

**Amen**

**Lil' Wayne**

Gangsta Grillz ya bastards!

There's a couple married bitches in the building  
Fucked them!

I get them out I get that pussy

The End

I see you niggas got no life.. Sixth Sense

She said she wanna fuck my brains out

But she gonna have to suck this dick first! Preach!

Fucking right, I'm deep

She sat on my dick, she sat on my face

I told that bitch she got good seats

Man, these niggas softer than fleece

2D niggas, and they obliques

You talked that shit, I knock you out, now go ahead and talk in your sleep

Bitch you know the motto!

It's Young Money over hoes

Lying to these bitches, they call my dick Pinnochio

Gettin' to the money, now the money getting to me

She say my ver-dick is hung like a jury

I'm on the track: DOA

Some of these niggas be DEA

Money tall: NBA

Broke niggas: SMH

Hit em like Canseco

But she be like "No way Jose!"

I got all that white

What you call that? OKKK!

Every night I go hard

She blow me like Boston George

She like it in her ass, mouth and pussy

3 car garage!

These niggas is false alarms

They don't mean no fuckin harm

Hey baby let's make a porn!

Ba-bum! Devil horns

You know that I ain't got no ceilings

The money changed me, I'm making chameleons

Only God can judge me, can't appeal it

In the name of the Father, Son, Holy Spirit

Amen!

Tell them alphabet boys it's a "G" thing

I've got a street sweeper, do you need your street cleaned?

Young Money bitch! We colder than a ski team

Red beam, if you scared, mufucka go to church!

Preach! Security breach

I'm on that grass harder than cleats

I'm on that gas, y'all on E

Nigga my cash out of your reach

I run shit like the reverend

She get on her knees for this dick

Then swallow all of them blessings

Church!

It's just a way of life

Bought my mama a crib

Bought my daddy a car  
Let him go meet Tune  
Now they think I'm a star  
Damn I love this life wouldn't trade it for nothing  
Most theses rappers is falling cause they ain't standing for nothing  
I smoke that loud so I don't hear haters talking  
Plus these bitches be stalking trying look for a fortune  
In the Chi we say church when the pussy gets purchase  
Got a bitch so bad she make a player get nervous  
Now good ain't good enough and my hood is hood as fuck  
I be praying for them shortys trynna get their dollars up  
Swag so dope you probably think I'm dealing  
And I only give head if baby girl swallow children  
Boo ain't got a ghost and bitches still be catch the holy ghost  
She say she want to get high I hit her with that overdose  
Pimpin' so cold put that on my overcoat  
Only ride foreign  
We don't do 100 spokes  
When broke niggas talk that's 100 jokes  
Ha Laughing at you fuck boys  
Skate gear I'm a truck boy  
On my truck right I don't give a fuck boy