Ice Cream Paint Job

Lil' Wayne

Young Money, syrup in the big shot
Time to do the thing thats word to your wrist watch
Shoot the glock till it burn till my wrist lock
Rims hella big tires skinny like Chris Rock
Ho hold the gun sideways like O dogg
Shoot a n-gga in his face knock his nose off
Make the girls say my name like roll call
Pain killers got a n-gga bout ta doze off
Big shit n-gga talk big sh-t n-gga
Big bread bread like a picnic n-gga
Shake the whole game like the hit stick n-gga
Money spread like germs get sick n-gga
Yeaa, And f-ck them other n-ggas,
1 9 hundred who want I deliver
Concrete shoes wont help in the river
I dont care if you was Michael Phelps my n-gga
Im higher than the mothaf-ckin Alps my n-gga
Im flyer than the mothaf-ckin stealth my n-gga
Young Money sh-t top shelf my n-gga
We the mothaf-ckas like Milf my n-ggaUhUhm, Flow like Syringes
Yea im in my mode got a code like Da Vinci
I was in the trenches, now im in the trump
And everybody watch your back,when your in the front
You aint never safe stop playin with a gangsta
Bring it to his face and he ran like a flanker
Bend the girl over put her hands on her ankles
Im all over this ice cream beat like sprinklesWhy thank you,if you a hater
Im eatin, yous a waiter
Pistol on my hip, Tomb Raider
Holla at your gualla, sue em' later
Young Tune n-gga, typhoon n-gga
And if you think your sweet, buy a room n-gga
Damo n-gga, Im on my gang sh-t,
She give me good brain like she studied at Cambridge
Lightin up a mothaf-cking blunt,
stupid fruity swag like a mothaf-ckin runt
And I be with my dog like a mothaf-cka hunt
Everyday of the week is the first of the month
Audemar Piguet with the diamonds in the face

Cant tell the time cause the diamonds in the faceWe can get it poppin like a semi automatic
And if you got beef I put the biscuit on the patty
Rockstar tatted, big money addict
Running this sh-t now Im feelin athletic
I Im on a boat bitch, gettin sea sick
Stop playin Im fresher then a degree stick
Street sh-t, well of course, I smoke mad weed
Im on my high horse, please dont shoot me down, i land feet flat
Then walk a million miles with New Orleans on my back
Haha, I need a massage,
and when it come to hoes man I got a collage
Finger on the button, n-gga just stuntin
If you aint the bank teller dont tell me nuntin
Kush so strong you can smell me coming
B-tch I go hard like the boy from 300
You think ya kick it,well boy we puntin
Young Money baby we the sh-t weak stomachs
No Ceilings.Mothaf-cka

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

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