

Afro

Lil' Wayne

Three, uh

I'm bout to shoot at a nigga, no layup
I pull up and step back and I get my J up, yea
Point-blank, I shoot at a nigga
Or shoot at her nigga from far like I'm Trae Young
Shoot at a nigga, no airball, ooh
Shoot at a nigga, no backboard
I break a full court press up at half-court
That's no cap like an afro

I swing that stick like Wayne Gretzky
I keep a K on me like I'm Coach K, Mike Krzyzewski
Hope you set tripping, then I gotta send shots
Get your whole set shot, quiet on the set bitch
Shoot at a nigga, no bank shot
Check the game clock, nigga, time is too precious
I shoot at a nigga, no rebound
Shoot the whole team down, rookies and veterans
She give me face time, no texting
She give me face through the zipper, bow
Open face, Tunechi got shooters like Golden State
Shoot at a nigga, no dribble, no handle
Shoot at a nigga, no dribble, no travel
Shoot at a nigga, no Euro-step
Still have my dribble, ain't using my pivot yet
Aim at his rim, and I hit the net
Shoot at the cheerleaders, blood on the pom-poms
Shoot your coach up, shoot the sidelines
Court side seats, get blood on the popcorn
Shoot you like Jordan, like Bron-Bron
Shoot at a nigga like Harden from the outside
Nigga can't guard, can't block mine
Shoot at a nigga, going hard from the foul line
He don't call, it's a hotline
Shoot at a nigga, no double-dribble
Shoot at a nigga, no crossover
Driveway looking like a toy store
I'ma ball, I'ma never turn the ball over
I'ma shoot at a nigga, on Mula
Pull up with two hundred guns, it's a shootout
Shoot at a nigga, no hooping, no hoopla
Tunechi, lil nigga, No Ceilings, no rooftop
I'm 'bout to spray at that nigga, no drizzle
Get down and lay down lil nigga, no pillow
I light up a J on a nigga, no Leno
I'm slime everyday on a nigga, no schedule
All of these lil' niggas claiming they killas
Just holding up guns, taking pictures in the mirror
Pop me a seal, I pour a line and reseal it
Then I laugh at these niggas
Don't they look like my children?
Giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle
She lick it right after I bust—that shit tickle
She swallow a shot glass of nut like tequila
She like to talk when she fuck, I couldn't hear her
She like to walk on my rug, it's chinchilla

She wan' fuck on my rug, I say, "Bitch, that's chinchilla"
She like to masturbate while on her period
Then suck her finger, I swear she the weirdest
My trigger finger, that's all with my blood
Used to party with bloods, now Hollywood drugs
Got bitches on drugs in the car waiting for us
Waiting on there to fuck and then all day we fucking
And all night we bucking, all white, the cups in it
Cocaine is soft, all white deluxe
And his head might come off and you might see his guts
And it might make you barf and the memory blush
Run it, run it
I can't keep up 'cause I might be on blow
And I might be on rush, yeah, I might be on slow
'Cause I might be on codeine and Promethazine
This ain't minor league bruh, I need ice in my punchy
Put ice on my nuts, that be icy as fuck
I'll be icy icy, very pricey
I be so lit up they call me "Chris Lighty"
You could get lit up just for some enlightenment
Fuck the indictments
I fuck the crystal and I fuck the diamond
I fuck some swimmers, and I fuck some divers
Never been fishy, but I fuck the Pisces
I fuck the simple and I fuck the silent
I fuck the gentle and I fuck the kindly
I fuck the physical, I fuck the violent
Then I fuck the mental and I fuck the body

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Ayo, check this out, this is DJ Khaled
And I want to give a big shoutout to Lil Wayne, No Ceilings 3
But I want the people to know, Part 2 is coming soon
Lil Wayne the greatest, Young Money, 'pon your head