

Dick Pleaser (Feat. Jae Millz)

Lil' Wayne

Mma make it juicy for you, ha, ha
Shit, Marley I be ya
Shout out Too \$hort
Um, hmm, I'm goin' in I gotta bitch name Keisha, she a real dick pleaser
But shawty from Cuba still workin' on a visa
Her girlfriend Lisa met her in Porta Rica
How she don't suck dick but expectin' me to eat her? I gotta bitch name Keisha, she a real dick pleaser
I gotta bitch name Keisha, she a real dick pleaser
I got a bitch named Keisha, she a real dick pleaser
But shawty from Cuba, still workin' on her visa
Her girlfriend Lisa, met her in Puerto Rico
How she don't suck dick but expectin' me to eat her
And when I woke up, I was ready to kill a dike, cause
she aint give me my money so I tell her head up the turnpike That hoe crazy, man, you don't wanna meet her
But her home girl Nita, swallow cum by the liter
She look good in boy shorts and a beater
But this other girl Quita, way sexier than Nita I ain't lyin', she the hottest bitch heater
But I'm a fuckin' freezer, yeah, I'mma fuckin' leave her
Yeah, I'm a fuckin' eagle, flyer and deeper
Smoke like a cahiba, your hoe give me cerebral
Now get low and touch your toes for my people And if you ain't fuckin' them then you ain't fuckin' me either
You think your man hot? Well, fuck it, me either
Heard I got guap, wanna kick it like FIFA
Everyday Christmas 'cause I'm smoking that reefer Keep a lot of bitches like Queen Latifa
I am southern land not Keefer
YME for Young Money Entertainment
Run dummy, finna bang it
You want beef then my money will arrange it I am not fuck finna it
But that Nina, watch out for me when I'm angry, yeah
Hollygrove biatch, sloppy like Joe, you better go get GI
All my guns knee high, M-O-N-E-Y
That's what I rely on I'm gone He high, yep, I'm three high
I'm just schooling these fucks like devry
College institution, finals and confusion
Stop with your excuses, hip hop I am seducing Beat ya like producers, eat you like produce
Man I fuck your girl till her pussy got no juice
Now she can't produce so you won't be needin' that baby
'Cause all you really need is Wezzy F Baby Alright, let me vent for a minute
See the problem I got with the game is

There are no gatekeepers in hip hop
Who is letting these whack niggas in? I mean, can someone
Please put a combination lock on the door
And stop giving out the code, goddamn
Hey Millz, show 'em how it's done I knew this freak named Tanya from around the way
She used to go to catholic school back in the day
Now she strippin' in Sues for a stack a day
But she bring it all to daddy so that's okay I got bitch named Lola, true dick smoker
Part-time broker late nights, she work at strokers
Her cousin name Mocah, got a insane spine
But it's crazy 'cause I fucked 'em both at the same time I even gotta bitch in the bay name Jessica
I swear she might give the best mouth in America
Vanessa gotta attitude but her ass meaner
And she remind me of this hoe I used to fuck named Sabrina Ugly lil' thang from the home of the Ravens
I only kept around 'cause her ass was amazin'
Tiffany and Emily, my bonifed sluts
When I cum they touch tongues and share that nut Gotta white chick down in Florida name Sasha
And my momma, her head golden like an Oscar
And I met her through Tasha at the condo
She let me fuck her on the washa September nigga, so you know he nasty
And if she nasty, we do the nasty
Now I tell a bitch like this you gotta take 10 dicks
For you meet the president, Young Money
(Gangsta Grillz, bastard) I know this one honey
I call her track star 'cause when we fuck, she run from me
And I'm hella fly and her dude dumb bummy
And I don't get girls, I make her get one for me My weed real plummy and real gummy
And my flow is harder than an anvil honey
Shoot these niggas with the hand held honey
I paper chase fuck stand still money Niggas kill with me and kill for me
Best believe we ridin' if the fan belt runnin'
Leave a mutherfucker, just layin' their bloody
I'm from the dirty and I make it rain, damn that's muddy She just want to be my cutty buddy
And on these tracks, I go nutty booty
What it dizzy is you or is you ain't my baby, baby?

Songwriters

Dwayne Carter; Jarvis Mills Published by

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