

## Lil Wayne "This Is The Carter"

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Okay, I'm finally perfect, ya know  
Y'all already know what it is and if you don't  
Then the great Mannie Fresh  
Will enlighten you

Ladies and gentlemen, pimps and playas  
Half ass rappers, true rhyme sayers  
This is the Carter, so hold onto your teenage daughter  
This is the Carter, a lot more rich, a whole lot smarter  
Wayne in ya brain young Carter  
Wayne in ya brain young Carter

Who am I? Young wizzle fa shizzle  
Flow sicker than a third floor in hospitals  
My charm starburst, my watch skittles  
I'm hot sizzle, what up hot bizzle?

Holla at a playa, I'm sorta like BD  
Y'all can't stop my dribble or block the lay-ups  
Soft top the Coupe, mami pop her too  
Don't chase the feelin' baby girl, let it come to you

Remove the ceilin' on the girl, now she comfortable  
I'ma world class G mami fuck wit dude  
I'ma world class G mami fuck wit dude  
I'ma world class G mami fuck wit dude

I got Lazy-Boy bank that's comfort low  
I'ma offense coordinator run the shoe  
You watch your grill what you ought to do  
'Fore your ribs get barbecued

And my ribs is showin' , I say I'm starving dude  
This, this, this, this, this is the Carter dude  
What up Reel, c'mon

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I'm the Birdman Birdman Jr. bitch  
I be high in the sky shit on you and your bitch  
I'm the Birdman Birdman Jr. bitch  
I be high in the sky shit on you and your bitch

I'm the Birdman Birdman Jr. bitch  
I be high in the sky shit on you and your bitch  
I be flyer than your guy nigga lose the prick  
Now if ya follow everything just grab a wing

And we could, ssh  
All the way down to the mall and bet I buy it all  
Young Mar' picture the broad lick  
All the way down to the balls then she wipe it off

If getting money is wrong I ain't right at all  
I young money a car I just write it off  
I'm the boss of my own shit, I'm my own click  
I would say fuck ya but go and get ya own dick

Get ya game up boy hustle harder  
This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this  
Get ya game up boy hustle harder  
This, this, this, this, this, this is the Carter, yea

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And y'all better blame Baby  
'Cuz he the muthufucka that made me and I'm crazy  
And y'all ask why I never left the navy?  
'Cuz he the muthufucka that pay me, is you crazy?

Young, young, young wizzle baby  
Give you yo issue, me don't wanna kiss you  
No, no, no me no want no bullshit  
So, so stop baller blockin' 'cuz a nigga hood rich

And I floss everyday because I could bitch  
So holla at ya boy 'cuz I'm still on some hood shit  
Like, like, like what's really good wit ya mom or your lil  
boy  
And your sister lookin' good shit, shit

I'm still Apple Eagle weasel  
1-7 Hollygrove never ever leave you

I got y'all waitin' on my sequel  
This, this, this, this, this, this is the Carter people

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