Lil Wayne, Don't Die

Yeah...Yeah
Check me out man..Yeah

"(Lil Wayne)"
Original gangsta, black clothes and bangers
Bullet shells and chambers, fill the L's up
We stay low from the ranges cause they tryin to tame us, but we brainless
And just think, I'm one sell out record away from being famous
Shit I guess I ain't it
You could paint it how you may, but I remain this gangsta 'til the day I lay where the worms stay
I spit it for my nigga's sake
I spit it for myself a long time ago
Got a few houses, few whips, few condos
I'm so straight I'm pointin
The game is hurtin, and baby boy the ointment
Baby boy the president now
Shit you gotta make an appointment
Two record labels
You should come join 'em
Do check the label
And make sure it's yellow or rose 'fore you bring it to my table

"(Chorus: Lil Wayne)"
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami, I move to Miami
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a nigga like fuck it
I'm still a G, thuggin out in public, believe it
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami, I move to Miami
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a nigga like fuck it
I'm still a G, thuggin out in public, straight up

"(Birdman)"
Yeah...
Nigga playin, doing about 180
Mazeratti, matchin drop top sun shade
Gotta be fly, P1 nigga, spent about five on a condo high in the sky
G4 whenever, fly in any weather
Had to pop a few pussies that was bad feathers
Million on the floor
Thats fo' sho' that lil' homie got the flow, so we all just goin flow
And don't think about the past
A little water came, now we floatin on everything
Niggaz doing about anything, killin while they hustlin
Niggaz puttin it in for the change
So we headed to the game, Culpepper gettin his roll on
I'm on the side with that bling
And outside, got them thangs
Them Phantoms out there, we do it up, switchin lanes

"(Chorus)"

"(Lil Wayne)"
Naw, don't fuck with that dogg
Yo, I'm gonna knock your fuckin head off
And I'm coming back hard
Stunner get me to work, and I'm runnin that off
I'm comin back with it, and let my team split it
With a swagger you can't get, naw you can't get it
Shit, bitch I pop like Diddy, I pop like when he goin stop? When it's empty
And you still drawing Leonardo D'Vinci

"(Birdman)"
Trap me, I'm in there early, gettin money ridin dirty
Uptown puttin in down blowin out the pound

Duffle bag full of cash when I come around
The lil' homie got the game so I put him down
Hold my town, world wide wearin a crown
Like father like son, got it off the mound
Like father like son, nigga's stand their grounds
Like father like son, nigga fuck them clowns

"(Chorus)"

"(Birdman (over chorus))"
Yeah nigga,
Un-fuckin-believable
I know y'all hear some more shit about me and my little young nigga
You know, they mouth like they ass
Anything will come outta that motherfucker ya' heard me
Big shouts to all them cities who opened your arms to us nigga
And let us through that motherfucker, ya' heard me
Cause that water ran us out that motherfucker, but we did bounce back
Believe that 305, 404, 713, all that, Dallas, Kansas
Everybody ya' heard me, Oklahoma, yeah, everybody, the whole world