

Fly Out

Lil' Wayne

We here
I said we here
The back of Tha Carter
The back of Tha Carter, two, oh
Yea, this here is, the end of Tha Carter Two people
Hey! Yea

I got the game on ball and chain
I threw the key in the drain
I'm like the key in the drought
I spent a G on these frames, though my vision is priceless
Seeing through you niggas like a fucking psychic
Hearing through the grapevine, niggas wanna hate mine
Say my name and die in the daytime
You catch my drift, man you better be Peyton
Boy the heats on, they make a peace bond
I'm in this bitch, throwing up the seventeenth sign
Straight frowns, no daps, strapped three times
That Tec-eleven, A-K forty seven, one Beretta, ready for whatever
Tell them pussy niggas come together
Happy better nigga, nigga super soaker wetter nigga
Six feet under flowers, you ain't nothing but a petal nigga
I'm just a little nigga, trying to be a civil nigga
Thirty years old, shit that'll be a giving nigga
Quit it Wayne, your Mom is listening
But she ain't really trippin', 'cause the pots is pissed in
Them niggas tripping, until the shots whistling'
Hear them bullets sizzle, like a cobra at attention
I gotta bitch, and quit calling women bitches
As long as she don't worry 'bout the coke in the kitchen
No preventing the grind, I gotta get it
I'm admitted to the game, true playa, no quitting
There you go shitting on a way a nigga thanking
Only history I know is Benjamin Franklin
This is the future ain't promised to no one
I live everyday like this is the sure one
Train in the tidal wave, this is the ocean
Stand in the heat, 'til the mother fucking snow come
And it feels so fucking good
Throw my dope like a rope, let them tug and pull
No hope for the hopeless, rats and roaches
Running cross the porch, in the attic there's a fortune
Come and get it, automatics in motion
We banging for the bread nigga, even the molded
I got my loaf, I got my toast
Chaperon of the south, I got my coast, yea
And until I die I'm the, the, the, the, the best rapper alive