

# Lil Wayne, Best Rapper Alive

(Verse 1)

Bring the crowd and I'm loud In Living Colour  
It is Weezy fuckin' baby got these rappers in my stomach  
Yumi, I'm takin' it I ain't asking them for nothing  
If you sell a million records we can battle for ya' money  
I rather count a hundred thousand dollars on a sunday  
Watch a football game and bet it all on one play  
Still stuntin' baby yes I'm still flossin  
Latest car on the market wit the top peeled off it  
Big wheels make it look a lil bulky  
You look a lil salty have ya' self a chill coffee  
Chill out the girls is still out  
Even though I am a boss and got papers to fill out  
I'm busy I got paper to reel in  
God I hope they snappin' at the end of my rod  
And I hope I'm fishing in the right pond  
And I hope you catchin' on to every line  
Who am I?

(Hook)

The Best Rapper Alive (4x)  
Swagger right (check) game tight  
And they gon R-E-S-P-E-C-T me  
(who) The Best Rapper Alive (4x)  
Swagger right (check) game tight  
And you should be afraid be very afraid

(Verse 2)

The heart of New Orleans  
Thumpin' and beatin'  
Livin' and breathin'  
Stealin' and feedin'  
Peelin' and leavin'  
Killin' and grievin'  
Dearly departed erased deleted  
No prints no plates no face no trace  
Out of sight out of mind  
No court no case  
Sell his chain celebrate block party second line  
Zulu ball essence fest jazz fest mardi gras  
Shotty bounce body rock  
Now he drop now he got  
Family cry tell the feds tell the cops  
Smell the rat comin' back to the house  
To the spot tap tap knock knock who is dat  
(Pow!) trigga man hoodie man tell the kids  
Boogie man pistol pete ammo mammal gun man blum blam!  
Damn Sammie you dun' fucked up  
Pussy ass niggaz put ya' nuts up  
Just call me

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

Fuck up wit all these rookie MCs  
(whew!) smell like a bunch of pussy to me  
Fuck Em!  
Fuck 'em good fuck long fuck 'em hard  
Fuck who? Fuck 'em all  
(yeah) like dat jus like dat  
I'm on dat money train and the mac'll knock 'em off track  
The quarterback well protected from the +Warren Sapp+  
The young heart attack I spit dat cardiac  
You can't see me baby boy you got dat catorax

I'm right here straight out the hood jus like an alley cat  
Since everyone's a king where the fuckin' palace at  
Me I got calus on my hand I can handle dat  
Its no problem baby I so got 'em  
Its just a victory lap baby I'm jus joggin'  
And I ain't even out of breathe  
the motherfuckin' best yet sorry for cussing  
Who?

(Hook)