Curtains (feat. Boo)

Lil Wayne

I ain't nervous, I swear to God I ain't nervous, no no
And I'm laughing at them pussy niggas and that pussy shit they doin'
I'm getting cake like I'm Jewish, my nigga Drake he Jewish
I swear to god I ain't nervous, okay I swear to god I ain't nervous
I swear to god I ain't nervous, I say, I swear to god I ain't nervous, no
I got her workin' twerkin' and slurping my serpent
Ain't got no problems in this bitch, for certain
I see you turnin' up but your turn up ain't workin'
Just want some mouth and lip service
And I got all my niggas in that truck like an ExcursionOkay I'm straight at you, no ricochet
That pussy boneless, that's Chick-fil-a
I fuck with real riders and they tickets paid
For them dead presidents we will start digging graves
I swear my momma trust my work, so I give these hoes that work
They say the best things in life are free
That's why it cost for you to get get murked
And my pants saggin like fuck it, I'm still on my business
Spent my birthday in jail, I was making bad decisions
Saw my enemy at the light, shot him up before it turned green
Mane my niggas got them birds, you ain't even got bird seeds
Your bitch ride me like a go kart, I play that pussy like Mozart
I Mozart these hoes hearts then after that they worthlessMan, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I said I swear to God I ain't nervous
I don't know, I swear to God I ain't nervous
And that pussy don't get purchased, ho
Ain't got no problems in this bitch for certain
I see you turnin' up but your turn up ain't working
I like em long haired and curvy
And if niggas think its a game, I'll leave their brains on their jerseysShe say she love me, that's the molly talking
She about to blow me, like a signing bonus
She got a nigga but he ain't me bitch
I'm an original gangster, he the remix
Girl, do you use that same mouth to kiss yo momma?
I say, only God can judge me, fuck your honor
And her birthday suit is her pajamas
She say, I didn't know your dick was a recliner
I'll punch your man in his eye, give him a shiner
I'll blind him, him and whoever cosign him
I get Adam like Yolonda

Young Money Cash Money's Obama
Its fuck the world, no condom
If he twisted, I'll unwind him
And this pistol came with a silenceBut I swear to God he heard it!
Yea, and I swear to God I ain't nervous
Na, I swear to God I ain't nervous
Bitch I'm the God, I should be rapping in a turban
Ain't got no problems in this bitch and that's for certain
I see you turning up but your turn up ain't working
Baby, I just want some mouth and lip service
She gone ride this dick like the Kentucky-DerbyOn that Patron, I'm swerving
Game tight like virgins
I gotta bad bitch, she Persian
Call her AK when she's squirting
You see the niggas I'm with, that boy Boo the shit
As long as I got a face, yo bitch got a place to sit
Yea, I'm wilding off them shroomies
Ain't got no worries like Tunechi
All my chicks be boojie, wanna hold hands then watch movies
I be goddamned, make a nigga lose it
Ain't no talking, lets get to it
Real niggas winning, fake niggas losing
Bitch I'll leave that pussy with bruisesGirl, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I swear to God I ain't nervous
No, you know I swear to God I ain't nervous
I got her workin, twerkin and slurping, my serpent
Ain't got no problems in this bitch and that's for certain
You fuck with Tunechi, you'll end up a missing person
She got Lil Tunechi on her booty, in cursive
I'm getting head behind the Maybach curtains
Ya

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