

Shoes

Lil' Wayne

OK, No Ceilings, motherf*cker, good mornin'
Dick in your mouth while you're yawnin', I'm goin' in
Gudda, why they started me? Marley, why they started me?
I'll bring it to your front door like you ordered me
Back in this bitch, but a lot more rich
On my Papa Bear shit, need hot porridge
Got a lot more shit than you can ever fathom
A big-head nigga couldn't even imagine
The shit I do, most doers never done
I'mma f*ck this beat, ya bitch, ooh, ya better cum
Bet I run this shit, I don't run from shit
I'll still beat your ass like a f*cking drumstick
Weezy f*cking Baby, baby, make the ladies come quick
The money can't fit in my pockets but I'll bet that gun fit
And I'm so unfit 'cause all I eat is rappers
And these rappers ain't shit, I like my fast food faster
Syrup got me slow like a turtle 'round this ho
And I'm flyer than the highest-flying bird around this ho
What's the word around this ho? You'll get served around this ho
Yeah, you'll get served like a f*cking hors d'œuvre around this ho
I don't splurge around no ho, no I don't shine in front of no bitch
'Cause after she get off my dick I be like "Find the front do' bitch"
I don't know why in the f*ck your bitch keep coming by
I done f*cked your bitch a hundred times
What the f*ck your bitch got on her mind? My f*cking dick
I call her dickhead, spicy like a Big Red
Strike you like a Bic head, your flow sick? My shit dead
Sillier than V.I.C. said, Soulja Boy and Arab
You should see my 11 year old daughter do they dance
I call it the Nae-Nae dance, proud to be Nae-Nae's dad
Gun on the waistline, leave you in the wasteland
We are not the same, I am a Martian, this is Space Jam
No Ceilings, R.I.P., Amen
Motherf*cking caveman, beating on my chest
Young Money, Cash Money, and I'm eating all the rest
Nigga, no offense, sorry if you're offended
Riding high like I'm on 54 inches
Man, I'd rather chill with 54 bitches
Ch-chill like, ch-chill like an Eskimo, let's get mo', let's get mo' bitches
And I be like "Let's get mo' bitches"
Mr. Officer, stop arresting your bitches
Stop lettin' the messy hoes mess with your business
Mickey Mouse cheese, hip-hop Walt Disney
Sheesh, gosh, Oshkosh B'gosh
Smokin' on that Bob Marley, listenin' to Pete Tosh

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I-I-I do me, no, I do three at a T-I-M-E
Why when we say we Young Mula
The bitches leave y'all and relay run to us
And payday comes sooner than later 'round here
And you see my sharks like they got some bait around here
Hey, you better stop the hate around there
Before Tommy, Mac, and Nina debate around there
Yeah, you see it in my face, I don't care
Whole court hearing, trial, and the case around there
I'm the best thing yet, I know I got that thing wet

Everybody wanna be fly but don't know where their wings at
Huh, had to pause for a minute
Now I'm right back in it, like the drawers of the women
On a scale of one to ten-n my girl be a twenty
My girls so bad make a nigga think he's sinnin'
My goons so gritty, my goons is so with me
Haters gotta go on iTunes to go get me
Gators, matadors, baboons, and those grizzlies
All come out me when I'm on the micropho-N-E
Mic check, two, three; I am different like blue pee
And my girls be half naked like Betty Boop be
Like a hoopty, man, the boy been ridin'
And I ain't gassed up, 'cause I'm more like a hybrid
You think I'm stuntin', but no, I'm just survivin'
And I've been here, but my soul is just arrivin'
Look up in the air, it's a crow, it's a robin
No Ceilings, full dose, I'm presribin'
Medication free, and for meditation we
Smoke some better tastin' weed that you'll ever taste or see
S-H-A-R-P, as a tack, hotter than
Riding through the desert on a camel back, I done been
Riding through wherever with the hammer strapped, I ain't lying
I can do whatever if I'm planning that
So I got my guns, let's dance, like FannyPack
And we cook the hard, cut the soft and bring the whammies back
Mafio, bitch, where your motherf*cking family at?
Call my nigga Gudda if you trying to get your mammy back
All up in another nigga's woman, I be ramming that
Seeing through these see-through niggas like they're laminate
Hip-hop so contaminate, I swear, just examine it
And I'm such a philanthropist, the God to these Evangelists
I dress so Los Angeles, but I love Miami though
I act so New Orleans, yes, I go Pistachios
That means I go nuts on any beat they throw at me
And the bitches is so at me, and you know what they throw at me
Ha, No Ceilings