

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
"Its Weezy baby!" 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