

Lil' Wayne

"Btch Please"**

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[Intro:]

Bitch please, you ain't never met a nigga like me. Stop lyin bitch please, bitch please, and ya nigga ain't nothin like me. Stop lyin nigga please, nigga please, my goons got guns on deck put yo picture on t, say cheese, and you can die or live off of I.v's.

Now let me get that hand clap, yah, let me get that hand clap. I'm rich and black. I'm young and strapped. You goin get yo man clapped, you goin get yo clan clapped. You goin get saran wrapped, like where the van at?

We come and wake you up, where you layin at? We drop your body off where ya fam at? Like f**k that. Like damn that. Sit ya pussy ass down if you can't stand that.

I make yo shirt look like yo favorite color crayon out. Go and let these bitch niggas ahead, like I stand back. Ain't shit goody bitch nigga stand back. I ain't from St. Louis, but you can get ram shackled.

Look into my eyes ho, look into my eyes ho. And yeah I do numbers, except five-0. And I'll be with my zoe, we call him Brisco. And Youngin got the beat poppin like Crisco. And Weezy got this shit crackin like Nabisco. Brim low, all I can see is my flow. What's up Chicago? What's up New Orleans? And if ya strapped squeeze.

And tell the f**k nigga please, nigga please. My goons got guns on deck. Nigga D. I. E. or live off I.v's. It's Ym with tha YB

[Yung Berg:]

Get em

Fresher than a baby's bottom crazy like an insane asylum me and wayne sippin' lean out a baby's bottle(syrup)fake niggas relay around em they just tryna se my face up in the paper column mad cause I'm gettin Colin Farel paper chalie and my girl won't wear it

if it ain't kavali. cute face, slim waist, call the baby

Halle f**kin hoes doin shows my two favorite hobbied
yeah. And I'm fresh up off the scream tour bright lights
big city you should come and see the show 13 girls,
13th floor, 13 pills anything goes. I walk around with my
crown on millionaire and I ain't never throw a cap and
gown on... young boss, young money, got the young
title I hit her with the young dick and make that bitch
suicidal...

[Lil Wayne:]

Nigga please, would you tell yo sister, babymama,
wife, stop callin me I'm busy getting money.

[Brisco:]

Holla when you need me I be on dat goon shit know to
ride or die for every nigga I fool with this O.G nigga
show me loved but never let me in his house or
intoduced me to his blood... I asked him why you don't
have a care in the world he said you gotta learn alot
and welcome to the underworld(underworld)yeah
exstortion, murder and every since then I've been a
f**kin ninja turtle cowabunga...

Young Brisc from HOOD ducked off in the old school
marquis... nigga please your woo game won't work
think you a soulja I'm a put him on a camoflaug shirt..
Berg, Weezy, look what I did to em' choppa style gon'
and put a cig to em'and you know how I know O silly
cause I did all that shit with my babymama with me...

[Lil Wayne:]

Stop playin bitch nigga you don't know what I got
tucked in my pants it go blam, it go bam I'm sayin, I'm
sayin, you playin put a dick up in your mouth boy watch
what the f**k u sayin do you know who the f**k I am
bitch I'm a man...

Now let me get that hand clap, that hand clap
Know what I'm sayin... It's Yung Berg, Weezy, Brisco too
damn hot... HOT Damnn...

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