UOENO (DatPiff Exclusive)

Lil' Wayne

Uh, I'm flying private through Cloud 9
Yeah, if you got a problem, I'm Einstein
Yeah, I'm yawnin' I'm so tired of ballin'
Yeah, Only selling work to them workaholics
Got guns bigger than you nigga, I don't fuck with new niggas
I blue's your bitch ass hopes somebody give you rhythm
I got animal all in my flo'
Take your shoes off at the door
Niggas feed these bitch's lies, nigga don't food poison my ho
I buy my drugs for the low, like a coupon on at the store
My nigga's like Kanye with that good
My nigga's like Lou Rawls with that blow
Niggas be sayin' they racked up, don't let that Q-ball leave you broke
I know you want a pat on the back, but then those fools goin' see you choke
I saw yo' bitch and she said, she tryin' to move on and let go
Boy I get up in that pussy and hit her with moves you don't even know
Nigga's be trippin' over these ho's, I done came too far to get close
I've been outchea gettin' bread, and I don't need you all in my loaf
If you stick your neck out there, I'll have my goon's all at your throat
Nigga's be lukewarm at the most
And when I'm through ballin' I coach
Shout out to my nigga Mack
Gettin' his boo on in that Ghost
I'm still coming off the top of the dome
But it'd be on a tombstone if I wrote
TunechiMy kids already rich and they don't even know
These nigga's sayin' they playa's, they ain't even scored
My bitch rolling my weed, she don't even smoke
Everybody following me, I ain't even Moses, nigga
Uh
My cologne illegal in nine countries
I found a way like it was hiding from me
Yeah, my weed good, my sex better
Bitch, don't text me no long letters
I'm ahead of the game, I need a blowjob
Most of these ho's ain't got no job
And these nigga's goin' buy em' everything
You goin' fuck around, and get the ho robbed
I'm ahead of the game, I need a haircut

Used to hug the block, I mean bear hug
And tell them rats the AK go Rat-a-Tat, like snare drums
I woke up this morning, dick rock hard
Dick harder than a armadilla'
MLK would be proud of me, cause I do this shit for all my nigga's
Her mouth, pussy, or asshole, life is full of hard decisions
If she ain't fuckin', she get the boot
Let me write this bitch a parking ticket
Ain't got time for love life
All I know is get paid
I'm high like Bonjour
Twisted like French braids
I got my own shoes, SLIME
T, I feel like MJ
I'm working that graveyard shift, man these nigga's been dead
Uh
I feel asleep in that pussy and I didn't even know
I woke up and acted like I didn't even know her
Yeah
Don't fuck with these fuck nigga's, you already know us
I'm looking for that loud pack, weedman bring the noise
Yeah
Pass that weed to the next nigga
Blunt longer than a tongue twista
Ho's want this scud missile
I'mma ball, like Crystal
Lil Tunchi Li, young sex pistol
New money, no wrinkles
I'm hard headed, Ocho
Dedication Cinco
UhWhat up 5?
Rocko fuck with me!
Yeah!
Future fuck with me!
Yeah!
T, I feel like MJ
I'm working that graveyard shift, man these nigga's been dead
5!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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