

Lil Wayne f/ Young Money

"Thank You"

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Thank you. We would like to thank you This must be what it feel like Hustlers and Hustlerettes Gangsters and Gangstresses [Jae Millz] Yo, black and grey pin stripe suit Marc Jacob hard bottoms I'm fly spreadin my wings like true And my date yeah she beautiful too She went easy on the make-up but the bitch still cute We ease out the rows and proceed forward Ain't her so i'm passin twice Feelin like a graduation with all of these flashing lights You fucking right a lot of ?? clique gonna splash tonight You damn right a lot of wives gonna be smashed tonight Red carpets, cameras, I say Millz yikes Shit this must be what victory feel like Got you niggas stuck like still lifes Weezy told me kid we bout to know what making history feel like Young Money got 'em bout to earl like Garnett I throw my hands in the air and scream top of the world The champs has arrived Thanks for the applause You are far too kind Now pass us our award [Mack Maine] Pass me that H2O I'm in a H2 Passing on my old bitches They hollerin' out I hate you New bitches that I don't know like Mack I wanna date you Walt Disney on Ice every time I skate through I got that blue flame flow, it's inferno Clamidia type of words they will burn you Your flesh is what I burn through I'm +sonning+ you niggas, I'm paternal I ain't going nowhere like Joe Paterno I'm still calling shots from the press box I make you niggas cough up a lung like S. Dot Put hot sauce on my bullets now your flesh hot Glove over my shooting hand when I feel the TEC's hot You niggas on the bench, y'all gets no P.T. Becuase you can't ball hard like B.D. You niggas wanna be me When you're at home you listen to my CD And roll your eyes every time you see me I used to fuck with B.G. I got a White House that ain't in D.C. Try Atlanta nigga Me and my brother Tomb be riding round in Phantom's nigga And Maybachs with wheels that cost a fortune like Pat Sajak And we still got that Vanna White We done made from Hollygrove to this, nigga this a fabulous life Honey comb hide out, Young Money beehive Let me move to the side, here comes the Best Rapper Alive [Lil Wayne] And I will not lose I got them bitches lookin' at the bottom of my shoes Call me First

Place Carter I live in the lead I'ma die with the title And
winning is vital Women is after, we get that money right
now My paper chase me, it's on my heels like some
white socks I'ma just go 'cause I don't really like stop
Pull this bitch out and shoot you once in the right spot
Y'all niggas phony, the top is so lonely I had to tell the
devil you gonna have to postpone me Right now I'm in a
race, in a race against time 'Cause everybody else is
like a race against mom But mamma kinda fast though
Mamma told me smash though So I'm about to smash
your motherfucking ass hoe Motherfucking asshole Yes
I know this But when you get the cash out the asshole
You gotta be on some shit Future billionaire, yeah I
gotta be on the list Got a runway in my pants 'cause all
the models be on my dick Young Money, Young Money
Swallow that shit bitch Santa Clause killer with a holday
shit list You could check my imprint Two new TEC's and
a M-10 Every bullet in him He swell up like a blimp and I
get money hoe, what the hell I look like pimpin? Bitch
I'm winning Ya dig?

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