

Birdman & Lil Wayne, I Can't Feel My Face

Blow, Blow, Blow

(Lil Wayne:) I Can't Feel My Face

Ha Ha I Can't....

(Juelz Santana:) I Can't Feel My Face

Just Make It Up

(Juelz Santana:)

As I Sit Back Relax Shorty Head In My Lap. In The Back Of The Bent Lee Getting Head In The Back

(Lil Wayne:)

I Can't Feel My Face, Ha Ha, I Can't Feel My Face! Juelz Work With Me

I Came To Rep My Hood.

I Gotta Ride Clean

I Gotta Smoke Good.

I'm Pullin On Big Fancy Cigers Like Suge. I Aint Got To Explain Once I'm Ready Understood, Baby

The Hottest Antstriated Keep It Warm Like Wool. Next Talk Shit! I Wish A Nigga Would Boy.

Smellin Like Shit From A Bull Boy.

I Got Alot But I Can Never Get Enough Of Them Twenty-Six Inches Got The Lowes Raising Up, You

You Keep On Running Like A Wild Horse.

Or I Can Shoot You Like A Mob Boss.

Feel My Swagger Nagger.

I'm Sharper Than A Knife Still Blazing Rappers.

Don't Play With Me Basterd.

Blaka, Blaka, Blaka! Don't Play With Me Casper. Don't Hate. Don't Play With The Rapper I Tell It To

Bitch Make Me Rich If Not Make Me Cum Then Make Me Rich. Now Watch The Blow Means Dice.