

Lil' Wayne "Intro CD2"

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Uh...Hello...New mixtape bitch...Iz called Da Drou 3
[laughs]...
Yeah...This was supposed to be the intro, but uhm...
I guess ima gonna uhm...Do what yall came here for...

[in Rastafarian voice]
Yeah...Rasta dem king of the jungle,
Dread lock swing down me back like Reppunsle.
My bread don't swing. Dem packs in a bundle;
We'll take your tings, sell it back to your uncle.
And we'll make it rain till your dances will come true;
We'll make it rain so you betta bring a swimsuit.
Alone when I came, but I'm leavin with them two;
Gals give me brain, give me brain like temples.
And him got the game, game sharp like a pencil;
And if you want formage we can crash like a symbol.
And Let prepare me window, on my new sports coupe;
twelve hoarses in the hood, sittin on hoarse shoes.
Come from the land that Jesus walked through;
Sacrifice me life, man I bleed for me uncle.

Them no want to run, run with me them no want to;
Murder them, and the family them belong to.
Next ting them kno I run a street like a cardoor;
You go after me, me I dearly depart you.
Hip hop is mine now, Mine what you gone do?;
I can jump on any nigga song and make a part two.
Playtime for me, cuz see to me, they are cartoons;
how come every joint be on point like a harpoon?
How come evry bar stand strong like a barstool?;
how come every line is so raw you gone snort too?

Murder them. Man I murda them. Fuck a competition,
man I murda them.
Man murda them. Man I murda them. Fuck a
competition, man I murda them. [laughs]...
[in regular] and that is why i'm hot...
Its Da Drought 3, Welcome.
Have fun!

