

# D'usse

Lil' Wayne

This motherfuckin' D'usse got me sweatin' and shit... word to God;  
Hov fuck with ya boy  
C5

Okay nigga I got em'  
Point em' out and I got em'  
Let 'em get a lil buzz  
Then we robbin' for pollen  
We ain't killin' no minors  
You niggas still in the minus  
And your bitch, we gonna blind her  
Can't pick a side off the lineup  
I swear lord knows Imma murk one of these niggas  
Shoot you in your earth  
And get earthworms on me nigga  
I been did my time  
I'm getting better with time  
But real niggas don't whine  
We'll burn down your vineyard  
I been ballin' since cornrows  
Still duckin' the narcos  
My little niggas, in war mode  
You spark it up, we charcoal  
Got a bad bitch with long hair that have bad days when the mall closed  
I'm a big dog, big doghouse, make ashtrays out of dog bowls  
Blessins on top of sins, restin' with topless twins  
Picture me broke but forgot to take the top off the lens  
In the restaurant, I'm with Slim  
Wrestlin' with lobster limbs  
Talkin' about some M's, it's soundin' like gospel hymns  
Yes lord

We on that D'usse, me and my nigga Euro  
Tina Turn up in this bitch  
We got Lauryn in this bitch  
Serena Pink in this bitch, better known as Pinky  
Yah dig?  
What's up Brandon?  
Lego!

Holly Grove nigga, rest in peace, Lil Kevin  
Rest in peace, Lil Beezy  
Rest in peace, [?]  
The world is mine, I am selfish  
I am a shark fuck them shellfish  
Everybody in the building  
Well I left that bitch like Elvis  
Nigga please  
Pops treated mom like Billie Jean  
Like hot sauce, I put in on everything  
I'ma give that fuckin' woman everything, everything  
Here we go, bitch I'm cool, Coolio  
She say "Tune, do me slow"  
How many fish did Hootie blow? I don't know  
Fuck who knows? I got a redbone with two golds  
And she snort too much of that Micheal Jackson, that bitch gon'  
Need a new nose

And I got time for you hoes  
Shit I only have two goals and that is "Get Money, Get Money"  
Now I'm ridin' 'round the city, with the top off the Maybach  
Lookin for a motherfuckin' spot we can skate at  
Elvis left the building  
And I take these hoes to Graceland  
And I got more bounce, to the 28 grams  
I ain't stuntin these niggas, eyes look chinese  
Wayne-chong to these niggas, Wayne-chong bitch!  
More than one bitch  
This for my niggas, we shall overcome, bitch  
From New Orleans, niggas dyin' over dumb shit  
You know we give the pastor hell, make the nun strip  
Yeah I might have them bricks, call me Brick Cannon  
Nina on my lap, what you want from Santa?  
I might get money, fuck bitches, kill niggas and smoke weed  
I'm married to this shit and I'm a wife beater, no sleeves  
Do it for my hood, that 44 ain't no good  
You better bring that chopper, cause we gon' have them choppers  
Yeah I do it for my hood, that 45 ain't no good  
You better bring the chopper, cause we gon' have them choppers, nigga  
You better bring the chopper, you better bring the chopper  
You better bring the chopper, cause we gon' have them choppers, yeah  
We gon' have them choppers, we gon' have them choppers  
You better bring the chopper, cause we gon' have them choppers, nigga  
Mula!

My nigga hood in this bitch  
Still on that D'usse  
Shout out my nigga Lil Twist, my lil brother  
He just passed out in the club the other night off that D'usse  
Threw up on the owner  
Owner talkin' about he wanted his money back  
He wanted half of the money back  
Twist took all the money and left  
That's some Young Money shit  
Soo Woo to the B gang  
Rest in peace [?]