## Birdman & Lil Wayne, Fly Out

(Lil Wayne) We here I said we here The back of Tha Carter The back of Tha Carter....Two....Ooooh Yea....This here is....the end of Tha Carter Two people HEY! HaHa.Yea

(Verse 1) I got the game on ball and chain I threw the key in the train I'm like the key in the truck I spent a G on these frames, though my vision is priceless Seeing through you niggaz like a fuckin psychic Hearing through the grapevine, niggaz wanna hate mine Say my name and die in the daytime You catch my drift, man you better be Peyton Boy the heats on, they make a peace bond I'm in this bitch, throwing up the seventeenth sign Straight frowns, no daps, strapped three times A Tec-11, AK 47, one Beretta, ready for whatever Tell them pussy niggaz come together Heavy wetter, nigga super soaker wetter, nigga Six feet under flowers, you ain't nothing but a petal nigga I'm just a little nigga, trying to be a civil nigga Thirty years old, shit that'll be a different nigga Quit it Wayne, your Mom is listenin But she ain't really trippin, 'cause the pots is piston Them niggaz trippin, unitl the shots whistling Hear them bullets sizzle, like a cobra at attention I gotta bitch, and quit callin women bitches As long as she don't worry 'bout the coke in the kitchen No preventing the crime, I gotta get it I'm admitted to the game, true playa, no guittin There you go shittin on a way a nigga thinkin Only history I know is Benjamin Franklin And since the future ain't promised to no one I live everyday like this is the sure one Train in the tidal wave, this is the ocean Stand in the heat, 'til the mother fuckin snow come And it feels so fuckin good Throw my dope like a rope, let them tug and pull No hope for the hopeless, rats and roaches Runnin cross the porch, in the attic there's a fortune Come and get it, automatics in motion We bangin for the bread nigga, even the molded I got my loaf, I got my toast Chaperone of the south, I got my coast. Yea And unll I die I'm Da. Da Da Da Da. Da BEST RAPPER ALIVE