Gonorrhea (feat. Drake)

Lil Wayne

Sound like my mic is right
UghI 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 motherfuckerYeah, 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 gonorrheaMan 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 SpearsYeah, I call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
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Pussy ass nigga, I don't want your gonorrhea
Pussy ass nigga, I don't want your gonorrheaI 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 homeYeah, 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 senorita and and fuck ya mama mia

Songwriters
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