

Lil Wayne, Earthquake

Jazze Pha)
(Lil Wayne)
(Speak to them Jazze)

I
(Yea fly guy)
I'm way more fly than you
(That's right)
I'll take your dime from you
(That's right)
Now she wanna spend all night with me
(She wanna wake up with Weezy-F baby)
Let me, (whoa) be the one that you throw it to, baby
(Throw it back ma, throw it back, throw it back, throw it back ma)
I'd like to spend the rest of my night with you, baby
(Yea so how bout you, yeah, yeah, so how bout you)

(Lil Wayne)
I'll take your bitch give her back; take your bitch again
That's because you throw a 5 I pitch a 10
Now she wanna get inside of my 66
She sees that my wrist blue and yellow like Michigan
She say she love her man she misses him
But nobody do it better than her distance dick (me)
I'm her long distance pimp
When I land my bitches wait for me on the strip (yup)
And I don't lie I confess, I'm the one who turn that orange vest to a dress
Gotta dress to impress though, Gotta stay clean, plus momma in the next row
She with me, what you expect, I live to be fly to death
It's the bird man jr. sincerely yours
When it rains it pours, when it Waynes it whores

(Chorus)
(Li' Wayne)
Now why you wanna go do that
I can see through that
Tattoo right there like can't I view that
Girl what that say, what who that
Bet he was lame, bet he ain't Lil Wayne (no)
Cus I'm way more flyer
Have you hanging round a bunch of yayo buyers (nop)
And not a day go by us, we don't get higher than the telephone wires
Cut your telephone off we rising where phones don't roam they don't even come on
You're far from home so leave it alone
You creeping with the king of the throne
You sleeping in a tee and a thong
With your hair in a pony
I ain't got no blinds we can stare at the morning (yup)
But I can't be there all morning
I'm a pimp baby, yeah I'm going, going, going

(Chorus)
(Lil Wayne)
I'm Sorry I was grooving
Gotta love that laid back Mannie Fresh music
But let's get back to what we was doing
Laid back in that black on Pat Ewing's
That's 33 V tires heat fire
These streets ain't papaya ma
You gotta keep heat on your side
2 must
So I'm a get 3 more and I'm a cop you one
Wait, naw hun cus you ain't exempt
If your ass ever trip I'll give you a clip (yea)
But I love the way your jeans huggin in your hip

And you walk kinda mean how you strut with a dip
And you talk kinda clean and you lick your lips
But I can't fall for you cus I stick to the script (yup)
I said I stick to my grip; I stick to my money, that's life to me
Sorry honey Jazze

(Chorus)

(Lil Wayne)

So how bout you yea

So how bout you

See what I'm talking bout sweet heart you ain't even gotta have John Madden

you ain't gotta have Dick Vitale, you ain't gotta have Lee Carsole

you ain't gotta have Stuart Scott, you ain't gotta have Linda Cohn

know what I'm talking bout, you ain't gotta have the staff of ESPN

you ain't gotta have the ABC staff just to speak sports baby cus I got game sweetheart

Just fuck with the boy and I'll get you a jersey

What you want me to put on the back

Daddy's little girl that's right, know what I'm talking bout

I can't give you the game but I can show the game

and you can see what you see and peek how you peek and see what you get

know what I'm talking bout

Weezy