

## **Birdman f/ Drake, Lil Wayne**

### **"4 My Town"**

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[Intro: Birdman] Yeah So priceless Life so priceless  
nigga You understand me, it's just like that My car so  
priceless My bitch so priceless My familia is so  
priceless nigga You understand me? Either you with us  
Or you ain't with us Either you in tha huddle Or you out  
the huddle Either you ridin' Or we passin', flyin' by  
saying fuck ya It's Young Money Cash Money playboy  
That's about the size of 'em At the roof top So hot up  
here nigga YEAHHH LET'S GO! [Chorus: Drake] Take  
yourself a picture when I'm standing at the mound And  
I swear it's going down, I'm just reppin' for my town Off  
a cup of C.J. Gibson, man I'm faded off the pound And  
I'm easily influenced by the niggas I'm around See that  
Aston Martin when I start it hear the sound I ain't never  
graduated I ain't got no cap and gown But the girls in  
my class who were smart enough to pass Be at all my  
fucking parties, grabbing money off the ground  
[Drake] Yeah, all hail Mr. Lyrical Spades of the Opus  
baby What you got a feeling for I can show you new  
things Have you feeling spiritual Pastor Kerney Thomas  
to these hoes' miracles! Yeah ok they say that I'm the  
one in fact Some say that I'm they favorite But I ain't  
hearing none of that I'm all about my team hoe, Young  
Money running back Cash money superstar, where the  
fuck is Stunna at? [Birdman] Untouchable, 40 with my  
AK, master mind Big money heavyweight On the grind,  
flippin' money in every way Headlines, my bitch shine  
everyday Pearl white Don P., Marc Jacob glove Cartier  
Louis case with a dope blood From the mud where they  
wet you Leave you in ya blood Goin' in flip a hundred  
get the young plug Show 'em where it go, floatin' on  
the float Gettin' mo' dough, grind hard, go! Black  
diamond show, watch the flame blow And how you stay  
grounded, cash no go And how you stay mounded,  
cash no flow And how you stay shinin', Bentley off the  
floor And how you stay high, purple pine dro Diamond  
mink furs, February snow. [Chorus] [Lil Wayne] CJ,  
YEAH, STUNNA! Uhhh, you know you're paid When you  
got Baby with you It's Young Money, like Ben Frank's  
baby pictures I'm the lady twista, I kiss her whiskers I  
been runnin' this shit, blisters Stickin' to the script,

movie star money And if you gassed up, I leave the car  
runnin' I'm a big smoker, I'm a little drinker The peace  
sign is just a trigger and the middle finger W-what you  
know 'bout it, man y'all clueless I let two women ride  
me, that's carpoolers I rock stupid ice, Mr. Water  
Coolers If y'all in the building, then we are intruders  
Simmer me down pimpin', let me handle this I know the  
game, analyst Man I'm the shit, and y'all janitors Blow  
out the kush and crack a smile for the cameras!  
[Chorus] [Baby Talking] Drizzy One hundred

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