

Curtains

Lil' Wayne

I ain't nervous, I swear to God I ain't nervous
And I'm laughing at them pussy niggas and that pussy shit they doin'
I'm getting cake like I'm Jewish, my nigga Drake he Jewish
I swear to god I ain't nervous, okay I swear to god I ain't nervous
I swear to god I ain't nervous, I say, I swear to god I ain't nervous
I got her workin, twerkin and slurping my sepernt
Ain't got no problems in this bitch-for certain
I see you turnin up but your turn up ain't workin
Just want some mouth and lip service
Yeah, I'm getting head behind the Maybach curtains

Ok I'm straight action-no ricochet
That pussy boneless, that's Chick-fil-a
I fuck with real riders and they tickets paid
Niggas cryin wolf, well I'll wipe them tears away
I swear my momma trust my work, so I give these hoes that work
They say the best things in life are free, that's why it cost for you to get
get murked
And my pants saggin like fuck it I'm still on my business
Spent my birthday in jail, I was making bad decisions
Saw my enemy at the light, I told Marley light the weed
Then I lit them niggas up before that motherfucker turned green
Your bitch ride me like a go kart
I play that pussy like Mozart
I Mozart these hoes hearts then after that they wordless

Man, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I said I swear to God I ain't nervous
I dont know, I swear to God I ain't nervous
And that pussy don't get purchased, ho
Ain't got no problems in this bitch for certain
I see you turnin up but your turn up ain't working
I like em long haired and curvy
And if niggas think its a game, I'll leave their brains on their jerseys

She say she love me, that's the molly talking
Her pussy so wet it keep sliding off it
She got a nigga but he ain't me bitch
I'm the original gangster, he the remix
Girl, do you use that same mouth to kiss yo momma?
I say, only God can judge me, fuck your honor
And her birthday suit is her pajamas
She say, I didn't know your dick was a recliner
I'll punch your man in his eye, give him a shiner
I'll blind him, him and whoever cosign him
I get Adam like Yolonda
Young Money Cash Money's Obama
Its fuck the world, no condom
If he twisted, I'll unwind him
And this pistol came with a silence

But I swear to God he heard it!
Yea, and I swear to God I ain't nervous
Na, I swear to God I ain't nervous
Bitch I'm the God, I should be rapping in a turban
Ain't got no problems in this bitch and thats for certain
I see you turning up but your turn up ain't working

Baby, I just want some mouth and lip service
She gone ride this dick like the Kentucky-Derby

On that Pat-ron, I'm swerving
Game tight like virgins
I gotta bad bitch, she Persian
Call her AK when she's squirting
You see the niggas I'm with, that boy Boo the shit
As long as I got a face, yo bitch got a place to sit
Yea, I'm wilding off them shroomies
Ain't got no worries like Tunechi
All my chicks be boogey, wanna hold hands then watch movies
I be goddamned, make a nigga lose it
Ain't no talking- lets get to it
Real niggas winning, fake niggas losing
Bitch I'll leave that pussy with bruises

Girl, I swear to God I ain't nervous
I swear to god I ain't nervous
No, you know I swear to god I ain't nervous
I got her workin, twerkin and slurping
My serpent
Ain't got no problems in this bitch and that's for certain
You fuck with Tunechi, you'll end up a Missing Person
She got Lil Tunechi on her booty, in cursive
I'm getting head behind the Maybach curtains
Ya