

# 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 Excursion Okay 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 worthless Man, 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 jerseys She 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 silence But 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-Derby On 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 bruises Girl, 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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