

Original Silence

Lil' Wayne

I'm so twisted
Mack!

Lil Tunechi in this bitch, tell them hoes I'm ready
Them niggas pissed off, call 'em R. Kelly
I'm higher than a bitch, I smoke that Keisha, Frank and Effy
Man all of these broads on my Johnson like
Betsey Got a card in my wallet blacker than that nigga Wesley
Life is a bitch, well my bitch is sexy
Fi-First I'm on the jet, and then I'm on a jetski
I make these female dogs heel like Giuseppe's
Man you be poppin' shit, and I be poppin' off I'm full of alcohol, like a cotton ball
I just pick 'em up and Mr. G just drop 'em off
I serve these hoes, Mr. Volleyball
Spikes on my shoes, that's them Louis Vs
I'm on my Ps and Qs, smoking QPs
Nigga I'm chillin', catch a cool breeze I build a tree house if money grow on trees
Fuck with me wrong I send your head to your momma
Death bed nigga, where the fuck is your pajamas?
Blood all day, period, no commas
Everybody tryna watch, but I'm timeless

Dark ass shades, I can't see them haters
Now eat these fuckin' bullets, don't forget to tip the waiter
I don't drink champagne, it make my stomach hurt
Bitch I'm on that patron, fuck with me wrong and get murked
Got a silence on the gun, that bitch go "pew"
That bitch go "pew", that bitch go "pew"
Got a silence on the gun, that bitch go "pew"
Got a mean ass swagger, my bitches do too

Uh, bitch I'm from New Orleans, rest in peace Magnolia Shawty
And I come from Hollygrove, that bitch is wild as a safari
I go stupid, I go retarded, the grass is greener in
my garden Swagger meaner than the warden, pow, pow, pow I ain't with arguin'
, ha
Leave a nigga leakin', if you're scared go see the Deacon
Got a silence on the gun, but them bullets still
speakin' Got a bunch of bitches tweakin' to tell me all of their secrets
And if I get in that pussy, I'm on her walls like graffiti
You're a dead pita bread, you're a fed ass
nigga I'm on my vampire, bloody red flag nigga
Fu-Fuckin' with Lil Tunechi, get your head smashed nigga
Hit you dead on the money, call that dead cash nigga
And it's party time, excellent, Wayne's World Party time, excellent, Wayne's
World
Tonight I'll probably fuck another nigga girl
Party time, excellent, Wayne's World

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Uh, Mack in this bitch, tell them hoes I'm 'bout it
These niggas sweet, bunch of fuckin' brownies
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Bitch I'm a G like a thousand
I'm on my one-two, and bitch I'm still counting
You niggas got problems? Well I got bigger problems
My guns all black, make me bring the nigga out 'em
You don't want that homie, trust I got that blicka on me
Finger fuck Nina she horny, you won't see tomorrow morning
Nigga we so fuckin' cold, Young Money, money old
Life is full of choices and your bitch chose
Nigga I'm so Hollygrove, fuck them other niggas
And if the guns drawn, I paint a fuckin' picture
Nigga you know what I'm on, a bag of that strong
Nigga you know where I'm goin', bitch I'm goin', goin', gone
Nigga holler at ya boy, I don't give a fuck
Got a silence on the gun, make me shut you niggas up
Mack

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Yeah