

Think I'm Wayne
You say you wanna fight nigga swing
You say you wanna blow pipes nigga bang
I'm riding in that Fighting Liu Kang
That's why I can fuck your wife and you can't
Young Batman, Bruce Wayne
Don't make me torch it nigga blue flames
In that big body, riding two lanes
And I'm grindin hard like I'm fucking Wayne nigga
Like I'm Wayne nigga

This Back From The Dead 2 this ain't Tha Carter 3
You owe me money I want an apology
I want your fingers so you cannot count to 3
We pullin up in trilogies we poppin 3
I'm never studying a nigga no astrology
Walk up in the mall like I just hit the lottery
And I'm still rollin dice no monopoly
I can't be controlled this ain't no colosseum
Don't fuck with boys this ain't no everybody-ology
I only speak money they only talk shit
I'm examining money, you broke-a-ology
But when we bring these guns up acknowledge these

Birdman
Bitch I got them birds man
Automatic 30
Pull up in a clean car, do em dirty
Yeah, Sosa Wayne, I got Young Money and Mack Maine
Pull up in that Cash Money thang
Big Tymers blang, blang, blang, blang
I be balling like I'm Stunna
Nigga you be balding like you Stunna, bald head nigga
I'm a shotter with some dreads nigga
Send bullets like brrrrr, Sosa Birdman nigga