

Gumbo

Lil' Wayne

Yo Pierre, you wanna come out here?

We been outchea

Never buy the bitches by the cheque my nigga
Never bout the bitch about the cheque my nigga
That's my nigga!
Make me do construction in your section nigga
Rari' doin' donuts that's my breakfast nigga
Okay you got soldiers, I got veterans nigga
And I got that white, like One Direction nigga
Ke\$ha nigga, Only God can judge you
I'm a sentence, you the death my nigga (yeah)
And you are not a topic in my section nigga
Math teacher taught me how to count my fucking blessings nigga
Got, married to the fucking mob when I met it nigga
Everybody cried at my motherfucking wedding nigga
Everybody 5 in my motherfucking section nigga
Hoodybaby six, so numbers lying in my sections nigga
Still got them bloods, like a vessel nigga, that's right nigga
Tell a blind nigga, watch your step my nigga
Left, right nigga, (whoa)
I let my niggas glow, My niggas don't speak
BAP! BAP! BAP! Quote, un-quote
Never had cold feet
Stepping out, moving snow
Cut the heads off the sheep, and send them all around the GOAT
O-M-W, B-M-W, N-E-W
I got that R-A-W, for the L-O-W
That's non-refundable, that's L-A-W
And we hate deductibles, like police hate touchables
They see me in the car, then they F-O-L-L-O-W
I drive S-L-O-W, with that B-L-O-W
I like it very colorful
When it come to my jungle juice
I'm outchea yelling "Fuck a truce!"
If he gon' act like mother goose (whoa)
It's never bout' the kids, about the pets my nigga (no)
It's right between the ears, above the neck my nigga (whoa)
It's very quiet, when you hear the weapons nigga (shh!)
They verify you by your dental records nigga (Six Shit)

Fuck the city up and I got the glizzy tucked
Dick hanging from the mouth, look like a billy club
Flyest niggas from the city, bitch, that's really us
You pussies talking, boo boo boo, now you really fucked
Ridin' in the range with Maine, we switch lanes
With my bottom bitch, walked the beach in Biscayne
Real P shit, that's that M.O.B. shit
Look at me now, these pussies said I wasn't gon' be shit
Yeah, got a homie named Trel from Hoover, he might shoot you
Red rag hangin' out my right pocket, but I'll blues you
When them roosters touch down, we make them bitches cock-a-doodle
Take a shot at me over a beat, bitch, I'ma shoot you
Got a bitch named Vicky, she pretty, she keep me stiffy
Glock.40 in her purse, don't tempt me, her finger itchy
She ride so I keep her with me

She shy but not with that glizzy
She high from hittin' the blizzy
Eyes red like trippy
Hoody rollin' up, that boy smoke like a hippie
Fill my double cup up with mud, that's right, I'm sipping
Yeah, retarded with it, I just might be the hardest with it
And you a rat, you be politckin' with the Sarge, Lieutenant
Fuck all you bitches
Gudda