

## **Birdman Feat. Fat Joe & Lil Wayne "Make Way"**

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Hey, see me point that gun at y'all, me no play  
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way  
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way, me  
make way

Uh oh, no, him fro so dark and him hat so low  
Me never ever ask to become solo  
Now me head so hot and me dreads so cold, me so  
poor

Me come them say  
Hey, see me point that gun at y'all, me no play  
Me come for murder them all the cowboy way  
Me lick a shot sprayed from me set me make way, me  
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Uh oh, no, him fro so dark and him hat so low  
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poor

Coca, bitch  
Here is somethin' you can't understand  
How I can just kill a man  
Shame what the mack can do, K's spit faster  
I'll make an ass of you, save the theatrics

Watch like a quarter mil, chain like double that  
I ain't gotta to talk about the half up in the duffel bag  
Stunna my brother, Weezy Wee 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 till 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'

And when they come and say  
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Say pardon, bad man no take pardon  
Peer gunshot army them 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 them talk, me eat in me car  
Respect a soldier, him in a middle of war  
Me I'm a Babylon gangster, holly grove 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 killa

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'Gangsta, Gangsta' that's what we yellin'  
Shoot him in his head, let his bitch go and tell them  
We in the hood, gettin' money, we swellin'  
Bigger than life, you know it's the cheaper price

Bigger your stripes, you know what we doin' tonight  
We gettin' it right, we plan, then hit, then flight  
We know the rules nigga, live by none  
Get it by none, bitch, I'll kill for my son

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'  
Hopin' 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

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