

Birdman & Lil Wayne, South Muzik

My name Wayne and I came to party
my watch an Icee and my chain a Frostee
Them bitches like me, but they mayne's is salty
I aint on strike three, but his brains'll cost me See I'ma chill
like waitin for the doctor I'm awaitin for the proper head doctor hey
I need a check up, and mami tellin me her man need to step up
I'm like, say no more cuzz there's the door
and my niggaz like "I ain't tryin' hate on yours
I'm like boy I don't save no whore, oh no
I'm too small to go against the cold
So I grab me a freak and be like, "let's roll"
Cause after the afterparty is the muhfuckin bachelor party
that's what's up, master suite master me
and we be "ungh" all night like Master P yeah

(Dj Drama Talkin)

Big shout to tha A Town, shout to tha Forth Ward, can't forget tha west side, Bankhead what up
... (gangsta grizzile!) shout to Adams Vile, shout out to ma nigga Taylor Road,

(Lil Wayne:)

Hay my name Wayne and I came from money
I gotta pretty bitch wit me but her brains is ugly
Got a city bitch wit me but her brains is country
Yeah a silly bitch wit me man her brains is dummy
Be smart I'll take the brains of dummies
that desert eagle new, workout plan, brain then tummy
I ain't got no umbrella and it's rainin' money
I'm dumb better than these lames that's stuntin
I run better like, Corey Dillion for the New England Pats
They like, no he didn't get that new Bentley black and white
Sure he did, no kiddin', know he kitted it
Know he told the dealer make sure there's no equivalent
So that makes this a one of one
That means none before it, none to come
Young money but the money aint young neither's the night
what are you drinkin' make it a double you in trouble OH

(Dj Drama Talkin)

Shout out to ma Cha Town niggas, shout out to everybody in Detroit ... (Cannon, Cannon, Cannon)
Perfor County what up ... (tha aphiliates nigga holla at cha boy) can't forget Mephis
... Big Larry welcome to tha family, dedication 2, Dj Drama (gangsta gizzile!)

Aye my name wayne and I came to rock
I come a long way from turnin' cocaine to rock
and like the song say get, getcha ass on up
but her thong say pull me down or to the side
and I go and say, sweetie can you open up your walkway
bet I run up and down your hallway all day shit
ain't nothin like a hard day menage
I call it three the hard way, Ohhh
Hollygrove hard case, Scarface all face
very similar to my pa face, I'm particular bout my court case
I ride fly, look out the window you saw space
I ride high, my interior tye die, I'm so superior
You lookin' at Cash Money's interior you hearin' me?
Birdman, J-R a period, holla at a nigga when you're serious shit

(Gangsta grizzile!)