

No Haters

Lil' Wayne

We catch a body and we laugh about it
I fucked her friend, I don't feel bad about it
Grindin' is agonizing but it's gratifying
Skinny tires - on a salad diet
I lost my mind, I'm like fuck everybody
I lost my mind but I got extra copies
I fuck so long it feel like exercising
I test the lying before testifying
All I got is hitters in my squad
I could get you killed all my niggas want the job
I could get you killed it just take a head nod
I want you dead by tonight, that's a real deadline
Zero fucks given, I make her come to the condo butt naked
Cause bitch ain't no stealin'
She still come visit, she don't wanna leave
She compared it to me leaving a witness
I said I get it
I keep some cocaine on me for the bitches
And this AK is not for decoration
Fuck boys give me the heebjeebees
I got a hit list like the Yellow Pages
If she can suck a dick or snort a Quaalude
Then ooh baby you got my full attention
Champagne expensive, it taste gooder vintage
Open your nose, I put some sugar in it
I don't fuck around with them fuck arounds
I might fuck around and catch a body
I got some niggas that'll hunt ya down
And catch you slippin' like you playin' hockey
We catch a body, and we laugh about it
I fuck her friend, I don't feel bad about it
Money and drugs, I'm talkin' Math and Science
Skinny tires - on a salad diet
Chopper leave you with a half a body
Make sure he dead before we leave my nigga grab his wallet
I got the hook up on them rocket launchers
I told Obama fuck with me, you know I got it
Slim, you need to fuck with me you know I got it
I know somebody that know somebody
Look, traffic dying, we still trap or dyin'
It's agonizing but it's gratifying
Squad, I could get you killed, all my niggas want the job
I could get you killed it just take a head nod
Want you dead by tonight, that's a real deadline
You ain't got no hitters in your squad
I could get you killed, that's my real day job
I'mma crime of passion, I'mma fuckin' hate crime
Spit like I ate bombs
Eminem on 8 mile
I'm a motherfuckin' man
Scarface, face-mob
Pockets lookin' like the Blob
Chips like Cape Cod
Bust your motherfuckin' egg till I see egg nog
My bougie bitch ratchet, my ratchet bitch a straight snob
Hold up, who know how to read gang signs?
Cause we gone throw 'em up and we gon give 'em hang time

I got white, I got brown, sell it at the same time
That's that James Brown, that's that James Bond
We catch a body and we laugh about it
It's catastrophic but we glamorize it
It's agonizin', but it's gratifyin'
Skinny tires - on a salad diet
Chopper leave you with a half a body
No hesitation, no stall, like the bathroom crowded
Chopper so big, so tall, it could wrap around me
Triple A, astronomic, anatomic
Tunechi, and it's that sorry for the wait
And I'm so sorry for the wait