

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Know What I'm Doin'

[Chorus x2: T-Pain]

Yeah (I got the shoes wit' the matchin' fit check)
Yeah (I got them jewels lookin' phat around my neck)
Yeah (Take a picture) Click click
(Take a picture) click click
(Check me out!) Yeah I know what I'm doin'

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Started wit' a nick then I seen a hundred bricks
Started on a corner now a nigga 106
Heroin ain't quiet nah you can't quiet mine
I got the whole dirty south in line buyin' mine
You know I gotta shine you just bezzle yours
I Fifty-carat mine I'm fuckin' several whores
When you hear the (brrrr) you know I got the sack
'Cause when I hit the (brrrr) he always got the packs
M-I-Yayo I'm gettin' cake hoe
If you don't love Cash Money you can stay broke
Fifty on the chain twenty for the piece
A grand for the bitch the whip is not a lease
You know I'm stuntin' hard Phantom in the front yard
Put Ross on the front just to front hard
Cash Money money comin' on freight liners
Cash Money got me buyin' these great diamonds

[Chorus x2: T-Pain]

[Verse 2: Birdman]

We got the swine wit' the suede on top
The money keep a-comin' nigga peep the droptops
The white keep cookin' and the beige raw rock
And we flip the whole bird mama cookin' out the pots
Keep the tool in my hand 'cause we get it 'round the clock
Untangle few knots but we still flood the blocks
Them niggaz poppin' shit but they know we stay cocked
And if they ever play wit' me I'm gettin' another till dropped
250 on the grill spent the same on the watch
Them hoes see us winnin' so you know they gon' flock
I bought another island wit' them foreign head lights
I scored a hundred birds and they flew the same night
Them laws keep a-watchin' so we shinin' so bright
Got the tags on the windows and them brand new bikes
Big Money Heavyweight nigga that's my life
Neighborhood superstars got the candy on the whips and the bike nigga

[Chorus x2: T-Pain]

[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]

Started wit' some hubbers 12 years old
Maan I swear to God I was 12 years old
My mama didn't know and Stunna ain't know 'bout it
'Til the day I got shot they found some money in my pocket
Yeah... I know a nigga named Big Rufus that'll break ya off
Them niggaz runnin' up the terminal we takin' off
They say that money turn a model bitch into a dog
And I got a couple Eva Pigfords in my backyard
Nigga I mack hard bitch I'm a bad boy
Fuck a security guard I turn 'em into track stars
You know my name baby that's Weezy Fuckin' Baby
And if that nigga hatin' on ya then fuck him baby
I tell 'em fuck 'em girl
18 inch windows in my crib you'll see the whole world
Bitch what you tryna do? I haven't spent a check yet off Tha Carter 2
I am that fuckin' dude now who the fuck are you?

[Chorus x2: T-Pain]