

# Mama Mia

Lil' Wayne

What's good brother?  
Beat around the bush, I'ma come around with a bush cutter and look for you  
These niggas talkin' too much shit  
I'm about to find a good plumber  
Lot a niggas is some foot soldiers, I'm a foot fungus  
You dead brother  
I ain't a killer but don't push me, like a red button  
I'm gon' headbutt you like "Bang, bang, bang, bang"  
Till your heart stop drummin'  
I shoot you while the sun don't shine, it's a hot summer  
But fall dawg, and I go all off with this sawed-off  
This bitch sound like hard cough  
I'm a wizzard with the muhfucka like I went to Hogwartz  
Cut the hog head and the tail off  
I'm the nigga bitches put their spell on  
And once it wear off  
Then bitch don't touch me like a airball  
Say it's slime, I done eight slam  
Money tall like 8'9"  
But I'm still starvin' like a skinny model in that lace line  
That plate mine  
Hooded up like Trayvon, no FaceTime  
I don't FaceTime, with my new thang  
New thang clan, like Raekwon, I'm stupid nigga  
Dumb, dead, brazy, cray-cray, blind  
But I still see in the dark nigga  
Dark nigga  
Akon, I'm on my shit like maggots  
And they then they grow and they fly  
Got real bitches with fake asses  
With real views and fake eyes  
It's stupid, I'm stupid  
I'm out of my coofin, narcotic abuser  
No needles, 'cause my pockets balloonin'  
Your partnas is poodles  
Your bears is cubs, your crocodile's toothless  
Titty-fuck your baby mama  
She breastfeed your child while I do it  
I'm stupid

Your crocodile's toothless  
Tittyfuck your baby mama  
She breastfeed your child while I do it  
I looped it

I'm out of my Tunechi, I'm mindin' my Tunechi  
I'm shinin' my Uzi  
They find 'em, I lose 'em, I'm hidin' out  
Hopin' I don't smell like all these fuckin' vaginas I'm douchin'  
Droppin' these jewels, it's precious like I'm droppin' my jewelry  
I'm out of my Gucci, you not on my Gucci, that's not an exclusive  
Designers, excuse me  
Massagers masseuse me, oops I mean masseuses massage me  
I'm gruesome, I'm grimey  
Turn you and lil' mami  
To tuna salami  
You pukin', she vomit

That's beautiful science  
That's two in a Mazi'  
That's two in a hunzi  
You stupid, I'm drowsy  
I pewin' in the Gati  
Pew, pew and I got 'em  
Pew, pew and I got 'em  
Lil' Tunechi a shotta  
Come through with my shottas  
Get you and your dollas  
Turn a nigga noodle to nada  
Find it amusin', it's like it's a movie  
This life is a movie  
You died in the movie  
I write and produce it  
I cried as I view it  
I'm lyin', I'm goofin', I'm tyin' my nooses  
Lightin' my fluids, ignitin' influence, wait  
Retire like Ewings  
I'm high like I flew  
My wife lookin' Jewish, wait  
My money look Arabic  
Big blunt lookin' Cuban  
My eyes look Korean  
The coke look Peruvian, wait  
She European and she from Aruba, she from the States  
Ass overseas, pussy foreign, foo, we over eight  
We throw them B's up high as the moon, soon it's space  
I come from Mars, but I act like I'm from the Planet of the Apes  
Mansion with a gate, with some nice landscapes  
That Atlantic across the way  
Don't ask me what I make  
I'ma be answerin' all day  
Got a hammock, I'ma lay with a naked bitch with just a bandana on her face  
And I just psstt, took off, errr- and landed on her face  
I cannonballed her face  
Fuck her to some Diana Rossin' fake  
Damn, I lost the faith, don't judge me, I took the stand and fought the case  
You can't avoid the Drac', drip, bands, I'm feelin' Shannon Sharpe today  
Big rocks in my mouth, can't remember how many asteroids I ate  
Your pastor called today, I told him that your casket on the way  
Now pass the phone to bae  
I'm bringin' a pole, you dancin' on his grave  
He faker than the lashes on his babe  
I'm like lashes on a slave  
I'm ashin' on his head  
He ain't got no credit and his Apple card is dead  
What's in your wallet?

(Mama Mia)  
Funeral