

Edwin McCain Band**"Get Somethin'"**

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[Chorus: Mannie Fresh]

Lexus, Benz, Impala's wit' the top down drivin' careless
Swervin' through from left to right, and I'm dressed so
super tight
Baby girl shake it like Beyonce
I done forgot about fiancée, blowin' smoke up in the air
Table dances by my chair
Get something now

[Lil Wayne]

I'm hot from New Orleans
Weezy F Baby
Way above ballin'
Stay above yall and
I got da A and da K if y'all want it
I'm making way for my homies
better not sleep, stay awake for the moment
It's young Carter come and get it in order ooh...hotter
You six feet in the six
Im snuffed in the Bentley
Ooh..shorty stop playin' wit' me
I'm da heart of the SQ mobbers
Mobbin' wit my black Madonna
Get my back mamma
Got that Mac persona
I'm a P.I.M.P, I'm the uncrowned K.I.N.G
I'm from uptown never tempt me
cuz its like nevada
Ill leave my desert empty uhh
Bezzle yellow SP Yeah..
Ain't a fella hotter than me, ain't another better than
me ooh.

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Hole in the door fo' show ya boy rollin'
I'm cold wit' da' flow no boast but y'all boring
holding my coast by myself never folding
Throwing the SQAD 7 up lettin' em know it
wizzle F toting floating

Notice the stroke in my motion, strollin'
Toke and a poke and a smoke got me loaded
Put a purple ocean in my soda make potion
Pull a rover over by some hoes make noise
Roll ya body like a snake slow for all my boya'z
wizzle hotter than ya hottest gat but so poised
Bodies flying in the air while I whip the Harley
I'm hardly seeing you playa you can't see me
I'm a gangsta I supposed to be on TV, really
And the rolls gold bezzle show clearly
fee where you at you gotta feel me Daddy

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

See I look to my side and Lil Gudda say peel ya
Weezy F get familiar y'all boy's startin na get peculiar
I'ma's kii..kii ..kill ya
I'ma Kit Kat dealer
I'ma Maybach wheeler
I'ma get them millions
Like a slick big William hater
Big willy like I fuck's wit Jada
I ain't got nothin' but yaya man
Nothin' but flavors man
Nothin' but wages man
Nothin' but paper
I'ma fuck it and take it and show all of my homies
Drop 20's on the 'Rari
Scratch off at parties
I'ma make your hoe grab all her shorties up in the
Escalade Suburban
Snatch off that lingerie
I'ma make y'all boys back off the army
Put that hammer to your dome
Now come off that arm piece
And I like that chain
I'm feeling that heck
My papi's Ozzy Ozbourne
And I'm feeling like Jack
Gimme dat!

[Chorus]

That's wassup
Man, it's weezy F man
AND The F is for fly (flllyyy)
Birdman junior...

