No Type

Lil Wayne

[Hook]
Cuz I ain't got no type
But when I met codeine, there was love at first Sprite
Counting dirty money all night, where the wipes?
I like my Swisher Sweets, fat as fuck, with cellulite
My bitch got a wife, got me walking round' feeling like Dolemite
These niggas talking crazy, but they don't get out of line
There pockets saying vacant, and my shit saying occupied[Verse 1]
Bad bitch on my team
Bad bitch on my team, just like Katniss Everdeen
Got lipstick everywhere
I got it shaking on this dick-dick-dick-dick-dick-dick-dick like a electric chair, lord
I got liquor, I got cigarettes
And these pussy ass niggas just got PMS
I don't think you should see him, nor live off per diem
She just took off her clothes, and said you ain't lying
She pretty like the bride of Frankenstein
She kill it like she married to the mob
I can't let one of these hoes let me down, mama
She said don't worry son I help you make one
Cuz these hoes throwing pussy like hand grenades
Don't let it blow up in yo face
Had to buy my dick a barricade
And a mothafuckin' 'K, now
Diamonds in my teeth, I'm eating carrot cake
So hard for me to put on a fake smile
Had to buy my dick a barricade
And a mothafuckin' 'K, now
I got cocaine, I got cigarettes
I don't do neither, except my bitch request
She like bad boys, I'm her crook in the neck
Her suicide note say she love me to death
For her Lewinsky is so critical
And I didn't mean to get political
I watch her, let figure slither
But I don't look into her snake eyes[Hook]
I ain't got no type
But when I met codeine, there was love at first sprite
I been counting dirty money all night, where the wipes?

I like my swisher sweet, fat as fuck, with cellulite
My bitch got a wife, got me walking around feeling like Dolemite
And these niggas talking crazy, but they don't get out of line
Their pockets saying vacant, and my shit saying occupied
But when I met codeine, there was love at first Sprite
I been counting dirty money through the night, where the wipes?
I like my swisher sweet, fat as fuck, that's how you like
My bitch got a wife, got me walking around feeling like Dolemite
And these niggas talking crazy, and they don't get out of line
I'm sorry for the wait, til I drop Tha Carter 5

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