

## Lil Wayne "Inkredible Remix"

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[Thugga - Verse 1]

I pop some Percocets  
Then I pop some Xanax  
Sitting back, strapped, cocked  
Plotting on your man next  
Jack a nigga for his work  
And stretch it like some Spandex  
He hesitate, I spray and leave him  
Like a Tampex - oops, I meant a Tampax  
Bitch, I keep that anthrax  
I can get your man wacked, for a couple Tan packs  
Shoot off your Sedan lap  
Nigga, I demand stacks  
I ain't playing, black  
Bitch, I be spraying Macks

All type of guns with accessories  
I'm like Cosby for the bills  
I need mills like Stephanie  
P-ssy niggas can't stand next to me  
I've got dope and ecstasy  
Keep em floating like both of the levees breached  
80s baby but my soul from the 70s  
Worldwide game like a travelled the 7 seas  
Niggas ain't OG, scary lil bitch, please  
Tune ate p-ssy in the can: Frisky

[Raw Dizzy]

I got 10 up on my pinky ring and 20 on my bracelet  
Now these niggas kissing ass, but they can't say shit  
I'm just here to separate the real from the fake shit  
I told you, I was coming n I'm sorry for the wait  
I gotta get this money  
Mane, it's right here in my face  
I got the Devil on my back  
I don't wanna be up in that place  
My mom tell me to be safe  
I just keep running in these streets  
I can't stop f-ckin with these hoes  
But I say I'm just doing me  
Bitch, I'm a 9th Ward nigga  
Mason street, D&G

That Florida right by the D they need to free my nigga B  
I ain't the type of person to be running from no beef  
Those f-cking guns are gonna be bursting  
Somebody knocked off their feet  
So watch your f-cking mouth  
Before you end up on that floor and stop

Acting like you're hard cause  
You know you've been a ho  
I told you out the gate I'm not the fake  
I gotta say it, please excuse  
Almost forgot I'm all Dizzy by the way

[Flow]

Money over bitches, bitch I'm coming for the check  
Vampire living, bitch I'm coming for your neck  
Raw! I'm sharp, my swagger like an X  
I'm a motherf-cking monster  
I rap like I'm possessed  
Call me Mr. Still Smoking, smoke it in a paper  
The game is a bitch, hold her down and rape her  
Yes I am a Blood but I be wylin' with my skaters  
We probably smoking flavors bumping Tyler the  
Creator  
I'm a Eastside native, all my niggas Soo Woopin'  
They went crazy when they heard I had a song  
With Lil Tunechi, bitch!  
Get some ice and pour my Sprite  
And light my bong and my doobies  
F-ck your producer  
I'm the one that be producing my music  
I'm a hippie surrounded by a lot of pot  
Pot is in me  
Drop ya like an Autobot  
Sleeping on me like I'm rapping with a blanket  
Kill a nigga have him thinking that he planking

[Lil Wayne]

All-red plaid shirt, skinny ass jeans on  
Them goons at your front door, choppers out: "ding  
dong!"  
Didn't I change the game and put my motherf-cking  
team on  
Now let my chopper ring  
"Baka!" is my ringtone  
F-ck you ho-ass niggas, I get money and get over hoes  
We hold court with them heaters  
"Pop!" case open/closed  
Looking for a bitch to hop up on my totem pole  
And my blunt be stupid-fat, double-stuffed - Oreos  
I get loaded til I motherf-cking overload

Been rapping, flows still tight like aerobic's clothes  
Ask them bitches, I told em hoes  
They back it up like Sunnydrive and Bronx Tale closure  
tho  
Lighter in my pocket, light the sky rocket  
Pull em hammers out and run them nigga's like  
Stocktons  
Got some niggas from my city  
Thugga, Dizzy, Flow  
Sorry 4 the Wait, coming soon, Carter IV, beyotch!

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