

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