

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Weezy's Ambitionz

(DJ Drama:)

(oh yea, you thought we was done? Naw)

(Lil Wayne)

YEA!

Money money money get a dollar and a dick
Weezy Baby that crack, muthafucka get a fix
Got money out the ass, no homo but I'm rich
Bout to go get surgery and put some diamonds on my wrist
Yes, Yep, I'm a muthafucking trip
Ima trip to Japan and buy some brand new shit
Nine hundred to a grand, get you twenty eight grams
If you talking 'bout bricks, I'm the interstate man
And the women say damn, them niggas don't say a damn thing
Boy I bet that shotty make you bounce like a bed-spring
Walkin a thin line, gotta defend mine
And wit no pen I'm sorta like a bomb BOOM
Young tune, yea that's what my people call me
Fifty thousand for the cross, trying keep the reaper off me
I drink a lotta syrup, bitches say I'm sleep walkin
Big money for the grill, so I'm never cheap talking, yea
Keep talking and the flame leap off the hip
And keep sparking, pap pap sleep softly
Yea, nap nap, nap sack, three forties
Like fuck another nigga, nigga just don't be da target
Young New Orleans nigga, nigga just don't be retarded
We done lost everything and you looking like a bargain
Purple weed, purple drink, purple heart sergeant
I'm the best rapper in the game no arguing
And I don't ever write, pause
Un-pause this, so keep ya bitch ass lines inside the margin
Lil Wayne dot com bitch log in
Put a pillow under your knees and keep ya jaws in
All in ya girl mouth, use her like a toilet
They usually want a baller and the young nigga balling
Mike Jordan, pardon my swaggie
But my father rich as fuck and all my brothers left the family
We said fuck it bought two houses in Miami
I can't wait to do cribs, MTV c'mon get at me
Any rapper wan get at me, tell ya label contact me
Dats a hundred for a feature, wanna battle, I'll beat ya
I'm a beast, I'm a creature, I'm the son of miss cita
Mom dukes, my jeter, she the reason, she the reason
Everybody woman wanna beat a boy diva, not even
There's a 305 diamond I wanted ever since I seen her
Got a topic of this evening, hotter than a tub steaming
Gotcha girlfriend dreaming of one day being Trina
Notta sim seemer, ten ki's in the Beamer
Got a white girl driving, couldn't do it much cleaner
I'm fly in the sky like that muthafuckin ribbon
Bitches got my name on em, and the nigga still living
Spend a condo and a club, one bottle won't do
Two bottles won't do, bottles for the whole crew, thanks
And bring me that Patrone, I don't play
No ice I like my drink straight, not gay
And bitch that bank come everyday, I'm paid
I wish a nigga come invade, get sprayed
I stomp a nigga out like I got ten legs
Then they fish the nigga up out the lake in ten days
Behave, no ho, I'm on that Rage Rov
Cash Money, Young Money, ho that money age old
And can't a cage hold this animal from Hollygrove
Sorry mommy I be stoned, I be, I be, I be blown
Got me copy rock star, Weezy Baby fuck these hoes

Gotta pay me now for me to even take these hos
Price sizing for a show and the flow
So either Drama is my nigga, or that boy got doe
Go figure that's my nigga, that's my nigga, my nerve
If anybody else want it, sixty thousand a verse yea