Green Ranger

Lil' Wayne

When this shit drop, I was like 16
Tryna get some head from a mixed thing
Big dreams, say goodbye to ripped jeans,
Nigga got a job, have my little wad
Worst fear is getting robbed for my last 50 dollars that I had left over
5 dollars in they pocket, nigga in his left shoulder
Minimum wage 5.15. 13's on the whip
Kept my shit clean
Actually that was my momma shit
But I'm driving round town on my Obama shit
Middle class my ass, just to get a tank of gas
Had to run the guns up the street and pawn the shit
But, yeah I'm headed for a scholarship
Little scrap game but I got a lot of lip
Thats why them niggas don't like me and always wanna fight me
A dumb nigga hate a smart mouth most likely
I know the game I'm an expert
Nigga, how you gonna jump me if my legs work?
Nigga I'm gone, showed up at the crib tryna bone
And I aint fuck yet cause her momma always home
God damn, Lor-Lord have Mercy
Please God don't let this little broad have herpes
My nigga says she fast like Jackie Joyner-Kersee
Gold medals if we gave hoes medals
No rose petals on a bed in the ghettos
Spiderman sheets got us singing falsetto
Tall white tee's, can't believe we used to wear those
White folks looking at us like we're weirdos
But we was only kiddo's
Grabbing titties in the club, pocket full of skittles
Tryna get the kitty was like tryna solve a riddle
Tryna get the Diddy, cause I murder instrumentals
It's that good old fashioned Mark Jackson
Fucked then I'll pass, y'all Utah Jazz
And ya'll borin', I don't play nigga I'm Mark Madsen
Thats why my knots thick like a fucking Kardashian
I'm not asking my nigga I don't need favours
I'm in the streets with the fiends, I done seen danger
My team major, we party like teenagers
I'm in the green Range, nigga I'm the green ranger
(I fucking ran out of breath)
Team major, we party like teenagers
I'm in the green Range, nigga I'm the green ranger
Cole

I don't even like this beat, but fuck it
I'm only gon spit a few bars cause I don't like this beat

Bitch I'm not old news, I'm more like gold shoes
She eat my whole dick, she like Whole Foods
They say I'm old school, but I dropped out
Drop ya body off at a cops house
They throwing up them bricks, you better box out
My niggas got enough white to build Barack house
I got my drawers on, Sam Rothstein
44 on my waist, Rick Ross jeans
I've been faded, stone wash jeans

New pussy new money, New Orleans
50 up in that uzi, g-g-g-unit
I murk you with that bitch scratch the serial number, re-use it
I’m from the N-O, stretch you niggas out like limo’s
Uzi go zit-zit-zit-zit-zit, thats pimples
I’m bout to go banana puddin’
Haha, you a dyke cause your man a pussy
Hit you from the blindside no Sandra Bullock
Never bite the hand that feeds you, always wash the hand that’s cooking
Tunechi, D4 Hoe
Shout out Cole
You already know what it is, Cole World
Wayne’s World
We in this bitch hoe
Special delivery at your front door

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