

**Edwin McCain****"Way of Life"**

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[Intro: Mannie Fresh]

Look right here, this how we gon do this  
Hook up the turn tables, whoof get on the keyboard  
And we gon run this for you, ya heard?  
Yeah, check it out

[Female]

Cash Money...  
Cash Money...  
Cash Money...  
Cash Money...

[Lil Wayne]

Ay, let me slide in the Benz with the fished-out fins  
Hit the mall wit my girlfriends dish out ends  
Cause you know it ain't trickin if you got it  
Copped baby girl what she desired  
It's chump change ma, marijuana scholar  
Know'n what I got up in my styrafoam cup - that purple stuff  
It was given to me at birth to stun  
So that's why I cop the Bentley with the leather and the furry cups

[Baby]

Hey, hold on mami them whips on dubs  
Cadillac Truck, 28's, no rubs  
Slide in the Benz, fins, bubble-eyed lens  
Car show in New York, y'all know who wins  
It's the Birdman daddy, with the Gucci Prada  
Slant back Cup Truck, no rims - can't holla  
It's that Louie Fendi on Ostrich streets  
It's the tailor-made daddy, mami do you love me?

[Chorus: TQ]

Baby, I'm a stunna  
I ain't gon change it  
Don't.. you.. know.. it's a way of life?  
Mami, do you want it?  
Cause I'm about to bring it  
Oh baby, can't stop the stun, no, no

[Baby]

Pop one, pop two with the new Nike shoes  
Royal blue jag on 'em 22's  
Slippers, white to breathe, 500 Degreez  
In that Cadillac Truck on 'em 23's  
I'm the boss of the game with the money and fame  
All these, naked women that pop champagne  
And these, marble floors stay high as Rick James  
If you know my name then you know my game

[Lil Wayne]

It's Lil' Whodi from the Hot Block where series flow  
Gotta get dough, cha'll won't feel me broke  
But, y'all don't hear me though  
Til I'm rolling down my window where my grill is show  
And you know I probably pump it through the hood on  
them 24's  
Word, rims poking out the side of the err  
Glock, have ya ribs poking out the side of your shirt  
I'm a 17 nigga and I ride through the turf

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Hey, and my pinky glow cause my rings is so...  
Blingy blingy, yo stop blinking though  
We smoke stinky stinky dro  
And we don't cop them incy wincy o's  
And we don't stop, nah, we blow  
Fuck the pee-ple  
Everywhere we go we smell like ick yo  
Birdman, my Paw so that make me go.. fly like an  
eagle, fasheezy

[Baby]

See they think cause I stay English turn  
That stunna don't ever OZ to burn  
I go in each sto' and ball like a dog  
Me and my niggs ball like a dog  
Cars on my streets, all on the lawn  
Ice in my teeth, all on my arm  
Tats in my face, my back and my arm

[Lil Wayne]

Tats in my face, my back and my arm

[Chorus]

[Outro: Mannie Fresh]

Yo, there it is, ya lil' low life

See, I'm a professional - you a rookie  
Fuck, a game so serious I could sell a hooker some  
pussy  
That's some serious shit  
Oh yeah, believe that  
Who we rollin wit?  
We rollin wit Cash Money  
Oh, I forgot about peace - Peace!  
I mean.. piece of pussy, piece of land, piece of property  
Just a mind game  
Piece of mind, ya know  
Piece of something, motherfucker!

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