

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, On My Own

Yea hit me wit the snares Fresh  
Just the snares fresh  
I like the snares Fresh  
Ima ride the snares all the way throught this thing right here man  
Im sexy Weezy baby  
Test once again what up  
This is what they call me bitch

Eagle Eagle Carter Man  
In a 96 Regal contraband  
On my way to the east to the laundramat  
Gotta wash that money and get on my ass  
Gotta flip them bricks it be gone so fast  
I gotta do somethin I done blown my last  
Dollar holla at ya boy on the ave  
And that cheaper eagle is what im known to have  
Shit tend to be slow I put on the mask  
And make it halloween and take all ya bags  
I say Holly Holly Grove wount you gon on and stash  
Fuck it make these mutha fuckas understand  
I say look coach ya pitchin at me underhand  
But im a designated hitter I adjust so fast  
Yall been designin woman im a womans man  
Im the Cash Money prince blow the trumpets band and  
They say they want the drugs to stop  
But Ima major set back when my album drop  
I got that wet crack flow out ya mammy's pot  
I got that jet black 4 at ya mammy's spot  
Im tryna get back door I demand it now  
Yea panic now you better pan it down  
Fore the neighbors sen me over here tearin it down  
Here's Weezy F. Baby and his crown,  
The Prince

Hook 2X  
This is my town my home  
This is my crown my throne  
This is me on my own  
Let's get it on

And the handgun is so included  
Dont get it confused I want no confusion  
And keep ya hoe I dont want yo contusions  
I make my hoe stop and let the dough keep movin  
A bitch over some money is a hungry nuisance  
It Money Over Bitches that im gon keep provin  
Yes its Weezy F. I got ya mama groovin  
Out of all the Hot Boys she say im the coolest  
I bought my bag of oranges this time to juice it  
This game is a bitch and im tryna seduce it  
I floss a awful lot of haters tryna reduce it  
But the laser on the 45 is eyein ya stupid (oh)  
One shot to remind ya who is  
That fly lil nigga thats behind the trigga (wizzle)  
Im off chronic combined wit liqour  
But nigga will never see me like mama tigger (oh)  
A 80's baby a fightin nigga  
I got it on my mind like a psychic nigga  
Im somethin ya culpepper like a viking slick  
See me over the viking stove and im whitin bricks  
Or in the middle of the shootout untightin clips  
Pop another one shoot back while lightin this spliff  
I do this  
You catchin my drift

Representin wit my section on my belly and shit  
I am the prince

Hook

So roll the carpet out  
Cause you fuckin wit a nigga from the royal south  
See ya either in or ya out  
And if ya out stay in cause them warriors out  
Them vultures the cops and them lawyers out  
I just open up the gate and let my hoyas out  
Nah nigga I never call ya house  
Im probably somewhere takin Toya out  
Not answerin my phone man ignorin ya spouse  
She leavin messages about me enjoyin her mouth (aye)(stop)  
Im ready to knock a boy in the mouth  
Give me the name nah better yet point em out (aye)  
Me and the streets got a joint account  
Im from the streets that ya need to be warned about  
New Orleans woadie put the gat in ya mouth  
And we tote a lot of iron that'll flatten ya out  
Few roaches but never have no rats in his house  
Never tell on one another leave that in the house  
Always been a small hustler move my packagin out  
I ever run into some trouble send them savages out  
These niggas talkin sweet I get them cavaties out  
I got graveyard flyers man im passin em out (aye)  
Bitch nigga get ya ass on the ground and bow down to ya majesty now  
I am the Prince

This is my town my home (yea)  
This is my crown my throne (the prince)  
This is me on my own (the prince)  
Let's get it on (the prince)

This is my town my home (the prince)  
This is my crown my throne (weezy)  
This is me on my own (by my self so niggas guess what)  
Let's get it on