

Diaper Money

The Lonely Island

Lonely Island We been here for a minute now This some grown man shit I got that diaper money

I got that diaper money dude

I got that diaper money

I'm a grown ass man You know, I got that diaper money

Cause my kids need to shit

So I stay on my hustle

To keep my pocketbook thick I got papers and papers and papes

All for my baby's mistakes

Just so my carpets and drapes

Don't get shit on 'em I got that diaper money

I got that diaper money dude

I got that diaper money

I'm a grown ass man I got that wife pussy

I got that wife pussy

I got that wife pussy

I got that pussy on lock I got that wife pussy on lock, 24-7

Whenever she lets me, I'm in same pussy heaven

And the best part about it

Is no one else can have it

And also I can't have it

Unless she says I can I see a girl on the street

And I can't, so I won't

See my wife at home and I would

But she hates my guts Wife pussy

I got that wife pussy

I got that wife pussy

I got that pussy on lock I got that grave plot

I got that grave plot

I got that grave plot

It's right off the highway Wobble-dee-wobble-dee-drop

Into my grave plot

You afraid of death

Well I'm afraid not

Cause I got the bomb spot

Right off the highway I did it my way, a very small percent of the time way

I got my coffin picked out

Styrofoam painted like wood, tricked out

It's even got handles to lower me smooth

And my tombstone only has minimal typos Grave plot

I got that grave plot
I got that grave plot
Right next to my dad I got that diaper money
I got that wife pussy
I got the grave plot
I'm a grown ass man

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