

Big Wings

Lil' Wayne

Fuck with me wrong and get hit up
We hit every block and we hit all your men up
She do every squat and she do every sit up
She dance everyday and she pick every bit up
I work everyday and I sip when I get up
You heard what I say yeah I sip when I get up
And work everyday I'm a hell of a nigga
Smokin' that loud it just yell at a nigga
Confidence high I'm an arrogant nigga
These bitches do not want a regular nigga
My slime got them bricks doing estimates nigga
That's numbers and squares like a calendar nigga
That's numbers and squares like a calendar nigga
None of you scared, wanna battle a nigga?
Cause shots come from nowhere like pop, abracadabra nigga

I fuck a clit up on everything
I put some sip up in everything
You hit your bitch up she never came
She was with me up in Neverland
I hit your clique up on everything
I take two clips up in everything
I'm coming, I'm shootin up everything
I just bought my woman some Vera Wang
I just bought myself Alexander Wang
I just bought myself some new Louis frames
I got em prescribed cause I'm blind as fuck
Or is it that I just don't wanna see you again
Got em prescribed
I got a prescription
I got a prescription
I got a prescription
I fuck a clit up on everything
Tie my bitch up to the bed frame
Twenty-two five footer, Venus, 11 flat footer, Serena
Drink codeine like it's Aquafina
My bitch jalapena
I come from Mars I come from Viscida
Fresh out the womb I knew I was a leader
Who keeping score cause I beat em

And I got some really big wings, flying over New Orleans
I pull some really big strings, my wingspan like Yao Ming
My eyes tight like Yao Ming
I smoke some really big greens
I sip the whole sixteen
I saw a mil at fifteen
And still got really big dreams
Your bitch a really big fiend
Your bitch a really big fan
But I ain't got no ceilings
I ain't got no ceilings
I ain't got no ceilings
I ain't got no ceilings

Man what a high, want to be alive
I'm sippin' lean, and TMZ said I died

I run with bitch-slappers, your hate don't impact us
Our bitches dick-grabbers, your bitches pic-snappers
You just a camera rapper, but we don't point cameras at you
We point them hammers at you, more bullets than hammer dancers
We take the pineapple, we fill it with purple, we never settle
We take the Mac-11 we point that bitch straight at your cerebellum
PAH

And this world is mines
I'm gettin' mines
I'm sippin' lines
OH we talkin' lean, OH we talkin' lean?!
OH you pouring up? Finna fall asleep?!
Look at the smile on me
Spent a couple hundred thou on it
And the game been drove me crazy, over hundred thousand miles on me
Damn, said she gonna lie for me
I said you just lied to me
She tell me that's my pussy
I say bitch you just lied to me
That's why I fuck em all, still love em all
With a rubber off cause they hustler's dogs
And to top it off, all the ties is off
And it's winter season but the 6 is heated

And I got some really big wings, I got a really big regime
Been part of some really big schemes
I just popped a really big beam [x2]
I rock some really big bling
I sleep on a really big king, with a really thick queen
I sleep with a really thick queen, on a really big king
She know I really big screen
She say I got a really big team
She say I'm doing really big things
I should be doing really big scenes, on a really big screen
You see I got really big dreams
And what a grind
I fuck a clit up on everything
I pour some sip up in everything [x3]
No Ceilings