YM Banger

Lil' Wayne

Ok I'm leaning to the left
flag in my right pockets
star track fly, unidentified flying objects
extraterrestrial I'm all about my decimels
retarded in the booth they say I got a special flow
sicker than your average you rappers is ass backwards
Gudda speak crack and you niggas is crack addicts
the simple mathematics
you cut the check and I rake in the green like I'm raking the grass in
pretty bitches damn near feint when they passing
call my whip Martin but the first name Aston
potato head niggas get mashed when I'm spazzin'
think you fucking with me put your cash in, nah I doubt it
I was young and reckless when Pete say he was about it
you niggas is Ducks Howards, cowards
kill the competition and hsower niggas with flowers
this rap shit is ours
pop bitch

Uh, uptown back in it
Hollygrove black menace
black clothes, black tennis
black semi,
I've never sat in hemi
that would offend me
try Maybach on Maybach
bitch I got stacks yeah
paychecks on paychecks
and I still want payback
and I still don't play that
I kill on asap
and you don't do shit but get money all day
put some shoes on my bullets now they running your way
YM young mula young money all day
where the drugs so sweet like honey on yay
which one of y'all say you want drama I'm honoured
I blitz your ass like a muthafucking lineman
stack of paychecks with a whole bunch of comma's
still wear red like an old 49ner
fuck shittin on ya, dump the whole toilet on ya
Weezy F baby bitch I hotter than Uganda
Ughhh!!!

Mama aint make me to make homies
she make me to make history
so doing that's my extra-curicular activity
bulldozer boy and my target is the industry
Two things I love in the World, good head and victory
you aint doing it big and broke stop kidding me
your whip aint up to date and your hoes look like Mr T
This is misery, no Cathy Bates
come at me sideways my money slap ya straight
yeah I'm a big joker so you know I special ace
leave the club with ya girl send her home with an ashy face
love is a gamble but it's my casino
pretend that your the loser I hope that she [?]
I hope the game got life insurance

cause I’m kill it
and all you wack ass rap niggas dying with it
I’m so harlem eating but still starving
pockets full of fat like all I do is eat margarine
Millz

put the flow in the pot
crank up the notch
burn the song from a stove top
it’s finger licking hot
his pitch flip cause the nigga flop
my shit hit like the pitch was soft
niggas cotton balled
she dropped drawers cause she poppin off
her pussy cross guard but I don’t stop at all
I smash in the car, like fuck the fucking law
I bet daddy gone, who wanna make shit done
the rocky shit [?]
shittin on em like hittin the barn
hey wait they say money talks
man you don’t speak at all
you shop at mini malls
my style two thumbs up like using analogues
I wreck shit for the recognition bitch
Jesus as my witness, say evision
I bore you niggas flame flicker
I melt pictures
Tyga skin aint drippin’

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