Try Me

Lil' Wayne

Okay I'ma throw a tantrum on this beat, now who wanna play fetch?
When it comes to the drugs, boy we shop at Payless
Shawty came too many times, left the whole bed wet
Mack they think I'm the Blood, Method Man, Redman
A scared man a dead man, can I get an amen?
You done bought all of them guns and ain't nobody dead yet
Catch your pussy ass in traffic, aim at the head rest
Got your bitch on her knees lookin' like she legless
Like I can't trust my iPhone, I can't trust the clique I ride for
If I see 'em in the streets, I'ma have to treat 'em like a rival
I'm a pleasure to your eyeballs, I'm so fly, I shop at Skymall
Mama never bought me knockoffs, Lord I need some wood to knock on
Lil Tunechi, I'm a movie, get your gummy bears and popcorn
I got somethin' very hot on my hip, I get my hip hop on
And this little red dot gon' help me hit a nigga spot on
Point guard with the bullets, you say Rajon, I say Rajon
Yeah, Hold up, we them boys, we them wild boys
I hold a pistol sideways when I shoot, that's for style points
Menace to society, menace to myself though
Bend but don't break, my niggas call me elbow
And you don't want no problem, I'ma problem
My AK just keep shootin', it's on autopilot
Tunechi what's your fuckin' problem? I got fuckin' problems
Bad bitch on top of me, she started from the bottom
On that Cognac and that loud pack, that loud pack
You gotta shoot the rat when it gets too big for the mousetrap
Shoot at me and I'ma smile back and then I "Pow" back
Flip you over like a kayak, bitch it's combat
Bitch I'm Tommy gun Tunechi, favorite color ruby
Made enough to quit but I keep makin' up excuses
Triple A dick, that's amazin' and amusin'
I'm sedated and secluded, I'm the greatest and improvin'
Cause my baby mama say I'm livin' wrong
Well if I die then I guess she dead right
Catch me walkin' on this mothafuckin' water, nigga
I catch your pussy ass at a red light
And you gon' hear that blocka, that blocka
I represent my killers like Johnnie Cochran
We kidnap mamas and toddlers
We don't give a fuck if their ass adopted
Brief moment of silence for Chris Wallace
Soulja Slim, Pac, Pimp C, I hope they're smilin'
And Weezy still hot as, tamales
My private plane got that wi-fi and that wireless
I'm so sorry for the wait

Spread your legs, girl, I'm tryna break the headboard
I'm a fiend for the bread, I want the whole DeJ Loaf
My Chinese chick just want a blunt and some yaka mein
She a squirter so we don't fuck on my Versace sheets
My whole crew'll skate on you like a hockey team
It's like Wayne Gretzky meets Jeremy Shockey
We Young Money Mafia, I rep what I rep
Try to throw salt on my name and I'll put pep in your step
Put your gloves on, nigga please get you a grip
And I bet you rest in peace when I let this bitch rip
The money runnin' like water, check the cash flow

My weed funky like armpits and asshole
Potato on the nine, when we creep we mash slow
And make sure them kids get everything they ask for
My bitch in London said she's a Mack Mainiac
And her sister love Tune, she a Wayniac
It's like she's two different persons, she be chillin', she be cursin'
Cry a river, squirt a ocean, fuck fast, in slow motion
Man I know Soulja proud of me (yah heard me?)
Man I know Soulja Slim proud of me (ya heard me?)
Tha Carter 5 a classic, sorry that it's late
And I ain't apologetic but sorry for the wait
Tha Carter 5 a classic, sorry that it's late
And I usually ain't apologetic but sorry for the wait

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