

Edwin McCain Band**"Bring it Back"**

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Mannie Fresh talking]

Ladies and Gentlemen

People with jobs people without jobs

Middle class, upper class, high class all that

Cats, snakes, chickens, ducks, elderly people in
twerkers

I present to you

Fresh, Fresh, Fresh, Fresh, Fre, Fre, Fresh

Dj Mannie Fresh, Fresh, Fre, Fresh

Mannie Fresh, Fre, Fresh

Dj Mannie Fre, Fre, Fresh

Young ladies

Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump

Put ya back in back out do the hump

Put ya hand on ya knees and bend ya rump

Put ya back in back out do the hump

[Lil Wayne]

Well, I'm fly as a son of gun son of a stunna

Yeah, high as a 757 goin to heaven

Who, Weezy F. ya reverend, preach about me

I'm the god, 1 - 7, Apple & E

I'm the Cash Money Mackeveli, yall ain't ready

Quick fast like Tom Petty, yall just petty

82 I was born ready, I'm too ready

I don't affiliate with baller blockers I'm to heavy

Meatball Lamborghini top spaghetti

Seats Ragu, 20 the shoe

Who me and you got plenty to do

I don't need no pool I swimming in you

And I sleep with the sharks shawty on that water water

And the Beamer ain't hundred-forty mama shake for
me

And it don't make sense if it don't make that money

I'ma take that money, I'm straight Cash Money (young
Ladies!!!)

[Hook]

Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in back out do the hump
Put ya hand on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in back out do the hump

(Whodi) I bring it back (whodettes) to the bottom of the maps

(Whodi) I bring it back (whodettes) to the bottom of the maps

(Whodi) I bring it back (whodettes) to the bottom of the maps

(Whodi) I bring it back (whodettes) to the bottom of the maps

[Lil Wayne]

I take off my brim
Moment of silence for the homeboy Soulja Slim
Frontin round here and get ya back chopped off
Wit dough only thing we don't act like yall
I say black white balls wit the back swiped off
Yall lil busta just a tax write-off
I'ma stand up guy not the type that falls
We don't breed them kind but they bleed just fine
Yeah, Weezy the dime, homie read between the lines
If ya can't boy read my nine
I'm goin hard in a paint like Diesel time
Either I'm the illest cat doin it or these cats is losin it
Aww be easy, fall back and be cool wit it
If Paul Bearer is moving his dead flow, I'm doin it
I'm the shhh naw naw I'm sewerage
Weezy F. baby I do's this (young Ladies!!!)

[Hook]

An old school gangsta, mack like the 80s
I look like Cita, act like baby
Yeah, you play wit me I react like the navy
Or better yet the army you gon need them for me
Yeah, and your head is a bleepin target
You don't want me to see you wit my peekin Thomas
Wizzle Fizzle, I keep in New Orleans
Sleepin wit women that sleep wit the Hornets
Yeah, a country boy is something foreign
Bout a hundred thousand more than what you're in
Ya not bout it you freeze up like popsicles
Pop up on bicycles, pop yall like spot pimples
Yeah, Wizzle fizzle original Hot Bizzle
Still Lil Wayne but the dividends not little
Don't be surprised how the crown fit him
Uh get down uh get down for the young 'Pac footprints

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne]

Best rapper alive since the best rapper retired

Best rapper alive since the best rapper retired

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