Gonorrhea

The Bran Flakes

Sound like my mic is right
I-I 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 nigga's don't cross the line, nigga's stay in line
Like welfare, I'm 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 nine
Cut your tongue out, mail it to your moms
I'm the young god, swagga un-flawed
Bitch I'm in the buildin', you in the front yard
Life's a bitch, nah, better yet a dumb broad
And I bet I can fuck the world and make it come 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 AK and pop ya in ya funny bone
Laugh now, die later, motherfucker
You's a bitch like zeta phi beta motherfucker
Yeah, 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
P-p-pussy ass nigga, I don't want your gonorrhea
Man, I'm so tired of ballin' I sleep a lot now
I 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 tampon's
Dump you in the woods, now get yo' 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 the Paul Pearce
I'm just so ahead of my time like dog years
Ball like Solange, India Arie, Britney Spears
Yeah, 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
W-wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
Pussy ass nigga, I don't want your gonorrhea
P-p-pussy ass nigga, I don't want your gonorrhea
I 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 tryin' to figure out why you so mad at me
Yes, I'm with Young Money, tell that magazine stop askin' me
I be with the dread, with the tattoo's on his head
And a flag the colour red like a fuckin' low battery, okay
Nigga peep the shit I'm wilin' 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 your 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 C4, Mr. Carters home
Yeah, call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
We some asshole nigga's, 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
You keep talkin' that shit I'ma see ya
Kill ya senorita and and fuck ya mama mia

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