

# Lil' Wayne "Top Back"

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Yeah, that's me and T man  
T.I. dot com bitch  
Tip, fuck wit' ya boi  
Hey, that is my brotha  
Ladies and gentleman T.I.

And he is the king, bitch  
Don't get that shit twisted  
And me, I am the best rapper alive  
Ladies and gentleman, hello

This is the drought 3  
And it's been a minute since  
I rapped on a Manny Fresh beat  
But uh, I guess I'll go ahead  
And show these niggas what to do  
With one of the beats, man

I like my seat down low and my window slightly cracked  
Ridin' wit' a bad hoe with her girlfriend in tha back  
I like to get real high and I never look back  
And you don't wanna try me and don't I look strapped?

I come from tha hardest city, ain't nobody fuckin' wit' it  
I got black and gold soul wit' a fresh New Orleans fitted  
And a collared polo and a pair of balli bucks

Young Money motherfucka, I know you worry about us  
Cash Money motherfucker, CMR, I trust  
Never had my jaw brokin' but his jaw I'll bust  
And I probably got your girlfriend on my bus

What happens on my bus stays on my bus  
And that white widow weed out the jar is a must  
If you give me a cigar then a cigar I'll bust  
Put that white widow weed in the cigar and puff

Look ma, I'm tryin' to make a porno starring us  
Well, not just us, a couple foreign sluts  
Yeah, we make this a manage twain, ya'll in?  
I be with Jim Jones and we be ballin' ballin'

Yeah baby, we ballin' like Rawlins and Spalding  
Pint of DJ screw and that Hawaiian  
I am leaning like 3 legged lion  
Climbing right to the top  
Of the motherfuckin' mountain counting

I'm gonna need me an accountant to count it  
Manny got this fuckin' beat pounding  
It's pounding but it was just lost until I found it  
I found it, stole it like a scoundrel

Holly grove hound it, put this bitch to sleep  
Fucking right, I night gowned it, nigga's talkin' cheap  
Tell them niggas, pipe down bitch  
Bloods in the building, now everybody soundless

Beatin' up this track like a motherfuckin round fist  
Blind, deaf or crazy, I'ma spit like a long kiss  
I'm just a martian, ain't nobody else on this planet I  
know

See, I live by my only  
Say where my cheese nigga? Where my macaroni?  
Baby, I get up in da ass and act a donkey  
Candy, armed candy nigga grippin' the grain  
See, I'm the only fire that can live in the rain  
I am so, so New Orleans like 1825 Tulane

Ha, ha, ha, see you gotta be New Orleans  
To know what I'm talkin 'bout and if you don't, fuck you  
Say what I want and I don't want nothin'  
'Cause I got everything, bitch

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