

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 Hogwarts
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