

# 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

Songwriters

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