

Bugatti

Lil' Wayne

Microphone check, I still don't hear my...
Oh yeah I do, yeah I do
Who the fuck is Stevie J?

Don't be lookin' for no donations
You get dick, then reservations
I get pussy then hibernation
I start humpin' soon as I wake up
I woke up in some new punani
He woke up bleedin' like "who shot me?"
I kept shootin'; Boo said "you got 'em".
Now, all we gotta do is get rid of the body.
But anyway I woke up in some new punani

I was drunk as a bitch, drunk as a bitch
But not drunk as that bitch
I got in that shit acted donkey in it
Junk in her trunk, hope my trunk he can fit
Then she jumped on my dick like a monkey and shit
Monkey see monkey do, banana clips
Shoot at them niggas, no camera glitch
Wax that ass, no candle stick
And I run with some killers I eat with the mob
Got some shit built up I keep it inside
Red in my eyes, Mount Everest high
Look dead in my eyes, see death in my eyes
The TEK on my thigh and my aim so good
I could shoot a fly or a bull in the eye
Hold up, all bullshit aside
A nigga almost died but I'm outchea
Fuck around with a real nigga get murked
I been paid my dues will I get reimbursed?
Love it when she make faces
Pussy feel like vacation
Eat it like I'm dyin' of starvation
I'm at the finish line, her heart racin'
Give her the View, if she Caucasian
My niggas wild as Jumanji
You can call me an S.O.B
Cause its skateboards over bugattis
I used to be at them Heat games
With better seats than Pat Riley
Don't stop, pop that don't stop
Pop that Ollie, Tunechi

Sippin' on dumb, puffin' a J
Met her tonight, fuck her today
You tuck her away, I'm fuckin' her face
Wine head, she's guzzling grapes
Back shots, I'm holding her waist
Freaky, I always freak...
You know Tune my bro, but he ain't tryna meet ya
Just bring your friend, both of us'll eat her
Hater niggas be hungry
Got a hundred shots to feed 'em
Her panties are down, her legs is up
We finally fucked, she starved for months

Don't give a fuck, still I'll hit
Never no feelings, no love for these hoes
No flowers, we're simple, we fucked in the Rolls
No flowers, we're simple, we fucked in the Rolls
Royce - trick!
Now they mad, I told they was
Bitches'll be lying, I did the same
Far from a square, don't mistake me for lame
She's suckin' me off, I'm pokin' her brain
She tell me keep goin', I'm doin' my thing
That pussy so wet, I'm calling it rain
I'm giving her hundreds, she's keeping my change
I keep it a hundred, you do the same
Most women front, but who do you blame?
I gave you dick, you gave me pussy
It's safe to say it's an even exchange...
Bitch!

Don't be givin' out information
You know niggas still on probation
I get higher than expectations
You know this is the Dedication
I'm on that kush she on that molly
I turn that pussy to Dasani
Shout out my nigga Luca Brasi
I don't know this ho
So I must dash, no disguises
Tunechi, I had to Dedication 5 it