

# Gonorrhea

## Lil' Wayne feat. Drake

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 seniorita and and fuck ya mama mia

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