

Lil' Wayne "American Dream"

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[Verse 1]

Uhhn!

Like muthafuck all y'all

Mr. Mike Tyson flow, uppercut all y'all

Step into my ring bitches, ding ding bitches

Click clack pow pow

[Mike Tyson talking]

Uhhn!

Like muthafuck all y'all

Mr. Mike Tyson flow, uppercut all

Uhhn!

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Like muthafuck all y'all

Mr. Mike Tyson flow, uppercut all y'all

Step into my ring bitches, ding ding bitches

Click clack pow pow ping ping bitches

I'm the green machine I mean king vision

I can see through yo' scene like clear screen, hear me?

To a lion you are just deer meat

Fear God fear me ser-ious us

P.E. YM them try them and die when I say so

Weezy F. hardful red go like Prego

It's all gravy tryna build like Legos

Betta "Let Go My Ego!" with some breakfast on the
table

Yeah!

And I don't know how fake feel nigga cuz all my life I
been a real nigga

Fuck ya girlfriend, fuck ya hommie too

I drop bombs I'm in the booth in a army suit

And I'm armed to shoot and I'm a marksmen too

And you're the target

Oops!

And everything gets better in time and time is forever

And muthafucka it's my time and I'm better

[Mike Tyson talking]

[Verse 2]

Hoe I go so hard
I'm so gone my I.D. is a postcard
I travel like B-ball with no calls
I play my roll and listen out for the roll ball
This is a movie and every movie must go off
But this gangsta doesn't die like O-Dogg
Say what up Blood!
What da lick Reid!?

Five star general and the six speed
Still hood like thick cheese bitch please
Him squeeze quicker than the wind breeze
Bullets that a trim trees
Simply shoot yours empty if be turn dat thick cheese to
swiss cheese
Folla me! Folla me!
Fuck around and see a whole notha side of me
I separate yo' body with them hollow tips biologist
Photographies, picture me in yo' bedroom with a mask
on
Pistol to yo' head while you puttin' yo' pants on (Hurry
up nigga)

Payton Manning offense Singletary defense
Super-duper-extra-much-really-very-street shit
That is how I keeps it rest in piece beats it
I do it how I do it cuz I know my nigga see me
And I'ma hold it down bitch yeah that crown fit
The boy got a flow that you can drown in
When you in the water watch them sharks, when you in
the water watch dat salt
Young Carter no floss that was so raw ah

[Mike Tyson talking]

[Verse 3]

Hahaha!
Fuckin' right I'm a monster
Sharper than a blade like Sticky Fingers I'll sign ya
Mortal Kombat Street Fightin' like E. Honda
Murk ya and da dummie dat signed ya what's reallly
Fireman spit gasoline on ya contract
Fuck a pen I need a match fuck a bitch I need a batch of
bitches
Y'all niggas act like a bunch of bitches
Blood bitches leave you in a tub of blood
Bitches young niggas, Young Money, young niggas,
fuck pistols

We at yo' window with scud missiles Young Carter
Big nuts and they hung farther than ya father's
Uhahaha!

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