

Levels

Lil' Wayne

Man all you pussy niggas drive me crazy
Make me sick to my stomach, I feel nauseated
All you haters hold hands and jump off a building
I could still taste her pussy, memorabilia
Backpack full of artillery
One me no equivalent
These niggas actin like lil bitches
I don't understand this shit, like you scribbled it
Take her clothes off, step back and exhibit it
Then tear her ass up like a parking ticket
The end of the road is at walking distance
Have to get that blood off my hands left the faucet drippin
In yo face like a airbag in a car collision
My weed man so consistent
I'm stayin rich, tryin not to make poor decisions
Everything I do I plan it out like a solar system
Nigga if you clumsy you gon slip and fall a victim to me
Yo bitches sent some naked pictures to me
Then she shoot over to my house, I scoot over in the bed
I shoot off in her mouth then she get the bullet uh
Skatin on em like I'm Lil Wayne
And the weed so strong I can feel veins
Write it down, take a picture, now feel framed
The drugs got me so numb I can't feel ashamed
And my girl at home with the mood swings
Girl I gotta make a few runs like Ussain
Wish I had a penny for my thoughts for some loose change
Hungry niggas going at yo neck for that food chain
Pop some pills that make me sleepy
Hoes creep me in they TP
I hope that pussy taste like kiwi
Hope it's nicer than Tahiti, hopin I could get a freebie
Leavin a nigga body floatin with a mouth full of seaweed
With somebody weird backpack, that's E.T.
Snitches give me the heebeegeebees
I hope they'll disappear, where the fuck is Houdini?
I got niggas on my side, you got niggas on yo back
I'm a yell timber, money grow on trees
Money over queens, fuck you blow me
I sit back enjoy the breeze, hoes prettier than please
I don't really do shit but sit back and call the shots
She poured out her heart, I had it on the rocks
Red beam on yo head, that's a cherry on top
You don't wanna keep your cool, I know niggas that'll pop uh
I danced with the devil in my dreams
When I wake up I still hear the same song
Make me wanna blow a motherfucker brains out
Flood on a nigga, I'm about to brainstorm
Lil nigga I'll take yo main ho, make her call her homegirl, make em share the same dick
It's that motherfuckin Dedication 5, I just hope I'll be alive to see a Dedication 6
Lil Tunechi

Ayo it's levels to this shit, levels to this shit
Been doing MIA since Levels was the shit
And niggas know I'm on another level with this shit

I'm pedaling the 6, full metal when it hit
All I need is a shovel and a ditch
You done dig me a hole then you show me where it is
Run in his home and show me where the kids
Put one in his dome while he going in his fridge
That's me, ill nigga
Black creese AP, go trip nigga
Black jeans, great T, OT's nigga
Backstreet, everything go for 10 nigga
Keep quiet, beef with D5
I'm in the streets like Rodney King's rights
Mommy opposed their lead tight
On that old bullshit, P minus
They scream and seize fire
My audible like Godfather meets Wire
I've fallen in the whip
Rollin 3 6's, devil on trips
Shots whistled like a cuddle when it's lip
I'm tryin to go ballistic, shadow in the ship
Call the Barney Rubble in the whip
Made to kick rocks, bull haze from ziplocks uh