Bitch Please

Honey Cocaine

[Intro:]Bitch please, you ain't never met a nigga like me. Stop lyin bitch please, bitch please, and ya nigga ain't nothin like me. Stop lyin nigga please, nigga please, my goons got guns on deck put yo picture on t, say cheese, and you can die or live off of I.v's.
Now let me get that hand clap, yah, let me get that hand clap. I'm rich and black. I'm young and strapped. You goin get yo man clapped, you goin get yo clan clapped. You goin get saran wrapped, like where the van at? We comin, where you uh, where you layin at? We dug ya body out, where ya fam at? Like fuck that. Like damn that. Sit ya pussy ass down if you can't stand that.
I make yo shirt look like yo favorite color crayon out. Go and let these bitch niggas ahead, like I stand back. Ain't shit goody bitch nigga stand back. I ain't from St. Louis, but you can get ram shacked.
Look into my eyes ho, look into my eyes ho. And yeah I do numbers, except five-0. And I'll be with my zoe, we call him Brisco. And Youngin got the beat poppin like Crisco. And Weezy got this shit crackin like Nabisco. Brim low, all I can see is my flow. What's up Chicago? What's up New Orleans? And if ya strapped squeeze. And tell the fuck nigga please, nigga please. My goons got guns on deck. Nigga D. I. E. or live off I.v's. It's what I am with tha YB's
[Yung Berg:]Get em

Fresher than a baby's bottom crazy like an insane asylum me and wayne sippin' lean out a baby's bottle(syrup)fake niggas relay around em they just tryna se my face up in the paper column mad cause I'm gettin Colin Farel paper chalie and my girl won't wear it if it ain't kavali. cute face, slim waist, call the baby Halle fuckin hoes doin shows my two favorite hobbied yeah. And I'm fresh up off the scream tour bright lights big city you should come and see the show 13 girls, 13th floor, 13 pills anything goes. I walk around with my crown on millionare and I ain't never throw a cap and gown on... young boss, young money, got the young title I hit her with the young dick and make that bitch suicidal...
[Lil Wayne:]Nigga please, would you tell yo sister, babymama, wife, stop callin me I'm busy getting money.
[Brisco:]Holla when you need me I be on dat goon shit know to ride or die for every nigga I fool with this O.G nigga show me loved but never let me in his house or intoduced me to his blood... I asked him why you don't have a care in the world he said you gotta learn alot and welcome to the underworld(underworld)yeah exstortion, murder and every since then I've been a fuckin ninja turtle cowabunga...
Young Brisc from HOOD ducked off in the old school marquis... nigga please your woo game won't work think you a soulja I'm a put him on a camoflauge shirt... Berg, Weezy, look what I did to em' choppa style gon' and put a cig to em'and you know how I know O silly cause I did all that shit with my babymama with me...
[Lil Wayne:]Stop playin bitch nigga you don't know what I got tucked in my pants it go blam, it go bam I'm sayin, I'm sayin, you playin put a dick up in your mouth boy watch what the fuck u sayin do you know who the fuck I am bitch I'm a man...
Now let me get that hand clap, that hand clap
Know what I'm sayin... It's Yung Berg, Weezy, Brisco too damn hot... HOT Damnn...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/