

# Kreep

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
6 shit

I said I wasn't gon' love these hoes  
I ate my words like a pussy hole  
She suck my dick and my bullet hole  
And got on my dick, did the tootsie roll  
She know how much I love candy though  
She know how much I hate pantyhose  
I know how much she love animals  
But she let me stomp on her camel toe, damn

Girl with the dildo, put up them dildos fuck with a real one  
Fuck 'til the sun come, we can still chill, though  
Kick it like field goals, lick it like mail, though  
Sleep by your mailbox, I G yo' G spot  
I kill yo' pill spot, I give a cheerleader somethin' to cheer 'bout  
I get you too high, I hear yo' ears pop  
You hear my key chain, you hear the birds fly  
All gold dust, pull the pills out  
You take your clothes off, you tell me go hard, I tell you "No duh"  
And we both smoke so I rolled up and we pulled up in my gold tub  
And you woke up with soap suds all up in yo' chocha  
Fuck it, shawty  
It's yo' fuckin' birthday  
Almost fuckin' drown me  
Little fuckin' mermaid  
Damn, fuck it, shawty  
Everyday yo' b-day  
And if you want this D, bae  
Everyday is D Day  
Boom  
I'ma lay you on your spinal chord and you gonna take all this dinosaur  
Yeah, I'ma lay you on your spinal chord and you gon' take me on your private  
tour  
Hol' up, I'ma lay you on your pretty face and hit it from the back like you  
hit the brakes  
Got a pretty face and a pretty shape tryna be a star and I'ma give you space  
Wait, 1, girl, let's start this shit  
2, girl, yo' heart just skipped  
3, girl, and you will see, 4, how good this D can be  
5, I love to do you right  
And 6 ain't shit if it don't end with 9  
Invite yo' friend that's friendly fire  
Bitches ain't shit but yours and mine  
Ooh, girl I love you so  
That's why I always fuck you slow  
All these little hoes they come and go  
She was just a flame, went up in smoke  
And I told myself not to love the bitches  
Hard to stop fallin' for a bitch when you trippin'  
Hard to stop sleepin' on a bitch when you spippin'  
When you sippin'  
Can't trust these hoes, can't love these bitches  
Then my heart get cold, middle finger with the mittens  
Bitches lie through they teeth, I never wanted to be a dentist  
Might as well keep spittin', it ain't love it's business

Hoe

Watch that hoe you sleep with, bitch ass hoes be creepin'  
Watch that hoe she be with', who she prolly sleep with'  
Damn, but you know that ain't cheatin'  
We should have a meetin'  
Watch that hoe you eatin', food for thought, I'm thinkin'

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And her clique got a hair trigger  
Damn, and her clique got a hair trigger  
And her clique got a hair trigger  
But the bitch gotta spare a nigga, damn  
Watch that hoe you sleep with', bitch ass hoes be creepin'  
Watch that hoe she be with', oh, nah, they ain't speakin'  
Damn, that's that silent treatment, I don't wanna know the reason  
Watch that hoe you eatin', food for thought, I'm thinkin'

That's some 6 shit  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah