

# Juelz Santana

## "By Myself"

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### "By Myself"

(with Lil' Wayne)

*[Chorus: x2]*

No more lying friends  
Mourning tragic ends  
Know they do pretend  
They won't go when I go

*[Verse 1: Lil' Wayne]*

Come on home biscuit for man's sake  
No more fake hugs and handshakes  
Stand straight  
You sweeter than a pancake  
Me, I'm tryin get that green like the landscape  
That's for my team in region eight  
See what I gotta say can't wait  
I demand cake  
Gotta eat, keep the family straight  
They all holding out they hands and plates, yeah  
Wayne's from a place called hollygrove  
From the bottom of the globe  
Area code 504  
Be hero joe and I zero in  
With the eagle when there be no him  
Ion need no help  
Ion need no homie  
Ion need no buddy  
Nigga I got money  
Nigga I got heart to go along with the guns  
Call me weezy f. baby  
I be by myself when I come yeah

*[Chorus:]*

No more lying friends  
(yeah, yeah)  
Mourning tragic ends  
(ion need em, ion need em)  
Know they do pretend  
(ion love em, ion trust em)  
They won't go when I go  
(so motherfuck em, I was born by myself with my dick

in my hand) no more lying friends  
(with my mind on the million dollar plan) mourning  
tragic ends  
(now baby you are looking at the million dollar man)  
know they do pretend  
(and I'm a die alone, so alone I stand) they won't go  
when I go

*[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]*

(I feel you nigga)  
Dudes that never spoke to me now wanna speak (beat  
it)  
Girls that never said a word now wanna creep (beat it)  
Guys that never ran with me now wanna be (what) the  
only passenger in my coop with two seats  
Damn, what is it homes  
You boys breast soft and fake, I can feel the silicone  
(yep) you all a bunch of pamela andersons  
Me, a family man, I take care of the family man (ya dig)  
and it seems like my day one niggas ain't actin like day  
one niggas (uh un), I ain't change I just came up niggas  
(yep) and trust me when I say I ain't put the streets  
down or them thangs up nigga  
Bring the phantom through the hood, I ain't frontin on  
ya'll,  
Just tryna let you know it's bigger than the corner my  
dog  
I ain't playin basketball, but I'm ballin for sure  
Now back to the money  
Catch me when I come off tour  
Fuck em

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Lil' Wayne]*

The rims may offend you on the shit I slide into  
Fuck you  
Send you to the desert, tell ya be cool  
Uh um, hold on the pistols  
Roll by the cops and turn up the stereo  
Sittin in the corner lookin like a owner  
Talkin to the owner, yeah my price gone up  
All in the strip club, never get a boner  
Only get hard for doe, I'm homer, and you're a  
simpson and I'm a pimp son and she ain't comin to the  
crib til her friend come  
We gettin money over here you need to get some  
Out comes the cold steel for my income

*[Juelz Santana]*

Out comes the cold steel for my victims  
Born alone, die alone, but you could die with em

Cars white and sexy like Nicole Kidman  
Bad chick by my side, video vixen  
Might fly to L.A. just to shop at Kitson  
Thousand dollar hoodies I'm pickin up about 15  
That's about 15 thousand  
I'm trickin zero on bitches  
Zero  
Zavosky crystals, great china wall  
My money run longer than the great china wall  
And my pockets is mediterranean sea deep  
So keep plottin and prayin to get me  
Come on

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