

That's What They Call

Lil' Wayne

[Lil Wayne - Verse 1]

Man, I aint got nothing but some p-ssy and some paper

I keep a bad bitch like a muthaf-cking laker

I don't love them hoes, f-ck that p-ssy till its aching

Pass a bitch like Troy Aikman

Man, gangsta's don't die, gangsta's go to Vegas

We don't need no navigation, we go where the money takes us

Muthaf-cking fools, like the first of f-cking April

I aint never been a p-ssy, have you ever been in p-ssy

Thats so muthaf-cking good, feel like a treasure in a p-ssy

I'm a shovel in a p-ssy, or devil to them p-ssy

Spill the champagne on them p-ssies

Yeah, same shit different rest room

Stop playing, I turn ya chest into a flesh wound

Ha, you would never guess who in my guest room

Now they saying "just me Tune!"[Hook]

Tunechi, that what they call me man

Bitch dog muthaf-cker, you's a Pomeranian

They say f-ck me, then Karma came

And since my case, I got my guns in my momma name And since my case, I got my guns in my momma name

in my momma name guns in my momma name

And since my case, I got my guns in my momma name [Lil Wayne - Verse 2]

I'm smoked out, I'm by myself

Bithc, I'm a king no matter how the cards are dealt

It's Young Money or it's take money

Long hair don't care, call me jake sully

Pay me or pay for me

I tell em hoes stay on ya toes, ballet for me

Momma pray for me

Goons spray for me

I have em bring me your head on a tray for me

Cut the brain raw, p-ssy ass n-gga I'm at your chest like a training bra

Tune talk that shit that rip straight through the kevlar

Pull a bitch over, dump his ass in a reservour

Real n-gga repertoire

Add five or six blunts to the head, it helps

Reportin' live from the top of the food chain

We eatin man, now what my name?

Tunchi, yep! That what they call me man [Hook] [Gudda Gudda]

Gudda Gudda, double G, it's all the same
The game aint never been the same since the Carter came
And I stay high bitch, fly like the largest plane
You Captain save a ho, cuffin like a sargeant man
Duck tap eon the handle of my pistol n-gga
And I don't spit no more I drool like a retarded man
Shawty on my lap, watch me pump pump up the party man
Dont you hold a grudge cause your bitch chose me, I'm sorry man
Young n-gga with old school, game like an Atari man
Thats your ho callin' man
I'm Gudda Gudda bitch, thats what they call me man[Hook]

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