

## 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 prescribin'  
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