

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, 500 Degreeez

"[Lil Wayne talking]"

It's the real shit, yeah  
500 Degreeez this time biotch  
Yes sir, you already know

"[Lil Wayne verse 1]"

You see me? I eat, sleep, shit, and talk snaps; so fuck rap  
Man I got weed, pills, pistols, all crack  
Bitch niggas where ya hearts at?  
Ya'll ain't stuntin' like us  
Bitch niggas where ya cars at?  
They like, "Wayne why the fuck you dressed in all black?"  
I'm about to bring CMR back  
And all the lames, we done lost that  
And all we got is Weezy, Weezy, and Lil' Weezy to fall back  
I'm about to lock it from the summer to the fall and back  
&quot;Its Weezy baby!&quot; The ballers back  
And the wheels on my car you got all of that  
Stop playing, I've been balling jack  
You don't want my glock spraying I hit all them cats  
You don't want my stomach ache - I shit on them cats  
I get all them gats Fresh and B it's all a rap!  
If I'm the only Hot Boy what do you call that?

"[Chorus]"

You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy

"[Lil Wayne]"

Bitch what? I'll bust ya ass up  
Don't even go there round  
Niggas get your cash up  
We probably need to clash up  
And shit got me 'bout ass up  
They finding niggas in they shit with they ass up  
It ain't October 31st but we gone mask up and guess what  
And I heard they got a nice chain  
And for the right price I'll bust the right brain  
And mommy hot cause pull up in that white thang  
Yo nigga might be fly but I still get trifling  
Riding through the city just me and my friend  
Friday night special, professional tight aim  
A gangsta is who you hearing  
Me in my building with 20 bricks in the ceiling  
I'm more real than, I got more scrill than  
Got more skill than them there  
I'm a Cash Money Millionaire

"[Chorus]"

You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Hot, Hot, Hot Boy

"[Lil Wayne]"

Baby let me get the keys to the rover  
No, let me get the keys to the house in Eastover  
So I can throw a 500 Degreeez platinum party  
Than the after party  
Me and my Squad stomping in this bitch  
Fuck a bachelor party  
Don't go to rapper parties I'm no rapper man  
But when the homies come home we throw a monster jam  
And all my people tote chrome we some monsters man

We gone mob to the promise land  
I bought big I'm a Tymer man  
Son of a Stunna still a girl fuck with a hustler!  
Weezy keep it gutter for ya Baby Bubba  
Baby blue Mercedes Coupe Got it bullet proof  
Make me shoot my 80 duke at your fucking roof  
You're fucking with a big dog, nigga fucking woof  
Mr. S-Fucking-Q I'm the fucking truth  
Three stripes, baby nice, lot of ice fucking ooohf!  
That's 500 Degreeez!

"[Chorus]"  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Bitch get your mind right, Bitch get your mind right