

# Lil' Wayne "Outro"

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[Bun B:]

When I step in the spot, motherfuckers say "who that? "  
Big Bun B, but you already knew that  
Live from the state where they chop it and screw that  
You hatin' on the trill OG, where they do that? (for real!)  
Motherfuckers need to get off the dick, man  
Fall the fuck back like a bike with no kickstand  
Get out my mix man, just go' get you stuck  
Deeper in the quicksand, with no easy fix, man (damn!)  
No tricks, man, those is for kids  
Cushion, my cigar, and hoes in the crib  
Drank, and the 20 ounce froze in the fridge  
You fuckin' with da so you know what it is  
I'm sittin on the fours that clack  
Comin' down candy in the golden 'lac  
We gettin' to the money like it's goldman sachs  
And we do it for the pimps that are holding back... let's  
go!

[Nas:]

Look who crept in with automatic weapons, reppin' qb  
till the death of him  
That nigga that inspired lyrical tyrants like kanye west  
and em  
Track record goes back to "the essence", smack  
adolescents who ask who the best is  
I'm nasty like gas from a fat man, attested, I pass it,  
you gaspin' for breath and you die fast  
But I'm like a gastric bypass?, actors seemed to get  
typecast in the same role  
Since 16 I ain't grow a day old yet my brain grow,  
cocaine white range rov'  
Tats on my body like an art exhibit, I did real good for a  
private nigga

Was once a bacardi sipper, now it's chandon, fat blunts  
in the car with strippers  
Guns in compartments hidden, I was real young, little  
youth, a novice nigga  
Blessings, bowed down, respected, chowed down now  
my food's digested  
Pow pow, with my shooters are techs that'll bust louder

than the noise that I just spit  
Let's get one thing straight that my crown ain't for  
testin'... testin'  
Chop heads off like king henry the 8th, guillotine to ya  
neck, bitch!  
I'm a king in this thing, don't be dumb  
Been in this shit since '91  
Niggas can't fuck with the style I use  
Your fate is sealed, no heidi klum  
Calm now, was a wylin' dude, studied cowards that  
made power moves  
Watched wild planet seen lions devour food, you can  
say that's how I move  
A monster nigga, and I don't really like doing songs  
with niggas  
There go my nigga wayne, let them niggas hate  
Or like my nigga drake say "we ain't got time to  
respond to niggas"

[Shyne:]  
I'm a villain, I'm a villain, all that happens in the street  
Poverty and desperation made me everything I be  
I'm a shotta, when I pop up with them poppers burn ya  
block up  
Call the judges, call the coppers, we takin' over gotham  
Blood Game 5, it's that Blood Game 5  
But green is the bottom line  
I run this town I ain't gon lie  
They running out they aint gon fire  
They acting like they ain't gon die  
Until I let them llamas fly

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