Big Wings

Lil' Wayne

Fuck with me, run and get hit up
We hit every block and we hit all your men up
She do every squat and she do every sit up
She dance everyday and she pick every bit up
I work everyday and I sip when I get up
You heard what I say, yeah, I sip when I get up
And work everyday I'm a hell of a nigga
Smoke on that loud like just yell at a nigga
Confidence high, I'm a arrogant nigga
These bitches do not want a regular nigga
My slime got them bricks doing estimates nigga
That's numbers and squares like a calendar nigga
That's numbers and squares like a calendar nigga
None of you squares or you regular niggas
'Cause shots come from nowhere like pop, abracadabra niggaI fuck the clique up on everything
I put some sip up in everything
You hit ya bitch up she never came
She was with me up in Neverland
I hit ya clique up on everything
I take two clips up in everything
I'm coming I'm shootin' up everything
I just bought my woman some Vera Wang
I just bought myself Alexander Wang
I just bought myself some new Louie frames
I got 'em prescribed 'cause I'm blind as fuck
Or is it that I just don't wanna see you again
Got 'em prescribed
I got a prescription
I got a prescription
I got a prescription
I fuck up a clique up on everything
Tie my bitch up to the bed frame
Twenty-two five footer, Venus, 11 flat footer, Serena
Drink codeine like it's Aquafina
My bitch jalapeno
I come from Mars I come from Viscida
Fresh out the womb I knew I was a leader
Who keeping score 'cause I beat 'emAnd I got some really big wings, flyin' over New Orleans
I pull some really big strings, my wingspan like Yao Ming

My eyes tight like Yao Ming
I smoke some really big greens
I sip the whole sixteen
I sell a mill in fifteen
And still got really big dreams
Yo bitch a really big fiend
Yo bitch a really big fan
But I ain't got no Ceilings
I ain't got no ceilings
I ain't got no ceilings
I ain't got no ceilingsMan what a high, on to be alive
I'm sippin' lean
And TMZ said I died (Damn)
I run with bitch-slappers
Your hate don't impact us
Our bitches dick-grabbers
Your bitches pig-snappers
You just a camera rapper
But we don't point cameras at you
We point them hammers at you
More bullets than hammer dances
We take the pineapple, we fill it with purp and we never settle
We take the Mac-11, we point that bitch right at your cerebellum (Pow)
And this world is mines
I'm gettin' mines
I'm sippin' lines (Sippin')
Oh we talkin' lean?
Oh we talkin' lean?
Oh you pourin' up?
Finna fall asleep
Look at the smile on me
Spent a couple hundred thou on it
And the game been drove me crazy
Over hundred thousand miles on it (Damn)
Said she gonna lie for me
I say you just lied to me
She tell me that's my pussy
I say "bitch you just lied to me"
That's why I fuck 'em all
Still love 'em all
With the rubber off
'Cause they husbands dogs, yeah
And to top it off, all the tops is off
And it's winter season, but the season's heatin'And I got some really big wings
I got a really big regime

Been part of some really big schemes
I just popped a really big beam
I just popped a really big beam
I rock some really big bling
I sleep on really big king
With a really thick queen
I sleep with a really thick queen
On a really big king
She know I really pick screens
She said I'm really big ting
She said I'm doin' really big things
I should be doin' really big scenes
On a really big screen
You see you had that really big dreams
And what a grind
I fuck her clit up on everything
I put some sip up on everything
I put some sip up on everything
I put some sip up on everythingNo Ceilings

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