

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Don't Die

Yeah...Yeah  
Check me out man..Yeah

“(Lil Wayne)”

Original gangsta, black clothes and bangers  
Bullet shells and chambers, fill the L's up  
We stay low from the ranges cause they tryin to tame us, but we brainless  
And just think, I'm one sell out record away from being famous  
Shit I guess I ain't it  
You could paint it how you may, but I remain this gangsta 'til the day I lay  
where the worms stay  
I spit it for my nigga's sake  
I spit it for myself a long time ago  
Got a few houses, few whips, few condos  
I'm so straight I'm pointin  
The game is hurtin, and baby boy the ointment  
Baby boy the president now  
Shit you gotta make an appointment  
Two record labels  
You should come join 'em  
Do check the label  
And make sure it's yellow or rose 'fore you bring it to my table

“(Chorus: Lil Wayne)”

Gansta's don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami, I move to Miami  
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a nigga like fuck it  
I'm still a G, thuggin out in public, believe it  
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami, I move to Miami  
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a nigga like fuck it  
I'm still a G, thuggin out in public, straight up

“(Birdman)”

Yeah...  
Nigga playin, doing about 180  
Mazeratti, matchin drop top sun shade  
Gotta be fly, P1 nigga, spent about five on a condo high in the sky  
G4 whenever, fly in any weather  
Had to pop a few pussies that was bad feathers  
Million on the floor  
Thats fo' sho' that lil' homie got the flow, so we all just goin flow  
And don't think about the past  
A little water came, now we floatin on everything  
Niggaz doing about anything, killin while they hustlin  
Niggaz puttin it in for the change  
So we headed to the game, Culpepper gettin his roll on  
I'm on the side with that bling  
And outside, got them thangs  
Them Phantoms out there, we do it up, switchin lanes

“(Chorus)”

“(Lil Wayne)”

Naw, don't fuck with that dogg  
Yo, I'm gonna knock your fuckin head off  
And I'm coming back hard  
Stunner get me to work, and I'm runnin that off  
I'm comin back with it, and let my team split it  
With a swagger you can't get, naw you can't get it  
Shit, bitch I pop like Diddy, I pop like when he goin stop? When it's empty  
And you still drawing Leonardo D'Vinci

“(Birdman)”

Trap me, I'm in there early, gettin money ridin dirty  
Uptown puttin in down blowin out the pound

Duffle bag full of cash when I come around  
The lil' homie got the game so I put him down  
Hold my town, world wide wearin a crown  
Like father like son, got it off the mound  
Like father like son, nigga's stand their grounds  
Like father like son, nigga fuck them clowns

"(Chorus)"

"(Birdman (over chorus))"

Yeah nigga,  
Un-fuckin-believable  
I know y'all hear some more shit about me and my little young nigga  
You know, they mouth like they ass  
Anything will come outta that motherfucker ya' heard me  
Big shouts to all them cities who opened your arms to us nigga  
And let us through that motherfucker, ya' heard me  
Cause that water ran us out that motherfucker, but we did bounce back  
Believe that 305, 404, 713, all that, Dallas, Kansas  
Everybody ya' heard me, Oklahoma, yeah, everybody, the whole world