

We Da Kings

Lil' Wayne

Hot Spitta be on point game tight
Might see me in five different cars in the same night
Me and Maine came through on the same flight
Hooked up with that nigga Wayne I been living a changed life
I don't never wear the same thing twice
Because I'm paid like my car note, straight out
Fuck around Imma be there with them K's out
All my guns got numbers and letters
That's M-A-C 11, A-K 4-7, might hit you up with that A-R 15
Might shave my head and change my name to Mr. Clean
Yea, that's cause my style got no flaws
I got your girl at my house with no draws
And on my feet there's lightning bolts and stars
That's Bape motherfuckers, for you late motherfuckers
Blow your candles out your cake, motherfucker

Okay I talk it cause I did it
Walk it cause I live it
You depending on rap your money shorter than midgets
You got Bushwick Bills, I push snips still
Cause I ain't go platinum yet but I live like it
And I ain't related to Roy Jones but I fight like it
And I ain't the best in the game yet but I write like it
See you can hate all you want but your bitch like it
Put my mixtape on and watch her twerk and get excited
Forget that, bitch I'm tryna chill with Ashanti
And maybe get Beyonce to be my first fiancé
Me go gold when I drop, nigga is you kidding me?
Even cats with no arms is still feeling me
In the hood I get treated like I'm a Kennedy
See hustling is the sin of me, but fiends need the remedy
In elementary, most likely for penitentiary
Now the top 10 out the drop, you gotta mention me

I got a million in my safe and the bank got more for me
Cash Money Young Money never ever know money
Head chest toes for me
Red mess, so bloody
Great .44 bust and lead left nobody
What it is, let a nigga hold something
Make a nigga take it from ya ass like you owe something
Eagle Street, 17th Ward, Hollygrove youngin'
Find me in the bakery bitch, I know that dough coming
I got a load in the washer throw some bleach on it
One dick five bitches and they each on it
Straight face all lip no teeth on it
Mama ride straight dick no seats on me
MVP from the streets with the beats on 'em
Young Wayne untamed no leash homie
Infected flow I spit that yeast on 'em
Birdman Jr. fly away like geese on 'em, gone