

Peggy Bundy

Lil' Wayne

(Turn me up, YC)

No Ceilings 3, Lil Wayne
We took the fucking ceiling off

Err, hello? I thought a broke nigga said something
I let that four-nickel headbutt him
I turn lil bro to a red puddle
Chop up his dead body, he a dead puzzle
I make a pussy hole beg for me
I fucked your ho like a caveman
I make her scream like a cavewoman
All of these hoes are some head hunters
Fuck on the period, red rubbers
All of my bros are some head busters
Ruby diamonds look like red bubbles
Money jumping call it Bunny Bread
Me and money, we like bread and butter
All the blood coming from his head
He a red head, he look like Peggy Bundy

Hundreds and fifties, can't swap a dime for a penny
Can't swap a thot for a bitty
A lot for a plenty, you know that's a stupid decision
You know that's the newest edition
Exclusive edition, you know it's the Tunechi edition
You know that the roof a decision
The coupe is on skinnies, you know that the coupe is on blades
I'ma come through sittin' on scissors
It's beautiful bitches, you too cute
Two beautiful bitches but my bitch more beautiful, bitches
Bae you too delicious, bae, I'm the key, you the ignition
And we 'bout to vroom to the finish
That's true as religion, and I'm about to do it, I did it
I got the view and the vision
The mula the mission, bow, my shooters ain't missin'
They just shootin', just swish it
Head first with it, make it make sense
With the stove in the kitchen, I'ma make it make sense
Got some hoe that be stripping, I be taking their tips
Got some hoes that got bitches, I be taking their bitch
Warranty good, make sure I get a full refund
'Fore I give her back to the streets
I act like it's sweet, I treat the Lambo like a Nissan
Treat a trap house like a beach
Forever I rep with the set in the chain
I'm cumming, I don't let her know when I came
"I love you", I don't let her know it's a game
I clutch her, I don't let her go and I fuck her
Ain't no pillow talking, ain't no discussion
But she say she gon' hold me down like a button
But I know these hoes can't hold water in a bucket
She dropping shit monthly, period, ooh
All these hoes want is material, ooh
Kobe died, shit all mysterious, damn
Broke bitches start getting weirder, damn
Broke niggas start disappearing, yeah

Rich nigga ain't miss a meal, no
Broke bitches start interfering, damn
I get high and incoherent, damn
I don't know why, bitch ask Siri, yeah
Back in my hood, niggas used to call me Fred Durst
Cause I had that rock white
She bending over but I want some head first
I came in her mouth, drops mic
I thought a broke nigga said something
I hop on my skateboard and shred something
Bust up in that dressed like a red mummy
Repping Blood gang but you bled for me, lil

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Can't swap a thot for a baddie
Hundreds and fifties, can't swap a dime for a penny
You know that's a stupid decision
Hundreds and fifties, got blood on the money
Got blood on the bitches
Blood on the hundreds, blood on the fifties
Where the fuck is the ceilings?