

Lil Wayne, Carter II

[Intro]

So you made it this far, Heh
We upstairs, I let you up here
You special, Marley, don't shoot
You know what this is?
Still The Carter 2 people [x2]
Yeah, you still in the carter 2 people
Hey yeah

[Lil Wayne]

All I have in this world is a pistol and a promise
A fist full of dollars, a list full of problems
I'll address them like P.O. Boxes
Yeah I'm from New Orleans, the Creole cockpit
We so out of it, zero tolerance
Gangsta gumbo, I'll serve 'em a pot of it
I'm wealthy, still fucking wit that block shit
Wet your ass up, head to feet til your sock a drip
Don't strip, you might fall and bust your ass
No snakes at the carter, tell the gardener to cut the grass
I hear 'em but they talking under mass
Stop throwing pebbles at a bulletproof glass
That's Cash Money, honey pie
We ain't running, we don't hide screaming fuck the other side
Don't get caught on it, this the dailiest grind
I'll put your heart on it and walk on it
The chinks only for the art homie
How they trace ya after I erase ya
Look around, we at war and you still in preparation
I'm riding for them reparations, No patience
Slow paper is better than no paper
Fast money don't last too long, you gotta pace it
You gotta know that paper
If you got it from a caper, you gotta blow that paper
Gotta know that photo fobia, no Kodak moments
Feds walls with my pictures on 'em
Nah, I ain't even in the school yearbook
I don't do too much posing, got a cool killer look
Career crook, get your career took
I'm back like a brizeer hook
Bitch cheer, camouflage gear, the hunter's here
Better play it by ear, you ain't nothing but a deer
Around here and this here is The Carter
Serve it while it's hot out the pot to your mama
And Slim tell me ain't nobody hotter
But get your boys some different sauce, I want the whole enchilada
I got 'em by the collar, watch me drop 'em
On the head at the bottom
You ain't gotta shoot 'em cause I already shot 'em
And I ain't gotta get 'em cause I already got 'em
Get 'em