

Cotton Candy

Lil' Wayne

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