

Lil Wayne, Chalk It Out

Yezzir

Look...

I Brought It Out Like Stunna

I Hope When We Kiss, We Make Ya Sick To Ya Stomach

Stuntin Like My Daddy

And Ya Mama Eat Rubbers

I Bet That I Can Do The Mouth To Mouth With Ya Woman

My House Is A Dungeon

Yellow Diamond Ring Lookin Like A Little Funion

Standin On My Toes, You Can Call Me Paul Bunyon

Switchin My Flows Like A Nigga Do Construction

The Microphone Wet Cause My Words Like Seduction

And When We On The Jet, You Don't Come Up In The Discussion

And If You Say You Ballin, We Prolly Don't Trust Ya

I Know Plenty Freaky Hoes That Prolly Won't Fuck Ya

Even If Ya Payin Boy, They Prolly Won't Fuck Ya

Only If I Say That She Can Touch Ya Like Busta

Plus She Might Cut Ya And Burn Ya Like Usher

Me And My Click Gettin Red Like Russia

I Shit These Rappers Out And Sometimes I Forget To Flush Ya

Grandaddy Purp Or Bubble Kush Crush Ya

Explode In A Bitch Mouth Like A Gusher

Cash Money Young Money Check The Production

I Am Just A Martian, Get Prepared For Abduction

I Walk It Out Like Cruthces

Two Girls Jump Me Like Double Dutches

My Nigga T-Streets Know A Girl Named Dutchess

And Every Time You See Her In The Streets, She Be Cussin

I Told Him He Should Wave The Black Flag Cuz She Buckin

He Said The Pussy Good, He Said He Could Dig So I Duck Em

I'm Lookin For A Real Bad Bitch With A Husband

I Give Her Much Thingy And A Whole Lotta Nuttin

I'm Spittin Like I Stumbled On A Gold Pot Or Somethin

And When I Was Six I Saw My Role Model Hustlin, So I Gotta Hustle

These Rappers Talkin Bout A Whole Lotta Nothin

You Drop Me On Saturday, I Sold Out On Sunday

Fuck Is The Arguin' Bought? Nigga The Carter Out

This Is What I Call The Drought, 3

And We Don't Walk It Out

We Drop Top Porsche It Out

They Better Walk Em Out

Before We Chalk Em Out

We Chalk It Out, [X7]

They Don't Want It, Uh Uh

No They Don't Want It, Uh Uh

You See They Phoney, I'm Not

Oh Yeah They Phoney, I'm Not

I Eastside Walk It Out, I Bring New Orleans Out

I Am A Saints Fan, Oh Yeah We Marchin' Out

Like We're A Saints Band

I Play The Organs Now

And If They Talkin, Most Likely I'm What They Talkin Bout

My Nigga T From The East Roll Out That Forrest Now

Man I'm Just Tryna Get My Peanuts, I'm Like Charley Brown

Okay That Ozey Make That Harley Sound

Take Two Of These And Walk Around

Come Straight From That Homeless Town, This Game Belongs To Carter Now

Bitch