

# Gonorrhea (feat. Drake)

## Lil Wayne

Sound like my mic is right  
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', 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 9  
Cut your tongue out, mail it to your moms  
I'm a young god, swagga un-flawed  
Bitch I'm in the building, you in the front yard  
Life's a bitch, naw, 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 two girls and one cup  
Weezy Baby a.k.a. bring the money home  
Pull out a A.K. and pop ya in ya funny bone  
Laugh now die later motherfucker  
You's a bitch like Zeta Phi Beta motherfucker 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  
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 five fouls  
Yeah we in this bitch, like tampons  
Dump ya 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, "You can join"  
Yeah, what y'all wanna do I'm all ears  
Smokin' on that head band call that shit that Paul Pierce  
I'm just so ahead of my time like dog years  
Ball like Solange, India Arie, Britney Spears 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  
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 I am,  
Spendin' much more than I'm makin'  
On these cars and these vacations  
Is that too much information?  
I just bought a Lamborghini,  
I'm not even into racin'  
With a windshield full of tickets  
'cause I live right by the station  
I am,  
Try'na figure out why you so mad at me  
Yes I'm with Young Money tell the magazine stop askin' me  
I be with the dread  
With the tattoos on his head  
And a flag the color red  
Like a fuckin' low battery, (okay)  
Nigga peep the shit I'm wylin' on  
I be with your baby momma  
You be with your child at home  
Big Mo, Big Red, two cups made of Styrofoam  
Big cheese, big bread, call that shit a calzone (okay)  
I will break yo' fuckin' collar bone  
Us against the world,  
Better pick which fuckin' side you on  
Wayne got a Bugatti that he steady puttin' mileage on  
And we about to kill 'em, "C" four Mr. Carter's home Yeah, I 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 growin', yep  
It's growin' like a Chia  
Yeah, I call it how I see it  
Y'all some pussy ass niggas we should call ya gonorrhea  
Uh, you keep talkin' that shit I'ma see ya

Kill ya seniorita and and fuck ya mama mia

Songwriters

Graham, Aubrey / Carter, Dwayne / Johnson, Daniel

Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>