

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, You Ain't Got Nuthin'

I'm with a hundred and one niggas we dalmatian doggy Deep  
And fly with the tongue so if you feelin froggy, leap  
Kermit you better think before you ribbit  
Don't be murdered over your song before add libit  
I pop up like exzibit  
Forget it I'm at your krivitz  
Not to put no fuckin' fish tanks in your civics  
Fuck getting your ride pimped  
Ull get hard tyed wimped  
Have u in da trunk curled up like fried shrimp  
It's been a good year mayb I shud ride with limp  
Cause your boy jus stay above the game  
They tryna tag em, spray a brotha frame  
But your shots can't reach me I'm way above your aim  
Go 'head nigga, say another name  
Take dis family for a joke I had Wayans brotha games  
And I'm a get u sucka I've been scheming with dis keenan  
Aimin with dis Damon/I'm puttin dat major pain in  
My lil man zonia marlon and shawn ya  
Lay da beef on dis noodle  
Make some noodle lasagna  
40 cal fetticine tres pound pasta  
You reach for dis medallion you must like Italian, nigga  
You only see me pushin if the drivers side  
I work da s6 ever since the 5 retired  
The drop top, dey say the social drive expired  
So you could call a cab once your bitch fall for fab

(Chorus:)

Uh I get money like a mutherfucka  
Shades darker den I bitch but I cud see  
I got everything  
You got nuthing  
You ain't got nuthin on me  
Uhhh I'm gettin money like a mutherfucka  
Yeaa money u ain't never see yeaa  
I got everything  
You got nuthing  
You ain't got nuthin on me

(Juelz Santana:)

I'm on da grind till da police come  
With dat pistol on da side boy don't be dumb  
Or... I let that semi twirl youh  
Now you could follow the drip  
Cause 1 shot outta the clip will jerry curl you  
Wen we slop you like seconds  
Obey me like peasents  
Or get opened up like presents  
Please, my yung boysz whilin for respect  
Slit your throat, have you smilin witchur neck  
Say cheese  
My doughs a bit longer  
My flow is jus slaughter  
My wrists look like frozen polin spring water  
So tell me boys tell me boys who u think your messin with  
I get money out da ass, dats sum expensive shit  
Havent u all heard (what?)  
Ya'll all heard(yup)  
I stick toothpicks(wher)  
In ya all durbs  
Listen,  
I'm a shark, ya'll jus coyfish(whatelse)  
Octopus(whatelse)

Oysters  
Chaa  
I got my eye on your wifey now(yea)  
I'll have her lick me up(up)  
And den wipe me down(down)  
She tol me uze a nag, uze a bug(ddaammn)  
She tol me I'm a blast I'm a stud  
She tol me ude be beast n ude be checkin for da burn  
So I gave her knee pads for da rug  
It's scar gang from the chain of the lifestyle  
U surfboy dudes get wiped out

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(Lil Wayne:)  
Get you 3-4 get you like da number after 1 I'm a get me 2  
It's weezy f u now u gotta hava babayy  
My money don't fold nor bends  
Mercedes maybach, grey black  
And I got a 4-4 and a k like 8-stacks  
Fuck yo city yo town I state facts, take dat  
No, better yet like diddy take dat  
Wait rats I hate rats  
I clean dem out like ajax  
Got paper like A fax machine  
Ansanin  
Damn I mean assanon  
Dappa don  
After thine dere will be non  
Damn I mean dere will be nun  
I will be one  
Of dat greatest things u ever felt you ever seen  
Or heard carter-d havard ya'll scared  
Not me  
Not I  
Call me young popeye  
Tell bruno I'm a nuno  
I'll bring ral to your funrol  
Damn I mean funeral funeral  
You say tomato I say tamata  
U say get em I say got em  
Yea I got em  
Man u better keep payin me cause u don't want my problems  
I be wildin like capital one... what is in your wallet  
You fly  
But what is it to pilot  
Weezy I'm at the top foot up in your bottom  
Damn I mean foot up in your ass  
I kick dat shit I gon put it in da trash  
Diesel

(Chorus:)  
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