

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Weezy's Ambitionz

(DJ Drama:)

(oh yea, you thought we was done? Naw)

(Lil Wayne)

YEA!

Money money money get a dollar and a dick  
Weezy Baby that crack, muthafucka get a fix  
Got money out the ass, no homo but I'm rich  
Bout to go get surgery and put some diamonds on my wrist  
Yes, Yep, I'm a muthafucking trip  
Ima trip to Japan and buy some brand new shit  
Nine hundred to a grand, get you twenty eight grams  
If you talking 'bout bricks, I'm the interstate man  
And the women say damn, them niggas don't say a damn thing  
Boy I bet that shotty make you bounce like a bed-spring  
Walkin a thin line, gotta defend mine  
And wit no pen I'm sorta like a bomb BOOM  
Young tune, yea that's what my people call me  
Fifty thousand for the cross, trying keep the reaper off me  
I drink a lotta syrup, bitches say I'm sleep walkin  
Big money for the grill, so I'm never cheap talking, yea  
Keep talking and the flame leap off the hip  
And keep sparking, pap pap sleep softly  
Yea, nap nap, nap sack, three forties  
Like fuck another nigga, nigga just don't be da target  
Young New Orleans nigga, nigga just don't be retarded  
We done lost everything and you looking like a bargain  
Purple weed, purple drink, purple heart sergeant  
I'm the best rapper in the game no arguing  
And I don't ever write, pause  
Un-pause this, so keep ya bitch ass lines inside the margin  
Lil Wayne dot com bitch log in  
Put a pillow under your knees and keep ya jaws in  
All in ya girl mouth, use her like a toilet  
They usually want a baller and the young nigga balling  
Mike Jordan, pardon my swaggie  
But my father rich as fuck and all my brothers left the family  
We said fuck it bought two houses in Miami  
I can't wait to do cribs, MTV c'mon get at me  
Any rapper wan get at me, tell ya label contact me  
Dats a hundred for a feature, wanna battle, I'll beat ya  
I'm a beast, I'm a creature, I'm the son of miss cita  
Mom dukes, my jeter, she the reason, she the reason  
Everybody woman wanna beat a boy diva, not even  
There's a 305 diamond I wanted ever since I seen her  
Got a topic of this evening, hotter than a tub steaming  
Gotcha girlfriend dreaming of one day being Trina  
Notta sim seemer, ten ki's in the Beamer  
Got a white girl driving, couldn't do it much cleaner  
I'm fly in the sky like that muthafuckin ribbon  
Bitches got my name on em, and the nigga still living  
Spend a condo and a club, one bottle won't do  
Two bottles won't do, bottles for the whole crew, thanks  
And bring me that Patrone, I don't play  
No ice I like my drink straight, not gay  
And bitch that bank come everyday, I'm paid  
I wish a nigga come invade, get sprayed  
I stomp a nigga out like I got ten legs  
Then they fish the nigga up out the lake in ten days  
Behave, no ho, I'm on that Rage Rov  
Cash Money, Young Money, ho that money age old  
And can't a cage hold this animal from Hollygrove  
Sorry mommy I be stoned, I be, I be, I be blown  
Got me copy rock star, Weezy Baby fuck these hoes

Gotta pay me now for me to even take these hos  
Price sizing for a show and the flow  
So either Drama is my nigga, or that boy got doe  
Go figure that's my nigga, that's my nigga, my nerve  
If anybody else want it, sixty thousand a verse yea