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Lil' Wayne F/ Juvenile ''Flawless''

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One time, yo

Yo, you know what? I might not always say the right thing But I say what the fuck I feel On the real What the deal

Knawmean? World's greatest five-footer back up in yo shit Check it Let me ask you

[VERSE1]

Who these cats lookin punanny-ish? For those who don't understand: that's some vagina shit

I think I'm lost, yo, tell me what you're dealin with? Niggas' rhymes be watered down like porn star clitoris It's so ridiculous, you're soundin hideous Talkin tough, but be dressin on some wussy shit Tight see-through shirt, on some hard nipple shit Fake Versace shades while all up in the club and shit Fake Rolex, it'll change the color of your arm and shit Sports bras, halter tops, what the fuck is this? Dudes be brought up just to sell some records? SHIT Then wanna be voice of the streets, you see this bullshit?

Wait - if you gon' half-step in hip-hop, you need to stop This here remains in the street, play puss, you're gettin fucked

Go 'head, play yourself with them ho-like hooks Sing ballads if it's all about the Maxwell look Mack make-up with a pair of [brand name] thinkin you're cute

Fubu suit with Steve Madden boots make me wanna puke

Phat Farm shorts with a garder belt, lookin like a whore Or a purple bandana cause it matches your shaw? Now tell me, what you rhymin for?

This shit is all about flows, fuck a fashion show

Hip-Hop 101, Professor Diggy, yo And if you want it laid back, call Kenny Lattimore No disrespect to these men, cause I like R&B But right here in my class we gonnna emcee It's all about the zhigge-zhigge, yeah, the scratch 'n cut Graffiti art, jammin in the park, holdin your nuts Muthafuckas, I am hip-hop, I walk hip-hop, I talk hip-hop I need hip-hop, I lust hip-hop, I love hip-hop B-Boy round the clock, doin it non-stop

Flawless

Diggy gon' hit you with the rawness Pass me the mic and I'ma scorch it And when mi done with it, mi just toss it But never force it My shit is flawless Mutty Ranks hit you with the rawness Pass me the mic and I'ma scorch it And when mi done with it, mi just toss it But never force it

[VERSE 2]

Peep the Groove Attack ensemble, we about to fly high Fuck majors, we independent like the 4th of July (Why?) I guess we didn't really share the same vision But it was their decision Them fuckers just wouldn't listen But now look who's bitchin While Phifey cuts with precision It's my ass they're kissin Don't worry 'bout what I'm shippin As for Jive, I know they hate on how I blow up the spot How quickly they forget what got they ass to the top What they figure, I bust my ass to feed they dirty-ass kids? Get the fuck out of here, fuck am I, Britney Spears? These cats'll turn you against your brethren if you let em, and how It's the reason me and my former partner don't talk now Communication is the key, capital word be unity These folks will guide you to your grave, then come and read the eulogy Independent like Philly, majors can't do shit for me but suck mi toe Go find a MC with some half-assed flow But I understand these styles, they just quickly endin now Forever wantin to play games, but guess what, I'm not a child

For the new breed of MC's: learn to own your shit, gee

Stay black, keep it real, purchase at [Name] Fuck a waiting to exhale, Malik is at once released While all you so-called CEO's and A&R's get impeached Say Fudge - you should never let me off the damn leash

Ha-ha Arrrf! Now break it down now I am hip-hop, I sleep hip-hop, I want hip-hop I love hip-hop, I lust hip-hop, I need hip-hop B-Boy round the clock, doin it non-stop

And I'm Flawless Diggy gon' hit you with the rawness

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