

# Weirdo (Feat. Lil June)

J Stalin

I came in his motherfucker high though  
Friday night I'm trying to let go  
Real one, don't confuse me with them weirdos  
Boxers no Speedos  
West Oakland where them niggas move kilos  
Why your bitch wanna fuck on me though  
I hit it in the bathroom and passed her to P-Lo  
I play the bar i'm to cool for the dance-floor (dance-floor)  
I'm a dog like Cujo  
Don't get me wrong still do the (?) tiptoe  
There's money on line nigga what they in for (in for)  
Me I been a G since the get-go  
Trying out the coochie on like clisco (clisco)  
I'm a dober she a nympho (nympho)  
I'm a dober she a nympho (nympho)  
But little momma you don't hear me tho  
Bad bitch, she know what i'm in for (in for)  
Real nigga, flyer than the lid off (lid off)  
I'm the shit, cause you said so (said so)  
And your boyfriends a weirdo (weirdo)  
Bet your boyfriends a weirdo, weirdo  
Bet your boyfriends a weirdo weirdo  
And he ain't get no dough (no dough)  
I rock foreign that's for show though I left up out this motherfucker still drunk  
Henny shots and them cookies ain't no punk  
I'm in the pen, i'm stackin' paper again  
You stick out like a sore thumb, we 'round dancers I fit in  
You kiss her in the face, I leave it on her chin  
I bagged her and her sister nigga both of the twins  
Back of the Porsche, back of the Benz  
Rockin' the car, crackin' the (?)  
No weirdo shit when i'm gone in the wind  
Home for a day then i'm gone again  
I got women to get, nigga money to spend  
I be up all night then I do it again  
This little game we play yeah I'm in it to win  
And if your bitch come around I'ma hit it again  
Say this little game we play yeah I'm in it to win  
And if your bitch come around I'ma hit it again

Ugh, I'm off the molly girl wassup  
My hand was up her dress on her butt  
Smooth, I'm too sharp like a tux  
I pour up the Henn, then I roll up the dutch  
Ugh, she hella nasty though  
Bust it open like a nut, pistachio  
Did her like my player on a rope  
Got my top blew then I wrote  
Your boyfriend huck, he a weirdo  
I keep my circle small like a cheerio  
Run it back just in case they didn't hear me tho  
Fuck a tip, gangster shit, nightmare, miracle  
On 10th street, everywhere i'm 10 deep  
With 10 freaks, baby both hella cheap  
Her boyfriend caught her up in a text  
She turned around and said, "Babe it was only sex"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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