

Ya Dig

Lil' Wayne

Can we talk about it now?
I mean the little trouble that you've been having lately
You know I really can't stand the way, you know, that we're acting toward each other
It's just not right, you know

Uh-uhm, yeah, they love me when the mic on
But then they show my dark side when the lights on
But fuck 'em in the ass with a pipe, homes
Fuck off and let me get my life on
You Cracker Jacks, get your white on
I will send niggas to your house while your wife home
I'm black and proud, right on
And since the lights on, let me get my bright on
Don't worry 'bout what I'm on
I own everything around me, now get the fuck from 'round me
I should pull out my dick and watch you climb on
Get the fuck up out my hair unless you're my comb
That mean mind yours because I'm grown
And I'ma die alone with my styrofoam

I hope you gettin' what I'm saying now
And please don't get mad

Uhm, like get the fuck out of my business
'Cause I've been handling the fuck outta my business
Grinding got perfect attendance
Flyer than first-class and detention
Uh, been a winner since a beginner
And my records show, now leave it in the Guinness
What do you mean, am I finished? I'm just getting started
Put you on the sideline like Vince Lombardi
Weezy, newborn baby, and it's my party
And I'm kicking like a horse on the stick-shift Ferrari
Like new cocaine, bright yellow dope
Bright red flag like a red velvet rope
I'm open for criticism
But really, is it any room for criticism?
When this shit does it in 'em deeper than your pool, so I swim in toilets
Bitch, I be and I been ballin', yeah

I hope you gettin' what I'm saying now (Uh)
And please don't get mad

And now I'm back like spinal, attack like rhino
Got the thunder like Lion-O
And leave your head spinning like vinyl
I know, psycho but tight though, right ho
But you could drown in my flow 'cause my flow is a tidal
Wave, you gon' need Geico or gecko
I go get from the get-go, go let, let go, let's go, go where
Anywhere but nowhere, cold-erre than a pol-
air bears, toenail, no frail, don't break, too real
Boy I get it poppin' like New Year's
Scream "Hallelujah"
I am the one call me new year
My car windows dark and my diamond chains too clear

Like a light blink bitch I wear a ice rink, syrup pink, that ice pink
Pour it up for Pimp C
Pour it up for Screw and Moe
Pour it up for Bun B
Pour it up for young me, nigga

You know, I mean, it's just, you know I just think
Maybe love to you is buying me cars, giving me money, buying me fancy clothes