Lil Wayne, Earthquake

[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 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
(Yea so how bout you, 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 me 66
She sees that my wrist is 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 want 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 impess though, Gotta stay clean, plus momma in a Lex 4
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 rain it whores

[Chorus]
[Lil' Wayne]
Now why you wanna go do that
I can see through that
Tattoo right there like I view that
Girl what that say, what who that
Bet he was lame, bet he 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 high than the telephone wires
Cut your telephone we riding 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
Girl I'm a pimp, I'm going, going, going, gone

[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 were doing
Laid back in that black on Pat Ewing's
That's 33 tires he fire
These streets ain't papaya ma
You gotta keep heat on your side
2 must
So I'm a get 3 more and 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 suck 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 scrip (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 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 ABC staff just to talk sports baby cus I got game
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, see 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