

## **Lil' Wayne F/ Mannie Fresh**

### **"How U Get a Record Deal?"**

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On the Black Ceasar tip, my dialogue is just like  
a frank inside of a supermarket, raw dog  
I'm the untouchable, never to be took out  
A Sexy Mother.. ooh child, Prince look out!  
I'm keepin girls of all shades on my trail  
From a Sister Act down to a Single White Female  
Cause when I hit the skins they all say, "Damn Kane -  
you knock out the Bush like a presidential campaign"  
But if you think that lickin toes makes me weak  
you better treat me like Freddy Krueger: don't sleep  
I write raps, ready to rip and rock real rough rhymes  
Run in rugged and raw, rapidly ruinin roaches  
Point blank - I spell murder to a bum  
All you backwards rappers - REDRUM, REDRUM!  
Cause I do em somethin awful, break em down to a  
morsel  
Makin sure that you're no longer adorable  
Rappers get so quiet when I'm comin, that if they  
shitted a dictionary, you couldn't get a word from em  
It's sort of a tradition in Bed-Stuy to do or die  
So steppin to me is suicide  
I couldn't think of a rapper takin mines  
I feel like Ali, "I'm the greatest of all times"  
Floatin like a butterfly, stingin like a bee  
Yeah I know this ain't boxin but that's still my pedigree  
But as for you, you have no appeal  
How you get a record deal?

Like shell-toe Adidas, ain't a damn thing changed  
the way I shoot off lyrics like a firin range  
Breakin out in a cold sweat - the death threat  
Gettin more props than a movie set  
The smooth microphone assassin, rhymes keep blastin  
Uhh, I keep the body count massive  
But if you say you increased the Bodycount troop  
You must admit that you joined Ice-T's group  
Cause you ain't hurtin niggedy nuthin, so why you  
bluffin?  
Tryin to be the new Big Daddy SOMETHIN  
But there's only, before me, no one is ?, huh  
You couldn't come Pryor if your name was Richard

Cause I'm the Alpha and Omega  
Arm-Leg-uh-Leg-uh-Arm-Head, stayin raw til I'm dead  
And to battle me you shouldn't even try  
Cause with wings on your tongue, you still couldn't say  
nothin fly  
And I don't care if you bring a crew  
And I don't even care if someone else writes for you  
Man you could even be someone the crowd may just  
like but shoot  
you couldn't see me with a bifocal mic  
Check my resume, Rap Masters, word up  
Yo! MTV, BET, The Box and all that good stuff  
And Billboard for my five year duration  
And see that I got more spots than a dalmation  
Let's get down to finish this large  
You could bring on your whole squad, none of you  
chumps are hard  
All that garbage you mumble ain't real and seriously,  
seriously  
How you get a record deal?

A lot of rappers today, wonder  
should I ask Kane to write rhymes for me to say?  
Well you're god damn right you should  
Cause my rhymes are like spandex, they make any ass  
seem good  
So act like you know Baby Pop  
when I riggedy rock the higgedy hip-hop non stop, as I  
freak the funk and flip the flavor to flow with the flyest  
A fury full force in the flames of the fire, now  
may these MC's rest in peace  
Because when I come to town, the population decrease  
I leave em finished, dead and that's that, huh  
Not even Pet Semetary could bring em back  
I slay my pray, A to K, I tell em like Jennifer Holiday  
No no no no no nooooooooooooo way!  
That you could ever touch this, no you know how I feel?  
I think you bought your record deal..

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