trap house

Lil' Wayne

Ooh yeah little Tunechi got it jumping like Jordan
These pussy ass niggas can't guard me
These rookie ass niggas still crawling
These looking ass niggas eye balling
These hooking ass bitches eye balling
But I got a bad bitch at home cooking dinner
Hi honey, I'm home, I'm starving
These crooked ass cops still winning
Black man family still mourning
Black president ain't do nothing
We need a real nigga up in that office
Got the White House jumping like Jordan
Got the crack house jumping like Jordan
I want my new house bigger than Jordan's
With a backyard bigger than a forest
Like "ooh!" bedroom jumping like Jordan
Hoes at the door and they arguing
This dick a super star, they want stardom
My life like Bailey and Barnum's
These bitches ain't got no manners
These niggas ain't got no standards
My bitch ain't got no love handles
Boy I'm clippin' that toe on that camel
I got bitches that'll kill for me - Charles Manson
Suck this thuggish ruggish bone, swallow that bone marrow
Ooh, chopper sitting on my lap like the mall Santa
Nigga shoot you all in your gall bladder
Your pallbearers need pallbearers
I'm mixing weed like gumbo
I knock your head off - fumble
Homeboys be cutthroat
That shit got me with a lump throat
But Tunechi bigger than Elvis Presley
Young Money was my best investment
Going harder than my predecessor
I don't break records, I sets the records
Lil Tunechi coming back like Kobe
Niggas stab me in the back, I owe 'em
Got a house in the hills

Now a nigga gotta deal with mountain lions and coyotes
See me? I keep that semi
And friendly? I can't be friendly
Freckles, them bullet holes look like freckles
You look like Wendy's
House in the hills jumping like Jordan
I can't swim but I'm throwing pool parties
Got a bitch over there, and a bitch over there
A young nigga starting to feel cornered
My LA house jumping like Jordan
My Miami house jumping like Jordan
Can't forget about my house in New Orleans
So sorry for the wait, I'm sorry
I want my new bitch titties enormous
With a backyard and a pretty garden
With a pussy more pink than an orchid
Young nigga gonna treat her like a florist
I got my side bitch feeling important
I got my main bitch feeling immortal
I got my ex bitch feeling insulted
'Cause wifey get money like Kimora
I got a fine bitch feeling exhausted
'Cause I'ma put this dick on her til tomorrow
I'ma pull up on a bitch in a Gallardo
Then I'ma take the top off like a barber
I go down and kiss her Pearl Harbor
She's so down with this New World Order
Fuck the shit out her in a sauna
Sweat her hair out, she look like Al Sharpton
Got a goon named Fernando
At the front door of your condo
Knock knock, who's there? He don't care, he's psycho
Bad bitch with a nice throat
She ice cold and she like hoes
Ooh, she just my type
These other hoes just typos
Young nigga coming back like Jordan
So sorry for the wait, I'm sorry
Yeah, a nigga had to go back to the stash
But a nigga stash like James Harden
Young nigga drank lean like water
Young nigga smoke weed like Marley
Young nigga on the moon like Warren
Young nigga on this shit like Charmin
Ooh my bitch got a rack, Dolly Parton

Fuck her all night long to some Marvin
Fall asleep in the pussy good lawdy
Woke up in a new Bugatti, good morning
Young nigga got guns, good luck
Nina Ross say "Me so horny"
Lil Tunechi at the top its so lonely
Got fat pockets, never bony
I'm with a model bitch she so bony
I done shook shit up, its so foamy
I just cooked this up its still hot
You could still smell the kitchen on me
Nigga I have your homies singing, damn I miss my homie
I got a mountain of weed
I got a mountain of cash
I got mountains like Wyoming
I got a bad bitch and she foreign
She always mad with me, I'm sorry
She say damn why you can't call me
'Cause they be taxing for that roaming
She a tan bitch, she orange
I can't stand a snitching informant
Niggas cook crack on a Foreman
While y'all boys was still sparring, uhh
This that Sorry for the Wait 2
Tell the dead homies you pray to you're on your way too
That the truth is hard to swallow, you got fake juice
Even Slick Rick the ruler know I break rules, ooh
Got the gas out shooting like Jordan
I put your homeboy face on a t-shirt
And put your own face on a milk carton
Busy, I've been so busy
Ain't even got time for quickies
That's why my bitch been so bitchy
I'm outchea tryin' to get me
I'm coming back out jumping like Jordan
I'm so sorry for the wait, I'm tardy
I wrote a letter to my competition
It started off with: Dearly Departed
Hippie, I be so trippy
Give her pussy a hicky
I hope she ain't strictly dickly
So we can menage to Nicki, oohh

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