

Big Bad Wolf

Lil' Wayne

I'ma just say this shit right here
The greatest mixtape series of all time
Care to debate me?
(Uh-uh-uh-mmm)
Yea, I thought so
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Keep that shit on Twitter
Y'all ain't lit, y'all litter
Keep that shit in your shitter
Or eat that shit, don't spit up (Rrr!)
Keep my bad bitch did up
Keep my main bitch, put up
Watchin' me do push-ups
She was playin' with herself and I looked up (Damn!)
Your thot need to get her look up
You plottin' on me, my foot up
Your squad ain't hard, that's cushion
That ain't sauce, that's puddin'
Tunechi across her bosom, damn!
Shootin' up the jurors, damn!
Don't name my pistol
I name the trigger, Benjamin Button, push 'em (Bam!)
Y'all just pussy, get buried together and let 'em play footsie
Y'all just wussy
I got some bullets, gon' pull up in hoodies and come take a look-see
Better play hooky
I got some hookers hookin' up with some politicians
And some athletes and some college niggas
Send your missus on all kind of missions
I'm the sickest nigga skippin' doctors visits
But my pots is pissy, smokin' hockey sticky
Put a stockin' on my face and hit a lick in'
When shit get ugly, I go Pretty Ricky
I don't fuck with rats, neither Minnie, Micky
I don't fuck with cops, that's the piggly wiggly
Fuck my bitch's friends, and they friendly-friendly
While your bitch givin' me her twenty-twenty like she tired of Mickey-D's
Wendy's, Denny's like she tired of Macy's
JC Penny's, I got bitches gettin' tired of spendin', spend it
If we winnin', win it
I know Dream Chasers that ain't never dreamt it
So I had to tint it and I had to rim it
And I worked the lanes like Shaq and Penny
It's the Blood gang, it's the money gang
Red rags to riches, need happy endings
Then it's back to business and we laugh at sentencin'
Hungry lawyers make a snack out witnesses
Hungry artists or starvin' artists in the kitchen
Restaurant and cafeterias
Don't make a difference if you taste the difference
Better pay the difference to the racketeers
Now your good luck lookin' like you crackin' mirrors
Now the artificial become sacrificial
That's a body count, where the mathematician?
Where the wettest clitoris and fattest nipples?
With an ass that jiggle with a grab or tickle

With a throat deep enough to land a missile
If ya nigga miss you and he have opinions
Tell him two cents is only half a nickel
Now we at his villa, aiming at his pillows
Hair triggers, fingers finna act like bristles
And I catch a triple, flip kick jiu-jitsu
Throwin' pool parties, she don't have a swimsuit
Neither of her friends do, I think that's official
Got my neighbor's eyes bigger than the Simpson's
And I'm magnificent so I had to pimp her
And she had potential but he lacked credentials
So give me a sec', I'll go at your neck
And send you back lookin' like the Dracula bit you (Rrr!)
Yeah, cannibalism goin' animalistic in a land of civilians
These niggas clones, copycats, and chameleons
Once they dead and gone, no paraphernalia
When she left her thong, that's paraphernalia
Sound familiar? My plug's Sicilian
He the one who told me that sometimes you gotta leave ya la familia
Behind the millions
Rhyme or reason
I'm the reason, got they eyes wide but too blind to see it
With friends like those
It make me text all my enemies and tell 'em I don't need 'em
Hallelujah, power intruders
Bitch walk around my house like Hooters
Towel user, power user
Molly mixed with white girl, Molly Susan
Niggas talkin' out their bowel movers
Turn they homies into flower choosers
Turn your kids into father choosers
Make your bitch a widow and your mom a cougar
I'm a silent shooter with a silent shooter
Clap at you, if you don't die, I'll boo ya
Tell a doc that's tryna to save your life and runnin' wires through you
He could die next to ya (Rrr!)
I'ma make the nurse ride me like a giant scooter
Let her partner shoot it
We pull out the movie, win awards
She got a Golden Globe head and an Oscar booty
Niggas prostitutin', these rappers ain't talkin' 'bout shit
Not even 'bout pollution
Ain't got a house to live in, ain't got a pool to swim in
Change in their pockets, nor a couch to lose it
In route to Houston with a contribution full of Monster juices
Monster too slow, macho Cujo macho mucho
Big bad wolf, watch the moon glow (Rrr!)
I got a Greek freak, she call me Antetokounmpo
Just follow the kupo and I know that you know
I'm hotter than soup, she still swallow my soup bowl
I'm out of my loophole, you outta the loop, though
Got all these niggas on silent and mute mode
The power to do so, my pockets is sumo
Gettin' the mula by the minuto
Mafia Nuvo, I am the uno
Real boss nigga, should model for Hugo
Fuck with me, I go Lolapaloozo
Pull up trigger finger, holler, and pull up
(Pah, pah, pah)
Sound like a symphony or Opera, tudo
Hittin' some new notes
And I am the maestro and you just a typo
Private flight, don't fly in too low

I'm wiser than you know, a private school flow
I got me a new ho and now it's a duo
One went to college and one went to juco
I had to ask 'em, what's four plus two though? (Rrr!)