

# Donks

Lil' Wayne

Look here  
SB donks, five-seven-five jeans  
Five thousand dollars on my fuckin wallet chain  
I be wildin maine, I'mma island man  
There ain't nothin' else by me mane  
I tell em float on and go on to the ozone  
Im so gone, my blunt like a pole long  
I prolong, and hold on  
To it like a trombone, I'm so blown  
And um, I got that cock back, I don't need that thumb bone  
So come on, you get the one with the drum on, it  
That's that one that goes dit, dit dit dit dit dit dit  
I'm so terrific when I spit, put my foot up in your ass  
Now I'm kickin in your shit  
Now I'm pitchin at your bitch  
And she catch it with her lip, naw she catch it wit her mouth  
And since I'm the president, she tried to catch it on her blouse  
I tell her whoa, easy baby  
I'm king cake, so she eat the baby  
Wait, shit gets way more crazier  
We flipped the bitch like she was in the gymnasium  
I ain't fuckin with them bitches with that stadium  
That's no dome, bitch go home... b bi bitch, bitch go home

Bitch I spent a hundred winters on my snow cone  
Lil nigga walking like he get his bowl on  
Boss man, pimp stroll, pimp stroll  
I can let my money go when the wind blow  
Bet it come right back like a rental  
And bet them bitches understand me like 10-4  
Niggas is simple, like instrumentals  
I bet you bitches understand me like info  
Get your top chopped, and get trimmed low  
Sumn like my Benzo  
Riding with my friends hoes  
No I mean my hoes friends  
Fucking all my hoes friends  
Takin all my hoes ends, that what make the globe spin  
I tell these young niggas; pimp or die  
Don't get that Benz, if they don't split them i's  
Dig them thighs, thin them ties  
And if you reach at I  
I don't preach I speech and give you beef wit them fries  
Come to the beach and find  
I live where all the little seagulls fly  
See, baby I'm so high  
All I need you to do is just shut up and ride  
Bitch bitch shut up and ride

Look, and me and Mac was just two niggas from the same hood  
Fell from the same tree, cut from the same wool  
I'm just the lion and he the young bull  
Not Sammy the bull  
That pistol on my hip then I got a hammy to pull  
I had a Lammy in school, I think it was diablo red  
I'm T.I. red, I'm t.I.red, you d.I.ed because of what you said  
Chea, I'm as sharp as an image

And I keep it bumpin like a motherfuckin blemish  
Two twins drink me up like Guinness  
When I'm finished I say "Brilliant!"  
When I'm finished they say "Weezy you killed it"  
I hop on your shit and they say "Weezy you healed it"  
So fly, got wings tattooed on me, the gun glued on me  
But I pop you in your stomach, now I got ya yesterdays food on me  
Now that was real rude, homie  
And I smell like a weed plant  
Young Money motherfucker, where cheese at