

# Lil Wayne, Intro: This Is Why I'm Hot Freestyle

Uh...Hello...New mixtape bitch...Iz called Da Drou 3 [laughs]...  
Yeah...This was supposed to be the intro, but uhm...  
I guess ima gonna uhm...Do what yall came here for...

[in Rastafarian voice]

Yeah...Rasta dem king of the jungle,  
Dread lock swing down me back like Reppunsle.  
My bread don't swing. Dem packs in a bundle;  
We'll take your tings, sell it back to your uncle.  
And we'll make it rain till your dances will come true;  
We'll make it rain so you betta bring a swimsuit.  
Alone when I came, but I'm leavin with them two;  
Gals give me brain, give me brain like temples.  
And him got the game, game sharp like a pencil;  
And if you want formage we can crash like a symbol.  
And Let prepare me window, on my new sports coupe;  
twelve hoarse in the hood, sittin on hoarse shoes.  
Come from the land that Jesus walked through;  
Sacrifice me life, man I bleed for me uncle.  
Them no want to run, run with me them no want to;  
Murder them, and the family them belong to.  
Next ting them kno I run a street like a cardoor;  
You go after me, me I dearly depart you.  
Hip hop is mine now, Mine what you gone do?;  
I can jump on any nigga song and make a part two.  
Playtime for me, cuz see to me, they are cartoons;  
how come every joint be on point like a harpoon?  
How come evry bar stand strong like a barstool?;  
how come every line is so raw you gone snort too?

Murder them. Man I murda them. Fuck a competition, man I murda them.  
Man murda them. Man I murda them. Fuck a competition, man I murda them. [laughs]...  
[in regular] and that is why i'm hot...  
Its Da Drought 3, Welcome.  
Have fun!