

# Birdman & 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