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 rhetorhic, 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