## Lil Wayne, Carter II

[Intro]
So you made it this far, Heh
We upstairs, I let you up here
You special, Marley, don't shoot
You know what this is?
Still The Carter 2 people [x2]
Yeah, you still in the carter 2 people
Hey yeah

[Lil Wayne]

All I have in this world is a pistol and a promise A fist full of dollars, a list full of problems I'll address them like P.O. Boxes Yeah I'm from New Orleans, the Creole cockpit We so out of it, zero tolerance

Gangsta gumbo, I'll serve 'em a pot of it I'm wealthy, still fucking wit that block shit Wet your ass up, head to feet til your sock a drip Don't strip, you might fall and bust your ass

No snakes at the carter, tell the gardener to cut the grass

I hear 'em but they talking under mass Stop throwing pebbles at a bulletproof glass

That's Cash Money, honey pie

We ain't running, we don't hide screaming fuck the other side

Don't get caught on it, this the dailiest grind

I'll put your heart on it and walk on it

The chalks only for the art homie How they trace ya after I erase ya

Look around, we at war and you still in preparation

I'm riding for them reperations, No patience

Slow paper is better than no paper

Fast money don't last too long, you gotta pace it

You gotta know that paper

If you got it from a caper, you gotta blow that paper

Gotta know that photo fobia, no Kodak moments

Feds walls with my pictures on 'em Nah, I ain't even in the school yearbook

I don't do too much posing, got a cool killer look

Career crook, get your career took

I'm back like a brizeer hook

Bitch cheer, camouflage gear, the hunter's here

Better play it by ear, you ain't nothing but a deer

Around here and this here is The Carter

Serve it while it's hot out the pot to your mama

And Slim tell me ain't nobody hotter

But get your boys some different sauce, I want the whole enchilada

I got 'em by the collar, watch me drop 'em

On the head at the bottom

You ain't gotta shoot 'em cause I already shot 'em

And I ain't gotta get 'em cause I already got 'em

Get 'em