

# Banned From NO

Lil' Wayne

Carter VI

Ayo, the cocaine whiter, the rope chain brighter  
The choke chain tighter, the close-range sniper  
The dope game lifer, her throat game nicer  
The propane lighter, money old like Biden  
I walk around like King Tut, got it out the mud, I cleaned up  
I'm blinged up, shirt off, bitch, I'm inked up, don't blink once  
Sip pink punch, she drink nut, she eat dick, I bring lunch  
Say she 'bout that action, I'ma fuck her 'til she scream, "Cut"

Woah now, one shot, knock his door down  
Silencer on, no sound, catch him with his nose down and wipe it  
This game is a bitch, you gotta pipe it 'fore you wife it  
Nothin' gettin' between me and the team, not even a hyphen  
You got a dead man walkin', it's a madman talkin'  
Leave his body in the garbage, left the trash man nauseous  
Eatin' on these streets like a fat man starvin'  
And the semi go brrrt like I pressed fast-forward, motherfucker

Rrr, Carter VI, Carter VI

I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks  
I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks, nigga  
I turned my sons to rich niggas  
I turned a one to six figures  
My daughter turned away all them bitch niggas  
Ferrari license plate, 666, nigga

Two ways into the hood, one train  
I be smokin' chronic like straight to the brain  
Ayo, let's get loose, Hennessy straight with tomato juice  
Queen stallions, buy guns from the Italians  
Now y'all niggas recognize medallions  
Come to your hood, OT with Tim Westwood  
Used to be on Section 8, now my section is good  
Thugged out, nigga, we eat as much as we could  
And we don't give a fuck, boy, you could play my shit  
I don't give a fuck, boy, you could save your shit  
Y'all niggas like extra skin on my dick  
Ferrari license plate read "666"  
Ferrari license plate read "666"

Ayo, the cocaine whiter, the rope chain brighter  
The choke chain tighter, the close-range sniper  
I'm the dope game lifer, her throat game nicer  
Propane lighter, money old like Biden  
I walk around like King Tut, got it out the mud, I cleaned up  
I'm blinged up, shirt off, bitch, I'm inked up, don't blink once  
Sip pink punch, she drink nut, she eat dick, I bring lunch  
Say she 'bout that action, I'ma fuck her 'til she scream, "Cut"

Fuck

Rrr, Carter VI, Carter VI

I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks  
I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks, nigga  
I turned my sons to rich niggas  
I turned a one to six figures

My daughter turned away all them bitch niggas  
Ferrari license plate, 666, nigga  
Fuck  
Rrr, Carter VI, Carter VI  
I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks  
I been outchea turnin' crumbs to bricks, nigga  
I turned my sons to rich niggas  
I turned a one to six figures  
My daughter turned away all them bitch niggas  
Ferrari license plate, 666, nigga

Dance, dance, dance  
666

Ayo, the cocaine whiter, the rope chain brighter  
The choke chain tighter, the close-range sniper  
I'm the dope game lifer, her throat game nicer  
The propane lighter, money old like Biden  
I walk around like King Tut, got it out the mud, I cleaned up  
I'm blinged up, shirt off, I'm inked up, don't blink once  
Sip pink punch, she drink nut, she eat dick, I bring lunch  
Say she 'bout that action, I'ma fuck her 'til she scream, "Cut"