D'usse

Lil' Wayne

This motherfuckin' D'usse got me sweatin' and shit
Word to God
Hov, fuck with ya boy
C5Okay nigga, I got em'
point em' out and I got em'
Let 'em get a lil buzz then we robbin' for pollen
We ain't killin' no minors, you niggas still in the minus
And your bitch, we gonna blind her, can't pick us out of the lineup
I swear lord knows I'ma murk one of these niggas
Shoot you in your earth, and get earthworms on me, nigga
I been did my time, I'm getting better with time
But real niggas don't whine, we'll burn down your vineyard
I been ballin' since cornrows, still duckin' the narcos
My little niggas in war mode, you spark it up, we charcoal
Got a bad bitch with long hair that have bad days when the mall closed
I'm a big dog, big doghouse, make ashtrays out of dog bowls, yeah
Blessins on top of sins, restin' with topless twins
Picture me broke but forgot to take the top off the lens
In the restaurant, I'm with Slim, wrestlin' with lobster limbs
Talkin' about some M's, it's soundin' like gospel hymns
Yes, lordYeah, yeahYeah we on that D'usse, me and my nigga Euro
Tina turn up in this bitch
We got Lauren in this bitch
Serena Pink in this bitch, better known as Pinky
Steph in this bitch, yah dig?
What's up Ronie?
Lego!Hollygrove nigga, rest in peace, Lil Kevin
Rest in peace, Lil Beezy, rest in peace, Big Sausage
The world is mine, I am selfish, I am a shark fuck them shellfish
Everybody in the building, well I left that bitch like Elvis
Nigga, please
Pops treated mom like Billie Jean
Like hot sauce, I put it on everything
I'ma give that fuckin' woman everything, everything
Here we go, bitch I'm cool, Coolio
She say "Tune, do me slow"
How many fish did Hootie blow?
I don't know, fuck who knows?
I got a redbone with two golds

And she snort too much of that Michael Jackson
That bitch gon' need a new nose
I ain't got time for you hoes
Shit I only have two goals
And that is "Get Money, Get Money"
Now I'm ridin' 'round the city with the top off the Maybach
Lookin for a motherfuckin' spot we can skate at
Elvis left the building
And I take these hoes to Graceland
And I got more bounce, to the 28 grams
Yeah I ain't stuntin' these niggas
Eyes look chinese, Wayne-chong to these niggas
Wayne-chong bitch!
More than one bitch
This for my niggas, we shall overcome, bitch
From New Orleans, niggas dyin' over dumb shit
You know we give the pastor hell, make the nun strip
Yeah I might have them bricks, call me Brick Cannon
Nina on my lap, what you want from Santa?
I might get money, fuck bitches
Kill niggas and smoke weed
I'm married to this real shit
And I'm a wife beater, no sleeves
Do it for my hood, that 44 ain't no good
You better bring that chopper
'Cause we gon' have them choppers
Yeah I do it for my hood
That 45 ain't no good
You better bring the chopper
'Cause we gon' have them choppers, nigga
we gon' have them choppers
we gon' have them choppers
You better bring the chopper
'Cause we gon' have them choppers, yeah
We gon' have them choppers
We gon' have them choppers
You better bring the chopper
'Cause we gon' have them choppers, nigga, Mula!My nigga Hood in this bitch
Still on that D'usse
Shout out my nigga Lil Twist, my lil brother
He just passed out in the club the other night off that D'usse
Threw up on the owner
Owner talkin' about he wanted his money back
He wanted half of the money back
Twist took all the money and left

That's some Young Money shitSo Woo to the B gang
Rest in peace Cedar Frogg

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