

Back 2 Back

Lil' Wayne

Dope man
Dope man, coke man

I play the porsche, 918
I mean the spider you do not know what I mean
I got a driver for my drop top limousine
Go ask yo bitch I bet she know 'bout Mr. G
Yeah he like to talk, she like to talk
So when he drop her off, they have a heart to heart
Cause he got all the answers
And I got all the verses
My Benz don't got no ceilings
But the windows came with curtains
So me and G swerving, me and G swerve
I keep the double R, me and Steve Kerr
Popping these percs like I'm on injury reserve
And when the pockets full of lint, we want that lint to be fur
Amen, amen
No baking soda, my nigga, we play it raw
We put some holes in them niggas, we playin' golf
Want you to know it's me nigga, my mask off
Cut out his tongue put that bitch in a glass jar
Then drop it off to your kid's classroom
Dirt bags, we belong in a vacuum
A pad room, I fuck in my bathroom
Long hallways my room is the last room
Long hard days, my schedule don't have room
You home all day, you stuck on your Mac book
I'm gone all day I'm chasing that checkbook
I'm stoned all day, I'm stoned all day, I'm on D'usse
Back in the day we was on section eight
Now we got our own section, motherfucker like "hey"
All y'all niggas know what time it is like Flav
Public Enemy Number One like Flav
Fifteen with a mouth full of golds like Flav
Fifteen with a house full of hoes like Hef
Gave G the day off cause the car park itself
Shots take off like a stealth and they landed in your scalp
Letting human heads replace the Grammies on the shelf
Put a bitch head right below the belt 'til she belch
And she do not get a dollar, zero, zilch
Cup muddy, muddy, muddy, muddy, muddy
Tunechi pass the blunt, I'm gon' need time to study
They don't know who got the gun but they know who got the money
We don't wanna know what's up, we wanna know who got the money
What these niggas wanna do? What these bitches want from me?
Bitches claiming I'm a dog, but these bitches want puppies
These bitches bring luggage, my bitches bring others
My bitches bring rubbers, your bitches burn rubbers
Your bitches burn supper
I'm still major and I made y'all niggas
You getting bodied by a skater nigga
I'm not the typa nigga that be skypling bitches
Shout out to all my bitches one nighting niggas
Make sure you hit 'em with that Slut Walk
Then text that man to fuck off
See I pour up another one, another one

Got the cream started tasting like bubble gum
Woah, straight swerving on these niggas
From condos to islands to Bourbon on them niggas
Them other niggas just wasn't deserving of me niggas
So I'm swerving on them niggas
No more Family Matters, no more Urkel on them niggas
I'm feeling like a born again virgin on them niggas
I'm running to the bank, quick as Herchel on you niggas
What's in your wallet? I done went commercial on them niggas
On purpose on them niggas
I got the all black hoodie, all black gat to match
Yeah, put it to your head and blat
When we see you boy shots, we coming back to back
Long hair, don't care, nigga, Cactus Jack
No ceilings