Hawaii 5.0

Lil' Wayne

Yeahhh...
I got the 24 inches sittin on them Joe buttons,
And the trunks straight jumpin,
BITCH! I can't hear nuthin'
Though I might do Spurs sittin' on them Tim Duncan's,
And in the Lambroghini I do doughnuts like Dunkin's.
How come every bad bitch with a pussy wanna fuck em',
But I just feed em' drugs and just watch em' fuck each otha,
My neck was a hundred, and my wrist was anotha,
It make her pussy wet I leave that bitch with a puddle,
I'm a beast I'm a dog, I should rap with a muzzle,
Peyton Manning flow, I just go no huddle,
Baby girl gettin' straight dick, no cuddle,
You know I'm out this world, I just bought a space shuttle,
I'mma put some D's on that bitch!
And these hoe's starting to get like flea's on my shit,
Have you seen the who nina she's on my hip,
Yellow white diamonds call it cheese on em' grits,
You nigga's ain't ballin',
Real talk, you nigga's can't guard me,
Two nigga's can't guard me,
You lookin' at Jordan,
From the side like Spike at the Garden,
I got that hardest bars, call me the warden,
Excuse me pardon, I break a bitch down like Tanya Harding,
Bitch I'm cold not dude off Martin,
Pockets just fat like the Clumps and Norbit,
Bitch I'm fly like a magic carpet,
And bitch I'm fresh like a pack of Orbit,
See I'mma take it and gon' bring it back to New Orleans,
And bitch I'mma shine in the land of darkness,
In which I'mma grind til my stacks is tall as,
A wall is,
And I'm high, don't wanna know how deep the fall is,
No I can't come down,
And every time I send my girl outta town,
I put some D's on that bitch!
I'm a certified gangster,
Hater's make me nauseous, so money make me anxious,

Listen how my words are poetic like Langston,
Dreads down my back like I come straight from Kingston,
But I come from Hollygrove, 17 danger zone,So many c note's I could sing a song,
T-top coupe, lookin' like a thong,
Your girl love my dick, she treats it like a bong,
I don't want be right if gettin high is wrong,
My eyes so low I look like I'm from Hong Kong,
Boy I got more green than a bitch of Don Juan,HahaOk, I'm not a rookie I'm a pro; Methazine fiend,
Make the homies say Hoe, and make all the girlies scream,
I am a vegetarian man I only eat beats,
Wear a lot of carrots and I smoke the best green,
No beef, in my grocery bag,
Just some Swisher's and a whole bunch of cans of Whoop Ass,
I'm strapped like a bookbag,
So any one of ya'll can come on and get a foot tagged,
Eat all day,
Ride all night,
Sleep no way,
Sleep when I lay,
Six feet deep,
And until that day,
I'mma be livin' like it is that day.I keep holdin' on,
I said bitch I been hot,
Bitch the stove been on,
If you don't like it I roll over and roll alone,
Fuck you and the horse that you rode in on,
Some cool shorts in my Corvezone,
Lookin' slicker than the lane that you bowlin' on,
If they ain't tell you I'm the shit, then they told ya wrong,
Bitch I'm bubblin' like soda foam,
In a styrofoam,
CUP,
You know what's in my styrofoam,
What,
S-Y-R-UP,
That's my car, yep vroooom...
I'm gone!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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