

Baggin

Lil' Wayne

Yeah
Geronimo
Uh

Jumped out the Porsche, jumped straight in the game
Head in the clouds, I play in the rain
I play in her pussy, I play in her mouth
I skeet, skeet, skeet, she lay in the stain
Beep, beep, beep, nigga stay in your lane
I get geeked, geeked, geeked, then I say I'ma change
Pop two, pop three, it goes straight to the pain
White, blue, yellow, pink pill, Crayola gang
She takin' my charge, she takin' your chain
You fake as your chain, it's bread over fame
I lay on my plane, filet and Lo Mein
I'm wreckin' my brain like wrecked the Mulsanne
I get the McLaren and run a few errands
Got a mouth full of karats and I don't eat carrots
Got more Elliantte than Elliantte
Let me find out you've been shoppin' at Jared
I pop at your parents and tell 'em it's personal
I like my purple drink purpler
Whippin' the work and my wrist lookin' virtual
Bust down sick as tuberculosis

Whippin' the work with my left, make sure the money is right, yeah
My circle I'm keepin' it tight, 360, 365, yeah
Whippin' the skrrt with my left, yeah, make sure the money is right, yeah
My circle I'm keepin' it tight, like a virgin, she keep it inside
Whippin' the work with my left, yeah, draco on my right, yeah
Say she wanna see me tonight
I put that bitch on a flight

I'm in the kitchen cheffin' with my left, ooh
Whippin' it up with my right, right
Left-right like Mike, fight
Whip the white until it bite, yie
Huh, whippin' that white girl, whippin' that white girl
White girl gettin' her ass whipped
Rippin' them numbers, rippin' them numbers, right up out the math book
Money talkin', mine kind of like a chat room, uh
Told my young blood to be bool and be bareful
Runnin' the white, fuck with the white
Whippin' it right, it's comin' to life
I brung it to life, I gave it the light like a candle, ooh (Phew)
I'm whippin' it damn good, ooh (Phew)
I'm whippin' it damn good, ooh (Phew)
I'm whippin' it damn good, yeah
Whippin' the Benz with my left, yeah
Got your lil' boo on my right, yeah
Buss down on my left, yeah, that's your boo on my right, yeah
Poppin' a Perc with my left, yeah
Sippin' the syrup with my right, yeah
One of the last real nigga left, yeah
Fuck we got left behind, yeah
Tell me I got the best, yeah
I'ma go up on the price, yeah

By the time the nigga got on a vest, yeah
I'ma shoot him a hundred times (Boom)

Whippin' the work with my left (Yeah, yeah, yee, yee)
Make sure the money is right (Yeah, yee, yeah, ayy, ayy)

No Ceilings 3, Lil Wayne