

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, It's Time To Give Me Mine

“(Chorus)”

Been running for too long “(x3)” It's time to give me mine  
Time to time to give me mine, time to give me mine  
Benn running for too long, it's time to give me mine

“(Lil Wayne)”

I'm so far ahead man  
What they talking bout, Fee, they ain't saying shit  
It could weak a whole court, like Stan Smith  
Or Judge Judy, you niggas betta shoot me  
Cause I bought my mans a glock, and I bought myself a uzi  
Don't confuse me, no they don't amuse me  
I come after the money, like Wednesday come after Tuesday  
I told Stunna I'm wylin', he say don't worry I got ya  
He told me, cut the heads off, and bring 'em back for papa  
Yea, dem niggas gettin scurred, word  
All dat talkin, just a whole bunch of verb  
Pussy ass nigga got a whole bunch of nerve  
I have 'em put yo picture on a whole bunch of shirts  
I smoke a lot of weed, and drink a whole bunch of syrup  
I like brain, so I fucks with a whole bunch of nerds  
Heh, I am number 1  
Cause 2 is not a winner, and no one remembers third

“(Chorus)”

“(Lil Wayne)”

Wizzle F. Baby, yea (bitch!)  
See, money is the topic, baby  
See, I'm a giant, all these otha niggas mockin, baby  
They microscopic, baby  
Big crib, I can't even hear 'em knockin, baby  
Headed to the top, like I'm tied to a rocket, baby  
To all the foreign woman, let's make a tropic, baby  
I got so many bitches, I could make a combilation  
I'd like to thank the haters, for yo cooperation  
I got dat docter chopper, give you an operation  
Nigga this is my crusaders, kill for confronation  
We all got on masks, we bout to toxic waste 'em  
I hope they momma raised 'em, cause they got bitch ways  
If they don't pay for ya, they get ya back dead  
Real talk, stop walkin on ya back legs  
Step into the lime light, bullshit backstage  
I used to tote a 32 up in my crack days  
I tote dat AK-47 in my rap days

“(Chorus)”

“(Lil Wayne)”

I'm comin, Wizzle F. Baby (bitch!), yeah  
Come and get it, anyone can get it  
But since I'm the president, I'll be a lil more politic  
I'm chillin in the clinic  
Cause dats how many nurses, I got working on my dizzick  
Snakes in the grass, rats, lizards  
But 'round here, snitches don't exist like wizards  
Hoe this ain't punch, I'm sippin on some sizzurp  
I roll a fat joint, and do my fingers like scissors  
Da game so cold, I done had my share of blizzards  
But now I got dat big money runnin like rivers, nigga  
I'm hear to get my shit straight, burner on the hip waist  
Leave a nigga street full of bones, like a fish plate  
Yea, I'm from the hood, but now I'm livin in a rich way  
Swear I got on my knees, and thanked God for this day

So say what you wanna say  
I need to throw a cup of water in my face  
1st place, I...

"(Chorus)"