

Birdman/Baby f/ Fat Joe, Lil Wayne

"Make Way"

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[Lil Wayne]

Hey! See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder dem all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from the set we make way!
Me make way! Uhhh ohh no!
Him 'fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ever ask if he come solo!
Now me head so hot, and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor! Me come them say AYY!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder dem all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from the set me make way!
Me make way! Uhh oh no!
Him 'fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ever ask if he come solo!
Now me head so hot, and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Coca bitch!
Here is somethin you can't understand
How I can just kill a man~!
Shame what the mac can do, K's spit faster
I'll make an ass of you, save the theatrics
Watch like a quarter mill', chain like double that
I ain't got to talk about the half up in the duffle bag
Stunna my brother, Weezy we the syndicate
Hundred Phantoms, hundred Maybachs, I guess we're
nigga-rich
I'll yellow bottle your face in, trust me
Look at all the shit I be talkin and no one touched me
"Pray and pray for my downfall"
Big said it, so I made it rain 'til it poured
Speak from the heart, this emotional rap
Catch feelings when you hear me, I'm supposed to do
that
Crack! A G what the streets done made me
And the only language I speak is "Fuck you, pay me,
bitch~!"

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

And when me come them say AYY!
See me point that gun at y'all me no play!
Me come for murder dem all the cowboy way!
Me lick a shot sprayed from the set me make way!
Me make way! Uhh oh no!
Him 'fro so dark and him hat so low!
Me never ever ever ask if he come solo!
Now me head so hot, and me dreads so cold!
Me so poor!

[Lil Wayne]

Say pardon! Bad man no take pardon
Peer gunshot army, dem make backup
A man no fear no man, man no fear no one
Man a real Islam, man a get down done
A me no hear dem talk, me eat in me car
Respect a soldier, him in a middle of war
Me I'm Babylon gangster, Hollygrove monster
You no look familiar, roofers them kill ya
Gunshots I will cut then open toolbox and drill ya
Jump off body and let the mailman meal ya
Me think I'm gon need the almighty one to heal ya
And me behind the jungle with the lion and we killer

[Chorus]

[Birdman]

Yup! Put it in the air nigga
Light your lighters in the air
This for my dead homies, yeah!
"Gangsta Gangsta," that's what we yellin
Shoot him in his head, let his bitch go and tell 'em
We in the hood, getting money, we swellin
Bigger than life, you know it's the cheaper price
Bigger your stripes, you know what we doin tonight
We getting it right, we plan, they hit then flight
We know the rules nigga, live by none
Get it by none, bitch I'll kill for my son

[Lil Wayne]

Yeah! Gangsters don't live that long
That's why we gotta party everyday like Frank came
home
And it's hard for me to say that my heart ain't yearnin
To walk up in a church and believe the sermon
But instead, I spark up and relieve the burnin
Hoping that he understands my reasons for it
No, I ain't evil, I'm equal
And nigga I ain't sweet, motherfucker I'm diesel!

[Chorus]

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