

Birdman & Lil Wayne, SportsCenter

Cover my tracks like butter so where the bread be
I say beef is dead meat who that the president yeah me
No one scare me, and you ain't gotta double dare me
Hear me loud and clearly rats aren't near me
wiretap niggaz get blood in they earpiece
I'm from New Orleans nowhere near peace
Pure Beast, Fear Free, Dear Grief
Catch up bitch I'm in gear three
zoom gone, see ya peace drop one finger
F**k 'em and whoever made 'em
I will hurt whoever love 'em cause I hate 'em
Lookin' for a lady, high and sedated
Got her to the pad, I 'on't know how a nigga made it
She gave me relations, so now we related
The morning comes, the picture faded
Awaited on my turn to burn, can I get a light
Little dog, bigger bite, Jackson Five, Little Mike
Can I get a mic or a mic and a half
That's Source homie, shout out to the editing staff
I'm all grown, so much better with math
I need a spread in the Forbes takin a Benjamin bath yeah
I'm servin' this track like, Stephen Graph yeah

Roger Federer, there's no competitors
Niggaz know my rhetoric, bitches know my preference
Young God baby, all them other niggaz reverends
Sittin in my big house surrounded by my weaponries
I keep them away like I got leprosy
Chopper right next to me loaded up wit pepper seize
Got an extra clip but that's only for my especiallies
(Dramatic, Dramatic) This is especially for you
Disrespect a nigga game what kinda referee is you
Swallow it slow, make a nigga ride wit the pistols
Cuzz the fakest niggaz ride wit the pistols
Even if I die old, I'ma die with the pistols
And if you stand over my body I'll probalie kill ya
Yeah, now I feel it, Weezy the realest
I wear a lot of Bathing Ape cuzz I be wit gorillas
He what they talkin bout topic of the conversation
product of determination
stop playin you are not up in my situation
I get money like a caucasian, the car red so the car cajun
Stop hatin, y'all ballers I'ma sports agent
Wait a minute lemme translate it, It's
Weezy not the father motherf**kin Baby