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

Chaperon of the south, I got my coast, yea

We banging for the bread nigga, even the molded

Come and get it, automatics in motion

I got my loaf, I got my toast

Running cross the porch, in the attic there's a fortune

And until I die I'm the, the, the, the best rapper alive