

# Wee

## Gorilla Zoe

I put them 24 inch forgiatos on that new ss camaro  
It's 180 on the dash so when I mash I smash the pedal (vroom)  
I'm gone I'm puttin on  
I got them karats pointer stones all on my bentley breitling watch  
That keep em watching all night long  
Every time I raise my wrist  
Every time we pop the Cris'  
And sometimes I toast to much cuz I pop bottles in this bitch  
When I stop drinking that Cris' that when I switch to Rose'  
No way, a pear jue, green paper, St. Patrick's day  
I got paper on top of paper it's in a backpack  
I got checks on top of checks so I can check yo knapsack  
All you niggas soundin silly  
Everybody holla nilli  
What's a milli if you can not count it  
Man thats not the deali  
Half a milli on my body from my necklace to bracelet  
Spinnin charms, girls lookin text us  
Ice gorilla, in they cages  
I spend money when I shouldn't  
Call me stupid I say fuck it  
Magic city, ass and titties, got em fillin up her bucket (stupid)

Stupid you so stupid (who so stupid)  
You so dumb, you retarded (who retarded)  
You retarded, you so dumb, you a sped (who a sped)  
You a sped, Man you dumb  
(You can call me what you want I'm makin money havin fun like weee)  
What you say  
(I'm makin money havin fun like weee)  
Man you stupid, you retarded, man you dumb

That's the shit I hear when I be talking to my conscious  
But my conscious has no conscious  
So my conscious spendin bunches  
Well they say that I should work out  
But I said fuck doin crunches  
I just hunch a lot of hoes after them Benihana lunches  
I got bitches that got mail

Pony hair, pony tail  
And they're Lenox Mall shoppin  
I ain't shoppin over there  
They have way to many fags  
I be all in Fifths plaz  
I got stupid credit line  
I pop stupid dummy tags  
Oh my god, that's so sad he can't carry all them bags  
Wont you help him  
Maserati shawty that is not a Jag (stupid)

Stupid you so stupid (who so stupid)  
You so dumb, you retarded (who retarded)  
You retarded, you so dumb, you a sped (who a sped)  
You a sped, Man you dumb  
(You can call me what you want I'm makin money havin fun like weee)  
What you say  
(I'm makin money havin fun like weee)  
Man you stupid, you retarded, man you dumb

Ey, I got tattoos on my arm my chest my neck and on my back  
And I'm smellin like a mill  
Bar none, that's half a stack  
Baby backs up in my pockets  
Yeah you know I keep them racks  
And there's no more wearin Nikes  
Nope, no rockin them checks  
No more rockin Rocawear  
Coogi shit just keep it there  
All them stupid fruity colors  
Fuckers look like walkin fairies  
I might fuck round wit yo hair  
All them parts n swoops n mohawks  
Man I guess it's a new style  
I can't wait until it go out  
Fuck it, bitches havin fun  
Me, I get it by the ton  
So I gotta keep a gun  
Yes I rock Yves Saint Laurent  
Man I met this little chicken and she asked me where I'm goin  
I said blah blah blah blah blah  
She said of course I wanna come  
This bitch here she must be stupid got a ring off in her tongue  
And her lip gloss is poppin  
She must wants to give me gum

Let her hop up in the coupe  
She wanna suck me til I cum  
Bitch don't spit it out the window mess my paint up that'd be dumb  
I said girl you better not spit it  
She said mmm mmm mmmm  
Then she swallowed and said yummy kinda tastes like bubble gum (stupid)

Stupid you so stupid (who so stupid)  
You so dumb, you retarded (who retarded)  
You retarded, you so dumb, you a sped (who a sped)  
You a sped, Man you dumb  
(You can call me what you want I'm makin money havin fun like weee)  
What you say  
(Im makin money havin fun like weee)  
Man you stupid, you retarded, man you dumb

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Lyrics submitted by Aaron Willshaw.

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