

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Carter II

(Lil Wayne talking)

So you made it, this far, hm hmm. We upstairs, I let you up here. You special. Marley, don't shoot

Lil Wayne:

Yeah, all I have in this world is a pistol and a promise, a fist full of dollars,  
A list full of problems, I address them like P.O. boxes,  
Yeah I'm from New Orleans, the Creole Cockpit,  
we so out of it  
zero tolerance  
Gangsta Gumbo, I serve 'em a pot of it,  
I'm wealthy still f\*\*kin' wit that block shit,  
Wet ya ass up head to feet 'til ya sock drip,  
Don't slip you might fall and bust ya ass,  
No snakes at Tha Carter tell the gardener 'cut the grass',  
I hear 'em but they talkin' under masks,  
Stop throwin' pebbles at a bulletproof glass,  
That's Cash Money honey-pie we ain't runnin' we on high screamin' 'f\*\*k the other side',  
Don't get caught on it, this the deadliest grounds I put ya heart on it, and walk on it,

The chalk for the art homie, how they trace ya after I erase ya,  
Look around, we at war and you still in preparation,  
I'm ridin for them reparations, no patience,  
Slow paper is better than no paper,  
Fast money don't last too long you gotta pace it,  
You gotta know that paper, if you got it from a caper gotta blow that paper, gotta know that,  
Photophobia, no Kodak moments, Fed's walls wit my pictures on 'em, naw!  
I ain't even in the school yearbook, I don't do too much posin' got a cool killer look, ah,  
Career crook, get ya career took,  
I'm back like a brassiere hook, bitch cheer,  
Camouflage ya gear, the hunter's here,  
Better play it by ear, you ain't nothin' but a deer around here, and this hear is Tha Carter,  
Serve it while its hot out the pot to ya momma,  
And Slim tell me ain't nobody hotter,  
But get ya boy some dippin' sauce I want the whole enchalada,  
I got 'em by the collar watch me drop 'em  
on they head at the bottom,  
You ain't gotta shoot 'em 'cause I already shot 'em,  
And I ain't gotta get 'em 'cause I already got 'em, get 'em!