Lil Bitch

Lil Wayne

All my niggas clutchin'
All my niggas two cuppin'
All my niggas rappin' Trap, they all got two phone numbers
Real one since day one, and all my niggas could vouch for me
None of my niggas lackin' Mac, and all my niggas countin' moneyYeah, pull up, bang on me
Bad bitch faintin' on me
The purple drank stankin' on me
Don't wet me up, just put a blanket on me
Thank you homie, but I ain't yo homie
Diamonds blingin' like they blinkin' on me
All about the Ben Franklins homie, bitch can't even get an Abe Lincoln from me
Thankin' normally, I ain't thankin' normally
From New Orleans, guns bangin', homie
These lil' niggas is retarded, puttin' testimony over sanctimony
All these niggas tryna sanct a homie
Bitches tryna put gangster on me
Feds tryna put sanctions on me, doctor tryna do maintenance on me
Guess that's why I take meds on 'em, poppin', sippin', goin' bed on 'em
New Ferrari, no head on it, nice new coffin, you bled on it
These New Orleans no competition
Top of the charts, no top of the menu
That ain't art, nigga, drop the pencil
She drop the drawers, I never drop the pistol
But I drop the clip, and pull out a new clip
I'm not 'bout that lip, bap-bap, no body exam
And you see the flag, it's red as a bitch
You see the swag, I'm wavy and lit
My pops had 'em bricks, yeah, brick wall
My slime got them sticks, and I can do tricks, yeah
Skateboard and Malibu mix
Yeah, just met her dad, gave her mom a kiss
When she turned her back, I holla'd at sis, yeah
Watch out lil' bro, I fly G4
My slimes say I'm brazy, I used to talk to at globe
I tell that it's mine, I tell her one day you be mine
I tell her from page you be mine, I was locked up, I stayed for that nine
You know I'm comin' straight off the top
She knew I cum on her Halter top
She know I don't want no five children

I'm not a player, I just fuck a lot
Bitch, is you thuggin' or not?
These niggas is wifin' the thots
I still got some white in my sock, it's white as my sock, they're white and all snot
I know I can be everybody, so I prepared for everybody
We wavin' that thing at your body, we cravin' to catch us a body!
Look at the watch on my friend, say hello to my lil' friend!
My chopper do any day now, bap-bap, that bitch just said "twins", Lord!
You run your mouth like a marathon, I just run out of them styrofoams
The CI that's givin' me testosterone, now she got her legs on my collarbone
All on my neck like a herringbone
I had to sit down with Bizzy Bone
I had to sit down with Tity Boi, and told him just how I'mma just kill his song
It's not a remix, it's just me, on my comeback and shit
I deserve out a brick, put it on the scale, it come back thirty six
It come back thirty six, and that's when we whip, we master the wrist
Then that's when it flip, then after it flip, that's when it flip
You know what it's like when the feeling gone, I know what that's like when the ceiling gone
I know what that's like when the ceiling gone
I know what that's like when the ceiling gone
One time, baby
My partner got hitched, no influence on me, yeah, no influence
I don't know my dad, and my momma is rich
You see the red flag, but my partner a Crip
Damn! Watch that lil' ho, pew! I fly G4
Uh, you got your bag stuck at the airport, damn
I'm in LA, stuntin' on Melrose
Stuntin' on them hoes in them Yeezy's, them Jeremy Scott's and Shelltoes, okay
I think I'mma need a check for shouting out Adidas like that, yeah
No Ceilings!

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