

Lil Wayne

"Dedication 2"

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{whispers} Dedication 2... Â "Bang bang, I shot you down Â Â Bang bang, you hit the ground, bang bang Â Â Bang bang... I used to shoot you down"Â --> Nancy Sinatra "Bang Bang" *sample plays in the background* [Lil Wayne] Hah, Dedication 2, that's right, you already... Wake up motherfuckers it's Weezy, you got a problem? Heads to them Katrina victims, we still mobbin Shiny black coupe at night look like a goblin AK on the backseat, baby it's so-{*record rewinds*} Wake up motherfuckers it's Weezy, you got a problem? Heads to them Katrina victims, we still mobbin Shiny black coupe at night look like a goblin AK on the backseat, baby it's so vibrant Watch me let it spray like a hydrant, can't dodge it You not gettin wet in the rain is not logic She won't give that pussy to Wayne, I'm so obliged just Boy I been direct from inside of ya bitch body And, hi there ho whattayaknow I'm ridin in the same streets my pops died in, I got 'em and, I get that money tell my momma I'm grindin And I'll be coming home with our future in my pocket Shoot you if you block it, leave a nigga aqua Murder the adults and let the kids get adopted Sit it in the pot and watch me rise to power Gettin off twenty American pies an hour God damn, excuse ma'am but I'm the man And you better put my money in my hand, stop playin! Got ends, no friends, just brothers one color And I spread the motherfucker all over your room shutters Heh, they knew better I'm two letters I'm like M.J. and 2-3 and O.G., yeah I'm low-key Cause niggas and bitches is police I roll leaf, patching up the game's slow leak I'm Wee-zy ba-by! Lemme catch my breath... {breathing} Ok... Pussy-ass.. pussy-ass.. pussy-ass.. pussy.. Pussy-ass niggas, fake fraud-ass niggas Tryna save the pass SIM card-ass niggas Them broads laugh at ya, them niggas won't kill ya and them niggas that's witcha, could die right witcha I'll be shootin everything up in my eyesight mister I say I might miss ya, but lil' FeFe gon' hit ya And lil' Curren\$y'll split ya, Mack Maine'll straight flip ya Let (???) ship ya, then we'll all forget ya I'm sittin in the kitchen like "how can we all get richer" Got paint on my hands from painting the perfect picture Then I

tell lil' Josh, roll up the perfect swisher God damn the
hurricane, to the weed man we miss ya I'm the best just
listen, I ain't what the game been missin That's my
nigga Juelz, I been here since twelve Ten shells, let 'em
save themselves Fuck them niggas and they pals, pal,
pow!

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