

Bells

Lil' Wayne

L-I-L Wayne is sharp as nails
Hammer anybody that talk that ill
I exhale kush y'all smell
Thuggin' since I got out of jail
Anger is a fight in the mind
Got that white girl like Topanga, you desire, I design
We are all perfect strangers that are runnin' out of time
In the eyes of danger, grab my gun and rob ya blind
Rob ya blind, I been eatin' on the streets, wine and dine
I been under them trees like Feliz Navidad
Twin Glocks under the seat, that's Maria, Maria
Leave your body lookin' like if you're feedin' hyenas, woah
Actavis so sweet, tastin' like a Now and Later
Diamonds in my teeth, smilin' like a alligator
Drugs make us turtles, we fight and sleep like straight up
Got these bitches at my feet, but I'ma keep my head up
I been rockin' niggas bells, I been rockin' bitches world
All this weed in this blunt, I feel like I'm doing curls
While they all on pins and needles, I been stickin' to my word
That's that murder in this blunt, I feel like Ja Rule and Irv
I son these niggas, wear ya sunscreen, nigga
I swear, I ain't touched the ground since Jump Street, nigga
I'm a Eagle Street nigga, watch my wings swing, nigga
Gotta king me, nigga, ding-ding-ding, nigga
Bells

L-I-L Wayne is hot as hell
Flow so hard, my bars hit like barbells
Bells
L-I-L Wayne is hot as hell
Murder everybody, your thot as well
Got the street sweeper, got the mop as well
My bitch a bombshell, break her out her shell
Like, like Taco Bell and I bring this shit straight to the opp doorbell

You been waitin' and debatin' for oh-so long
Starvin' like Marvin, so let's get it on
And I'ma rep New Orleans, put my woes on the map
All I need is this designer to put No' on my cap
Oh, feds on the gang, real tough, though
My main bitch snappin', I ain't say, "Hut," though
I got the automatic soundin' like a drumroll
She taking off her panties, wait for me to upload
I'm a bad man, I'm a mass man
I'm her first kiss, I'm her last dance
I'm a hashtag, I'm a red flag
Got a trash bag full of dead pres'
Shake the bugs off, sleep the drugs off
Flip the judge off, rip the plug off
Got detectives at my house and they just found a skull
Any reverend you encounter tell you I'm the God
You see the devil, tell him that I pulled the fire alarm
And there won't be dryin' off from this quiet storm
And every single guy involved, that's who I will harm
Hit everything except your arms with this firearm
Okay, now some don't like it 'cause I do what I want
Plus, I make a lot of money and your boyfriend don't

And I don't smoke bunk, I only smoke that strong
Eyes tight like my name Wong-Ding-Ding-Dong
Bitch, bells

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