

Glory

Lil' Wayne

Woo, this that shit they didn't want me on
I'm 'bout to act a badonkadonk, shamone, shamone
Don't need sugar, I need cream, I'm dark and strong
The garbage man puttin' on cologne around my room
I'm on, I'm on, this that shit they didn't want
I act a ass and shit a skunk, I will, I won't
Black your eye like will.i.am, you Willy Wonka
That's me in the Lam, I'm disappearin' like Jimmy Hoffa
AK-47 my business partner, business is swell
French kiss a bitch, she don't speak French, can't kiss and tell
I push his ass in the wishin' well, then wish him well
Sippin' syrup like ginger ale, but I'm the quickest snail
From here to Hell, I hear them hail, I give them hell
I'm spittin' hail, I'm Clinton, well, I did inhale
These niggas frail, they Chip and Dale, they little girls
Watch me act a donkey, then pin a tail, spit out your nails
Uh, glory, hallelujah
Holy shit, I'm the holy shit, I'm God's manure
I know how to hack a jeweller ward and not computers
I meditate like a Buddhist, Holy ramen noodles
And now you sleep, I'm inside your room wit' a lot of shooters
You wake up to this chopper tool, it's like, 'Cock-a-doodle'
I'm awkward, cuckoo, I turn your Froot Loop to chocolate Yoo-Hoo
I'm hotter than Honolulu, glory unto you, glory

I'm awkward, cuckoo, I turn your Froot Loop to chocolate Yoo-Hoo
I'm hotter than Honolulu, my clothes and socks and shoes new
I been a boo-boo since ga-ga goo-goo and Dada, FUBU
Make everybody that knew you boo-boo, I got them spooked too
I drive a neutral, shock the future like Dr. Luther
I'm not accuser, your mom a cougar, I sock it to her
My cocaine white as a white beluga, I like bazookas
I'm high as lunar, I'm wilder than Tyga's Nikes, Pumas
Woo, this that shit you didn't want me on
My weed louder than underarms and car alarms
Cheers, I said, 'Surprise', but couldn't party long
I got to get back to the grind and the drawin' board
But all this fuckin' art destroyed, this the art of war
These niggas' soft as teddy bears, talk to Marky Mark
I wet your block, leave it a waterpark, broad or dark
I whip the work like tartar sauce, you want it hard or raw, huh?

Uh, glory, hallelujah
Holy shit, I'm the shit, Porta-Potty Tunechi
Unload the Glock profusely, I'm soarin' out confusion
Your motor mouth keep vroomin', I'm goin' Tony Stewart
I'm on the fluid, I'm ruined, I'm cold as Boston Bruins
Lost in the shoo-shoo and who's who and I lost influence
Lost my point of view 'til I find a mirror, start talkin' to it
It told me the truth, it said I'm the shit and you party poopin'
Lord, oh, Lord

Am I talkin' crazy, too much coffee maybe
I smell like money, I know broke niggas feel nauseated
The broads' elated, my boys are faded, my car's the latest
My bars the greatest, they rated X like Marvel made it
She caught the babies, she barfed the babies, they orphans maybe

We got that white girl like in the '80s, that Marcia Brady
I dicked Tracy like Warren Beatty, I'm warm as Haiti
I'm armed and lazy, I'm sprayin' until my arms is lazy
Pardon my mental, I'm higher than Continental
Went from flyin' cockroaches to flyin' without credentials
That's private, tell the pilot, 'Be quiet, we need our privacy'
Throw you off this bitch if you wired, justifiably
Hustle wit' a motive, you know this, I'm wit' my whoadies
No snakes, no rodents, no ad-libs, no chorus
No stress, no worries, took you to a respiratory
It's self-explanatory, the glory is mandatory, glory

Uh, glory, hallelujah
Holy shit, I can't hold this shit, my bowel's looser
My towel's newer, my powder room is for powder-users
You see rolled up dollar bills filled wit' snot and mucus
My tie is Lucas, my driver's crusin', my partner's ruthless
My flower's rootless, my pocket's roofless, she poppin' roofies
I'm not a student, I'm not assumin' I'm not a human
You are not immune to this kind of music, you got 'em, Tunechi
You got 'em, Tunechi, I got 'em