

No Motive (feat. Lil Wayne)

DJ Khaled

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

2, 2, 3, 4

3, 2, 3, 4

4, 2, 3, 4 DJ Khaled! I'm a lover not a fighter, I can't find my lighter

My house is four stories, I tell'em I don't write em'

And my living room is white, my lies are much whiter

My darkest secrets are bright I need a sun visor

I say "187", make your bitch run my errands

I'm at the bar with a Dracula ordering bloody Mary's

I got a house on the prairie, got a corpse in the basement

I see hell out the window, man this view is amazing

And if I go back to jail, Persian rugs in my cell

Got the world in my hands it got all under my nails

In a room full of stares, give em something to see

I be so fucking faded, who washed the colors with bleach?

Now they biting my style, hope it get stuck in yo teeth

I been had the green light, so don't jump in the street

The World's under my feet, I'm just kissing the sky

Tune, what is that smell? That's the shit on my mind, hah Fuck all you bitches, fuck all you bitches

Fuck all you bitches, fuck all you bitches

Fuck all you hoes, fuck all you hoes

1 million, 2 million, 3, 4 Uh, breaking up the kush, sticky fingers-onics

I'm throwing up gang signs you can see I'm in my vomit

And I'm cool right na' but please dont change the climate

'Cause I'm sleeping with the enemy in bulletproof pajamas

I got issues bigger than you, bitches taller than me

Ratchet and Bougie, I like R'n'B

Unapologetic I'm sorry for not being sorry

You niggas old news prehistoric

I need benadryl for my trigger finger, bad bitches for my home boys

The grass is greener on the other side, I'm focused on my own yard

Ain't got enough, need more dough, we twisting blunts like torsos

I'm rich as fuck but more so, a poor soul

Oh well, If snow fell like hoes fell in love I be a snow man
My bitch a die for me, she a soldier, GI Joe-Ann
Take chances when I know I ain't got no chance, roll em
I left that crap table with a chip on my shoulder Fuck all you bitches, fuck all you bitches
Fuck all you bitches, fuck all you bitches
Fuck all you hoes, fuck all you hoes
1 million, 2 million, 3, 4 We ain't got no motive, we just killin' yall for nothing
And my bitch got cotton mouth, you know them snakes cannot be trusted
And I bet y'all niggas don't say shit, because I'm feeling lucky
And I still pray everynight that Aliens abduct me, Tunechi
Whattup Khaled?

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