

# MegaMan

## Lil Wayne

Faded off the kush I'm gone  
Only 2 years old when daddy used to bring them hookers home  
Looking like my Grammo, my niggas got that ammo  
We jack son then light up that "L", Samuel  
Tunechi in this bitch nigga, y'all niggas bitch niggas  
Rats gone rat and snakes gone hiss nigga  
Baseball rich nigga, do this shit for all my homies  
Where them bad bitches at? Come and put that p-ssy on me  
Tunechi you a murderer, boy you just be killing shit  
Yeah you know that money talk, I am the ventriloquist  
Tranquilizer in the trunk, put your ass to sleep man  
Birdman Jr. got the world in my wingspan  
How you niggas want it? Have it your way, Burger King  
I get deep in that p-ssy, dig her out, surgery  
F-cking with a real nigga, f-cking right, certainly  
Break in your f-cking home, take your life, burglary  
Woah nigga, die slow nigga,  
for dear life your holding on En Vogue nigga  
Unload nigga, reload nigga, tools on deck, Home Depot nigga  
Well if life is a bitch, then mine a gold digger  
And all my bitches nasty like a cold dinner  
Everyday I go so hard and work my ass off  
I'm good, I'm 100 like a fastball  
It's Carter 4!  
(Yeah)  
(I'm going back in man)(Yeah)  
We get f-ck y'all money, how you want to play it?  
That AK sleep on the side of my bed  
That's one eye closed, one eye open  
Your cap get peeled like ibuprofen  
I'm sick, I'm ill, I ain't the nigga to f-ck with  
This a crazy world and life is shorter than Bushwick  
Young Money man we got this shit by a land slide  
Boy I send them bloods at your ass like a tampon  
Uptown shit, wet the whole party, Weezy gone ball  
Ball like Steve Harvey, the heater I'm a tuck her  
Tuck her like Dolores, that's my word like, word like the-saurus  
I don't see no future in your fronting, I be stunting hard  
Rap game dependent on me like a bungee cord  
Fear nobody but God almighty  
Shoot that motherf-cker till I get arthritis  
I'm a beast, I'm a ass, I'm ahead of my class

I'm a diamond in the rough like a baby in the trash

I don't talk it, I live it. I paint a picture vivid

And them pistols popping like they sitting in a skilletI go so hard, I go so mean, I'm so New  
Orleans

Told the judge I couldn't budge, it was him or me

Forget the bullshit and remember me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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