

Gonorrhea

Lil' Wayne

Sound like my mic is right
Ugh
I am not a human
Shout to all my moon men
Yeah they call me tune
Got them bitches tuned in
It's a crazy world so I stay in mine
And niggas don't cross the line
Niggas stay in line
Like welfare I stay elsewhere
Hotter than a devil, nigga hell yeah
Roc-a-bye baby, homicide baby
That's more tear drops call me cry baby
What you talkin' about tell it to my nine
Cut your tongue out, mail it to your moms
I'm a young God, swagga un-flawed
Bitch I'm in the building, you in the front yard
Life's a bitch naw, better yet a dumb broad.
And I bet I can fuck the world and make it cum hard
Yeah you boys is washed up
And I'm shitting on 'em like two girls and one cup
Weezy baby aka bring the money home
Pull out the AK and pop you in your funny bone
Laugh now die later motherfucker
You're a bitch like zeta phi beta motherfucker

Yeah, I call it how I see you
I wish I never met you, I wouldn't wanna be you
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
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Man I'm so tired of balling I sleep a lot now
I'll let my goons rush you like Moscow
Gun at your eyebrow pow pow
Man I ball hard even with 5 fouls
Yeah we in this bitch like tampon's
Dump you in the woods now get your camp on
Choke hold around this shit 'cause I'm so hands on
I get high as fuck and Polo sheets is what I lands on
Back against the wall and my two feet is what I stand on
Diva in the room she blowing me just like a band horn
Got her on her knees the same knees that she be prayin' on
Now she just text her girlfriend with a capital, you can join
Yeah, what y'all wanna do I'm all ears
Smoking on that head band call that shit Paul Pierce
I'm just so ahead of my time like dog years
Ball like Solange, India Arie, Britney Spears

I am, spending much more than I'm making on these cars and these vacations
Is that too much information?
I just bought a Lamborghini, I'm not even into racing
With a windshield full of tickets 'cause I live right by the station

I am, tryna figure out why you so mad at me
Yes I'm with Young Money tell the magazine stop asking me
I be with the dread with the tattoo's on his head
And a flag the colour red like a fucking low battery (OK)
Nigga peep the shit I'm wylin' on
I be with your baby momma you be with your child at home
Big Mo, Big Red, two cups made of Styrofoam
Big cheese big bread call that shit a calzone
I will break your fucking collar bone
Us against the World better pick which fucking side you on
Wayne got a Bugatti that he steady putting mileage on
And we about to kill em C4 Mr Carters home.

Yeah, I call it how I see you
I wish I never met you, I wouldn't wanna be you
We some asshole niggas call us diarrhea
The money keep growing yep
It's growing like a chea
Yeah, I call it how I see it
Y'all some pussy ass niggas we should call your gonorrhea
Uh, you keep talkin' that shit I'mma see you
Kill your senorita and and fuck your mama mia!