucker
In Swahili I'm screaming "stack muthafucker"
Ya homie won't stop until I decide to
Until then I'm making rollie's for the homies to ride to
Smokes on the folds, folks wanna know
Bitch I'mma boss, best foots on the blow
Keep the hat pulled over, Big P on the front
Travis on the drums, big weed on the blunt
Being Savage where I'm from, Girls manage from the jump
Don't trap me like a punk, Travis handing me the pumps, so...

Boom, guess who stepped in the room
Dressed in black diamonds like a fucking monsoon
Back from the dead but they never found my killer
So I jumped up out this grave like Michael Jackson in thriller
Iller than most emcee's cause I be killin' 'em
Most emcee's turn into ghost emcee's
Yeah, give a drummer some
If 32 seville when that all black Hummer run

Face off, Nicholas Cage with a gauge
I'm famous for killin' rappers, my style, grenade
Cook shit like Rae, the chef Raekwon
The beats are filet mignon without the A1.
Who walk like a pitbull, You? who bitch please
I ate your favourite rapper's heart out with a 16
Didn't hit the switch on something with fiends
Make money with Ruff Ryders, homie, that's Swizz Cheese!