

Lil Wayne

"Feel Me"

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[Woman]

So Lil' Wayne, what's your motivation?

[Lil Wayne]

Is that really a question? (Yeah shorty)

Do you really have that written down on your notepad?

(You already)

You should be ashamed of yourself (C 2)

You smell me girl

I smell like money

See, that's what they don't understand

To me, it was always get money or die

I come up under Birdman number 1 stunna ya know
what I mean

I'm stunna Jr. and that's all I know, that's all I ever knew

Get money or get nothing ya know what I'm sayin

And I feel that way, fo real

[Verse 1]

So hard I go I keep pushin (yeah)

The game so crazy I'm in it like deep pussy (yeah)

I got tripped from tryin to get the whole cookie

Used to make a thousand dollars every time I play
hookey (yeah)

Dwayne Carter absent keep lookin (bitch)

I'm present on the block I'm a legend on the block

Ice so bright like heaven on a watch

Yeah nigga I done dropped one-eleven on my
waaaatch

So waaaatch and see what I'll do

Breeze by you so fast got you sneezing hachhuuuu

They got the shivers, mayne I got the fever

I gotta bring the hood back after Katrina

Weezy F. Baby now the F is for FEMA

Sick nigga bitch I spit that leukemia (BITCH)

Yeah, no cure no help

So me so good so hard so felt

FEEL ME!

[Lil Wayne]

And that's just my point right there

That's what I'm always tryin to stress

Know what I'm sayin?

If you don't understand me if you don't feel me then
you ain't real

In my eyes and that's all it count to me, you know

[Woman]

So, is your music considered the voice of Urban
America or America period?

[Lil Wayne]

I mean, I would say, the voice of the hood
Cause that's who I speak for, and myself you know
what I mean?

My family that's who I represent

My homies (yeah)

My girl

My life, you know?

[Verse 2]

Come on

Bang this shit nigga pump my shit (yeah)

You gotta bang that wimp and go and dump that bitch
(yeah)

You gotta claim that strip and go and flood that bitch
(yeah)

You gotta aim that shit and straight bust that shit

Like, muthafuck them niggas what they want do I'm
ready

Tevin Campbell, no homo

Black Rambo (yeah)

Fuckin with the boy baby that's a gamble (yeah)

If we were in Vegas leave em on a crap table (come on)

I'm willing and I'm able to come and run up on your
stable

Like nobody make a sound, where the paper where the
paper

Gotta get it gotta have it once I got it I'mma spend it

Then it's back to doing any damn thing just to get it
(yaaaahh)

The re-ups be like birthday parties

No room to park the cars in the garages

So outside the cribs all you see is a ararryies

If I ain't say it right fuck it I ain't foreign

FEEL ME!

[Lil Wayne]

And see that's why everybody get me wrong at you
know what I mean

I got that heat rock

Fo real

[Woman]

Why do you think other rappers lack the impact of your
music?

[Lil Wayne]

That's because they ain't got their heat rock like me,
you know what I mean?
They ain't spittin like me, they spittin,
But know what I mean, they ain't got colds
I got the flu over here man
Fo real
I need relief, yall help me, fo real
Hahaha
I know yall sick of me cause I'm tired of yall fo real
[Verse 3]
And based on the bank, I'm doin much better than a lot
of these niggas
I'm tired of these niggas
Yawnin when I see em make me stretch and pull a
burner
I'm cockin back the passin, they catch em in their
sternum (Uf-uh uh)
That gone probably burn you
That gone probably learn you, to neva eva eva
Eva eva eva come around here no more
Rich gangstas over here you gotta die with the broke
bitch
Im the God I should ride with the Pope but the boys so
hood I'll just ride with my hoe (yeah)
Yeah, and tell em about Holly Grove, tell em about my
last show, tell em about my last hoe
You know, just born to mack call me Deion Sanders
bring the corner back (yeah)
I'm in my prime niggas fallin back (Ok)
That's right I'm comin baby yeah as hard as crack
FEEL ME!
[Lil Wayne]
And that's just what it is man (yeah)
If you don't like my shit then fuck you on your shit man
straight up
That's how I was taught that's how I was brought up and
that's how I'mma go down man
Fo real
Cash Money, Young Money in your muthafuckin throat
bitch
Swallow slow
Weezy F Baby
This interview is over
Go to the next song, bitch

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