

# 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!