

# Gonorrhea (feat. Drake)

## Lil Wayne & Drake

Yeah

Sound like my mic is dry Ugh, I am not a human

Shout to all my moon men

Yeah they call me Tune

Got them bitches tuned in

It's a crazy world, so I stay in mine

And niggas don't cross the line

Niggas stay in line

Like welfare, I'm St. Elsewhere

Hotter than a devil, nigga hell yeah

Roc-a-bye baby, homicide baby

That's more tear drops, call me cry baby

What you talkin' 'bout? Tell it to my nine

Cut your tongue out, mail it to your moms

I'm the young God, swagga un-flawed

Bitch I'm in the building, you in a front yard

Life's a bitch, nahh better yet a dumb broad

And I bet I can fuck the world and make it cum hard

Yeah, you boys is washed up

And I'm shittin' on 'em like 2 Girls and 1 Cup

Weezy Baby aka bring the money home

Pull out a AK and pop ya in ya funny bone

Laugh now, die later motherfucker

You's a bitch like Zeta Phi Beta motherfucker

Yeah, call it how I see ya

I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya

Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea

Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea

Yeah, I call it how I see ya

I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya

Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea

Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea Man I'm so tired of ballin' I sleep a lot now

I'll let my goons rush ya like Moscow

Gun at ya eyebrow... pow pow

Man I ball hard even with 5 fouls

Yeah we in this bitch like tampons

Dump you in the woods, now get ya camp on

Choke hold around this shit cause I'm so hands on

I get high as fuck and Polo sheets is what I lands on

Back against the wall and my two feet is what I stand on  
Diva in the room, she blowin' me just like a band horn  
Got her on her knees, the same knees that she be prayin' on  
Now she just text her girlfriend with a capital U can join  
Yeah, what y'all wanna do I'm all ears  
Smoking on that headband, call that shit that Paul Pierce  
I'm just so ahead of my time like dog years  
Bald like Solange, India Arie, Britney Spears haha  
Yeah, call it how I see ya  
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya  
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea  
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea  
Yeah, I call it how I see ya  
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya  
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea (uh, yeah)  
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrheaI aaaaamm, spending much more than I'm making on these cars  
And these vacations, is that too much information?  
I just bought a Lamborghini, I'm not even into racing  
With a windshield full of tickets cause I live right by the station  
I aaaaamm, tryna figure out why you so mad at me  
Yes I'm with Young Money tell that magazine stop asking me  
I be with the dread with the tattoos on his head  
And a flag the color red like a fucking low battery, okay  
Nigga peep this shit I'm wylin' on  
I be with your baby momma, you be with your child at home  
Big Moe, Big Red, two cups made of Styrofoam  
Big cheese, big bread call that shit a calzone, okay  
I will break your fucking collar bone  
Us against the world, better pick which fuckin' side you on  
Wayne got a Bugatti that he steady putting mileage on  
And we about to kill 'em, C4, Mr. Carter's homeeeYeah, call it how I see ya  
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya  
We some asshole niggas, call us diarrhea  
The money keep growing  
Yep it's growing like a chea  
Yeah, I call it how I see ya  
Y'all some pussy ass niggas, we should call ya gonorrhea  
Uh, you keep talkin' that shit I'mma see ya  
Kill ya senorita and and fuckin' mama mia, ughh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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