

Peanut Butter

Lil' Wayne

New loot, yeah
New loot, yeah, new loot, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

New loot, uh, paid off
'Cause I know these niggas ain't gettin' real money
I know them niggas ain't gon' die for you
I know these niggas ain't gon' kill nothin'
I know these bitches ain't gon' live for me
Now I'm wifed up, these hoes ain't hearin' from me
Eyes wide shut, these hoes ain't see it comin'
I'ma go nuts on these hoes, drip peanut butter

Love you Rabbit, he ain't make it home
For the Patek, we'll take your arm
Drug habit, need to take it easy
'Cause if she lose daddy, she gon' take it hard
Rated R, AR-15, work it like a street team with an A&R
Empty the magazine, all the pages fall
By the time I leave, you done read them all
P-E-R-C, yeah
Percocet got a nigga percolatin', pussy ass, nigga
Perpetrating and impersonating
Bury those cockroaches I'm the exterminator
Make a nigga eat his own words and regurgitate 'em
Make a nigga see his own blood, start urinating
Blood gang, blood, like blood, we be circulatin'
Pow, in the morning, leave 'em lookin' like turkey bacon
I'ma keep the chopper shined up, like a turkey, glazed it
Codeine got us lookin' like turtles racing
Purple drank, weed, and heart; I'm a purple racist
I'm with the perfect bitch lookin' for her replacement
With a curvy bitch cummin' 'round her curves, I'm racin'
The Cartier watch, it deserve the bracelet
From the School of Hard Knocks, I'm a murder major
My bitch tongue twisted, sperm tornado
Tell you that they lyin'
That they sayin' that they see me
Niggas just blind to the fact, no 3D
Damn, but the diamonds I'm wearing look HD
Panoramic Plasma, big screen
Man on fire, 500 degrees
Lambo' fire, beep-beep
Way too hot, don't bother to reach me
Rest in peace, Mamba and Gigi, facts
Trippy ass nigga, Always trippin' but I never fall
Them bitch ass lil' niggas say they got your back
Your back against the wall
I'm a rich ass lil' nigga, I get bag
After bag, after bag, yeah, I ball
Shots hit the back of his skull
She put his head in her hands, it dissolve
I might just bring her lil' ass in the stall
Break her lil' ass like the laws
Then take her lil' ass to my dawgs
Then they treat her ass like a dog
Then they feed her ass to the dogs

That Draco attached to me arm, and that ho long as a baton
Canseco, my bat in my arms
I spray, leave your ass on the lawn, then take all your cash and your coins
That bitch went from Louis Vuitton to DC, DG
From Christian Dior back to BEBE
She be mad at slime 'cause I really got hoes
Bad bitches postin' all these pictures of me
Lotta hoes on the side, right up under her nose
She say, just don't put these hoes above me
Vroom-vroom, skrrt, take off, new juice, yeah
Straight sauce, pyoom-pyoom, damn, egg-nog
Head, arm, leg, leg, arm

New loot, yeah, paid off
'Cause I know these niggas ain't gettin' real money
I know them niggas ain't gon' die for you
I know these niggas ain't gon' kill nothin'
I know these bitches ain't gon' live for me
Wifed up now, these hoes ain't hearin' from me
Eyes wide shut, these hoes ain't see it comin'
I 'ma go nuts on these hoes, drip peanut butter, yeah
No Ceilings

Yeah, yeah-yeah
That bitch went from Louis Vuitton to BC-BG
From Christian Dior back to BEBE, bitch

This shit right here crazy
Nah, this shit crazy
No Ceilings 3