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 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

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