Swag Surfin'

Lil' Wayne

No Ceilings..
O-o-ok, I got this chrome on this Bugatti
I'm strong in this Bugatti
Two V8's ain't no such thing as driving calm in this Bugatti
Bitch I'm bad,
I'm worse
I pass the purp',
Don't fuck with me 'cause right now I'm higher than Captain Kirk,
I swear I be the sickest nigga, you can ask the nurse
And if you throw it in the bag, I bet I'll snatch her purse
OK I spazz, I curse
You last, I'm first
I'm on yo' ass, like dirt
Behind that cash, get murked
I'm talkin' big shit nigga, join my hit list nigga
What's the matter? Check ur bladder I'm the shit piss nigga
Shoot the witness, nigga
Whole court in the streets
And convict this nigga
Old dickless nigga
Man im runnin' with the blucka
Young Money muthafucka
You think we won't do our thang..
Well ain't it sunny in the summer?
And we coming for the commas
And whoever among us
And you know Imma bust my ass until my crew very humongous
I said T.I hold ya head
And Mack hold ya head
Wish I could but I can't say some other names 'cause of the Feds
Until my bloods, cold red
Man you know how we play it
And if it cost to be the boss, oh well I guess I gotta pay it
I'm a New Orleans nigga, I don't take no shit
Take the brain off the whip now it don't make no sense
Stunt hard on these bitches I ain't promised tomorrow
Not when they kicking it with me like no mo' garciaparra
Flute rollin' killer plants, like the tool shop of horror

And we roll them bitches thick, make 'em look like Toccara
Man I'm too much for these niggas, and three much for these hoes
Whe World is in my hands, and I keep my hands closed
I love my baby mommas, they get my highest honor
Gotta take care of them kids, man I know you heard Obama
And I live on an island, Atlantic in my backyard
I just tell my pilot to land it in my backyard
Quarter back shot gun, you don't get any sack yards
Bitch I ball hard, breakin' all the back boards
Pretty boy Floyd step up I will crack yours
And even at the White House we pull up at the back doors
Walk around like im thirty feet tall
Tiger Woods all these hoes tryna birdy these balls
In the Porche 911 like emergency calls
Man i just be chillin', I'm cool like Lou Rawls
Young Money in the building, I'm puttin' up new walls
Nigga take your Mrs. Officer and set some new laws
My flow is like rubbin' two logs
Young Moula we the new shit and new draws
Now get off my dick, I ain't fucking witcha
Watch me shoot to the bank, I'm a money pistol
Weezy beat the beat up like Sonny Liston
Red bone do me good, then her friend or sista
I mean her bitch, she never met her best friend or sister
I leave that pussy Microsoft like Windows Vista
Young toochie, pop that coochie for a goon, hoe
Bullet in your boy memory, now you act like you don't know
Eastside who i do it fo', Eagle Street right by the store
Katrina wiped the city out but couldn't fuck wit Holly Grove
Lost some real niggas I knew from a long time ago
But Heaven or Hell, I'm hopin' that they be where Imma go
Take a nigga gale and make her come give me a private show
Still long hair, don't care, like a Navajo
I'm the hardest shit go in your ass and search
I smash this verse, so I swag and surf
No Ceilings
Ahah

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