I Ain't Nervous

Lil' Wayne

I ain't nervous
I swear to God I ain't nervous
Nah, nah
And I'm laughin at them pussy niggas
And that pussy shit they doin
Gettin cake like I'm Jewish
My nigga Drake he Jewish
I swear to God I ain't nervous, nah[Hook: Lil Wayne]
Ok, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I swear to God I ain't nervous
I say I swear to God I ain't nervous
I got her workin, twerkin, and slurpin my syrupin
Ain't got no problems in this bitch for certain
I see you turning up but your turn up ain't workin
Just want some mouth and lip service, yeah
I'm gettin head behind the Maybach curtains[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]
Ok I'm straight edge, no ricochet
That pussy boneless, that Chick-Fil-A
I fuck with real riders, and they tickets paid
Niggas crying wolf, while I wipe them tears away
I swear my mama trust my work
So I give these hoes that work
They say the best things in life are free
So that's why it cost for you to get murked
Have my pants saggin like fuck it
I'm still on my business, spent my birthday in jail
I was making bad decisions, saw my enemy at the light
I told Marley light the weed,
Then I lit them niggas up before that motherfucka turn green
Your bitch ride my like a go kart
I play that pussy like Mozart,
I Mozart these hoes hearts and then after that they worthless, man[Hook]
I swear to God I ain't nervous
I say I swear to God I ain't nervous
Oh no I swear to God I ain't nervous
And that pussy don't get purchased, hoe
Ain't got no problems in this bitch for certain
I see you turning up but your turn up ain't workin[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]
I like em long hair and curvy

And if niggas think it's a game I leave their brains on their jerseys
She said she love me, that's the molly talkin
Her pussy so wet, it keep sliding off it
She got a nigga, but he ain't me bitch
I'm the original gangsta, he the remix
Girl do you use that same mouth to kiss your mama?
I say only God can judge me, fuck your honor
Yeah, and her birthday suit is her pajamas
She said I didn't know your dick was a recliner
I punch her man in his eye give him a shiner
I blind him
Him and whoever co-signed him
I get Adam like Yolanda
Young Money Cash Money Obama
It's fuck the world no condom
If he twisted, I'll unwind him
And this pistol came with a silence,
But I swear to God he heard it[Hook]
And I swear to God I ain't nervous
Nah, I swear to got I ain't nervous, aha
Bitch I'm a God, I should be rappin in a turban
Ain't got no problems in this bitch, and that's for certain
I see you turning up but your turn up ain't workin
Baby I do want some mouth and lip service
She gon' ride this dick like the Kentucky Derby[Verse 3: Boo]
On that Pat Ryan I'm swervin
Game tight like virgins
Got a bad bitch she Persian,
Call her AK when she squirtin
You see the niggas I'm with,
That boy Boo the shit
As long as I got a face, your bitch got a place to sit
Yeah I'm wildin' off them shroomies,
Ain't got no worries like Tunechi
All my chicks be boosie
Wanna hold hands, then watch movies
I be like God damn, make a nigga lose it
Ain't no talkin, let's get to it
Real niggas winnin, fake niggas losin
Bitch I leave that pussy with bruises[Hook]
Girl, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I swear to God I ain't nervous
No, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I got her workin, twerkin, and slurpin my syrupin
Ain't got no problems in this bitch and that's for certain

You fuck with Tunechi, you end up a missin person
She got a Tunechi on her booty
I'm getting head behind the Maybach curtains
Yeah

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