

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, High Beamin'

(BG)

Niggas be hatin  
'Cause BG got it  
Every top of the line car they got  
Look I ride it  
&gt;From the Hummer to the Rover  
To the drop jag  
B and C lex truck  
Nothin' my click ain't had  
Everybody head was fucked  
When they heard bout the deal  
Cash Money hotboys climbed for 30-mill  
Already was straight now we livin larger  
Already was ballin now we ballin harder  
??? bitches can't take me  
Cause my wrist stay flossed out  
Niggas hate me cause all day i'm flossed out  
Ghetto made me  
My dog, Baby, saved me  
Niggas find out they hoe got fucked, ??  
That's how it go  
It ain't my fault I got mega cheese  
Walk that walk  
Talk that talk i'm BG  
Paperchaser to the fullest get my grind on  
Gotta do it cause I made that song Get Yo' Shine On

(Chorus 3x)

Me and my click be sizzlin hot steamin  
Bouncin' through diamonds high beamin'

(Wayne)

Wha  
I'ma flosser baby, baller baby  
A fifteen year old shot caller baby  
And I'm racin through  
In the all black chrome  
A Mercedes Coupe  
Got yo' wife at my house  
And she naked too  
And all my niggas all around  
Sayin 'Shake it Boo, go ahead to what you do'  
It's Weezy dog and off the heezy dog  
And I'm surrounded by the ice  
It got me freezin' dog  
And it's plain and simple  
Won't change 'cause it's natural  
Lil Wayne a pimp y'all  
Got the game from Beatris  
I'm tryin to see six numbers  
Pull up at the Grammy awards in six Hummers  
Leave the Grammy awards with six womens  
And make a stop at the gas station for six rubbers  
Put it together  
This is the life when you get full of the cheddar  
Don't try to end it or you would'nt get better, what

(Chorus 4x)

(Wayne)

La, la, la, la  
Here I come star rapper  
I get the fast money  
Short, cute hot boy that rapper Cash Money

Standin out the roof of my car  
And flash hundreds  
Take your girl to the mall  
Spend a G like that's nothin  
She lay on the floor  
Open up the spot  
Take off her draws  
Let me see the cunt  
Don't stop Lil' Weezy  
We's ain't nothin nice  
But gats in my Jesus Christ  
Nothin but ice  
When they see me at night  
Behind ?? I stay high  
Snatch yo' wife  
Run up in her with the K-Y  
But it's on man  
Ever since I was born Wayne  
Nigga get out of line  
I get dirty like John Wayne  
I'm bout stuntin', flossin'  
Whatever come wit it  
And I don't shoot guns  
Unless they have a drum wit it  
At first they wasn't wit it  
Thought that I was jokin  
Now I got 'em all payin attention like they owe it

(Chorus)