

# Cotton Candy

Lil' Wayne

Sugar sweets (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Give me candy, please (Lala-la-la-la-la-la)  
Sugar sweets (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Give me candy, please (Lala-la-la-la-la-la)

Twenty-five lines on the dresser  
Ran off on the plug like a Tesla  
Coke make her sneeze, God bless her  
Fuck her like a wrestler, Brock Lesnar  
South cocaine, polyester  
More sand than Mojave Desert  
White cheese, talkin' mozzarella  
White girl, talkin' Aguilera

White girl, call her Consuela  
All coke, no Doctor Pepper  
I protect her like contraceptive  
Break a brick like a block in Tetris  
Ate the dick, she want sloppy seconds  
At her throat like a diamond necklace  
Cook the coke like my mama breakfast  
I'm in the lab like I'm Doctor Jekyl  
All gas, that's without the pedal  
I'm in her face, that's without the freckles  
All bass, that's without the treble  
Johnson-Johnson, yeah, the powder fresher  
Snort a line, ain't no time to measure  
I ain't tryna press you, but it's my pleasure  
White girl come with dollar signs, Kesha  
Mary Jane, molly, hot lesbians  
Bitches snortin' coke off of bitches  
Lickin' cocaine off of titties  
White girl, sweet, soft, and pretty  
Lookin' like a spliff, nice, tall, skinny  
I'm him, baby, got that bass like Eric B. and Rakim, baby  
Nosedive, then swim, baby  
More white girls than Slim Shady

Sugar sweets (And Tom Brady)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl (Sugar sweets), oh (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough (Toni)  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl

On dirty Sprite, she a coke head  
Make the beat slap with no hands  
My dog a blood, it's code red  
With two hoes, gave 'em both head  
My brother, brother, my best friend  
On more white than Ovechkin  
Walked in the strip club, spent more Washingtons than a redskin  
In candyland, I'm the handyman  
Got the tool me, Azul on me  
Where would I be without my baby? Ja Rule on me  
Don and 42 on me  
Got more at stake than wagyu, homie  
I could swim in my jewels, Rollie on in the pool (Alright)

Don Corleone on this mornin'  
She was doin' lines on Zoom (Alright)  
Line's long to the powder room, oh yeah, powder room (Uh)  
Keep in mind, I'm at the studio tryna lay down a verse  
She pulled out her debit card and chopped it up, nose first (Yuh)  
I listen up, I don't judge, her booty softer than Uggs (Uh)  
I grab on it sometimes when we hug, just because (Woo)  
My sugar, sugar, my sweet thing, you put the G in G-string (G)  
Sat back and I peeped game  
Touched her once and a leak came

Sugar sweets (Yeah)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl (Sugar sweets), oh (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl (Lala-la-la-la-la-la), oh  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl (Lala-la-la-la-la-la), oh  
(Lala-la-la-la-la-la)

T-twenty-five lines on the dresser (Yeah)  
Ran off on the plug like a Tesla (Yeah)  
C-coke make her sneeze, God bless her (Yeah)  
Fuck her like a wrestler, Brock Lesnar (Yeah)  
S-south cocaine, polyester (Yeah)  
More-more sand than Mojave Desert (Yeah)  
White cheese, talkin' mozzarella (Yeah)  
White girl, talkin Aguilera

Sugar sweets (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl (Sugar sweets), oh (Lala-la-la-la-la)  
Cotton candy, sweet as dough  
Ballin' like the Sugar Bowl

Sweet (Lala-la-la-la-la-la, oh, yeah)