100 Winters

Lil' Wayne

SB don't spy seven five jeans
5000 islands on my fuckin' wallet chain
I be wallin' man, I'm a island man
There ain't nothin' else by me, man
(Ha, ha)
I tell them float on and go on to the ozone
I'm so gone, my blunt like a prolong
I pro long and hold on to it like a trombone
I'm so blown and um, I got that cock back
I don't need that thumb bone
So come on
You get the one with the drum on it
That's the one that goes dit
Di-di-di-di-di-di-dit
I'm so terrific when I spit
Put my foot up in yo ass
Now I'm kickin' in yo shit
Now I'm pitchin' at yo bitch
And she catch it with her lip
Nah, she catch it with her mouth
And since I'm the president
She tried to catch it on her blouse
I tell her, whoa, easy, baby
I'm king cake so she eat the baby, wait
Shit gets way more crazier
We flip the bitch like she was in the gymnasium
I ain't fuckin' with the bitches with the stadium
That's no dome, bitch, go home
Yeah, bi-bi-bi bitch, bitch
I spit the hundred winters on my snow cone
Lil' nigga walkin' like he get his bowl on
Boss man, pimp stro, pimp stro
I can let my money go when the wind blow
Then it come right back like a rental
And make them bitches understand me like 10 fo
Niggas is simple like instrumentals
I bet you bitches understand me like 10 fo
Get ya top chopped and get trimmed low
Somethin' like my Benzo

Ridin' with my friend's hoes
No, I mean my hoe's friends
Fuckin' all my hoe's friends
Takin' all my hoe's ends
That will make that globe spin
I tell these young niggas, pimp or die
Won't get that Benz if they don't split them
Eyes dip 'em thighs, thin 'em ties and if you reach at
I, I don't preach, I screech and give you beef with them fries
Yeah
Come to the beach and find
I live where all the little seagulls fly
See baby, I'm so high
All I need you to do is just shut up and fry
(Ha, ha)
Yeah, look
Me an' Mac is just two niggas from the same hood
They all from the same tree, cut from the same wool
I'm just the young lion and he the young bull
Now slam me da bull
That pistol on my hip, now I gotta hand in the pool
I had a Lammy in school, I think it was diablo red
I'm T.I red, I'm T.I red, you D.I-ed because of what you said
Chyee, I'm sharp as an image
And I keep it bumpin' like a mothafuckin' blemish
Two twins shrink me up like genies
When I'm finished, I say Billion
When I'm finished they say, "Weezy, you killed it"
Hop on yo shit and say, "Weezy, you healed it"
So fly I got wings tattooed on me
A gun glued on me but I pop ya in ya stomach
Now I got yesterday's food on me
Now that was real rude, homie
And I smell like a weed plant
Young Money muthafucka, where that cheese at?

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