

Sick

Lil' Wayne

A YMGM Collaboration
Young Money, Generation M
Get with it!

Squad poppin', like the pentagon
Squad poppin', like the renaissance
Squad poppin', like the thriller song
And you pussy ass niggas thrill is gone
My squad lit like a strobe light
Squad lit on a slow night
Squad ain't got no types
Cinderella, Pocahontas, Snow White
My squad poppin', my bitch shopping
My niggas thuggin', my bitch robbing
I'm inside cuddling with the choppa
Working on the stove, like a novel
Diggin' in my pockets, tryna find the bottom
Codeine got the drink all soggy
And your queen got my dick hard body
There's a stick up in my drawers, armed robbery
My squad poppin', like the white house
Squad never need time out
Squad way up on the ninth cloud
Way up here, we got iCloud
My squad lit like a strobe light
Every night, any night, all night
6 hoes and they all dykes, and all they need is one mic
My new attic full of dead bodies
Old attic full of dead bodies
Bedroom full of red bodies
I got your main bitch headlining
She cry to me said "You're no fair!"
Cried to me said "You're low fare."
Dry pussy with no hair
So we showered together and the soap fell
Then I ask her how the dope feel
I don't care how the hoe feel
I kick her ass out the dope house
And she can ask her ass how the door feel
Squad poppin' like the pentagon
Thot talk like Jenny Jones
Smokin loud like an intercom
I'm goin keep it summer all winter long
Squad lit like the sunlight
You goin have to squint or use on eye
No Mike Tyson this a gun fight
Had to hide my guns cause they gun shy
Squad pop like the pentagon
Had to put a few killers on
If you don't want no static you goin have to put some antennas on
Wait, drop top with the titties on
Bitch bounce like a tennis ball
Pussies hatin' like menopause
Its a jungle out there, Senegal
Wait, drop top with the tinteds on
It get ugly when I'm pretty stoned
Fat pockets with the skinnies on

I'm dead right but I'm living wrong
No red lights my limits gone
My meds right I'm trippy jones
My wave right like Billabong
My diamonds dance like Diddy Combs
Her headlights I turn em on
She wanna go to Mars, that journey long
I'm goin fuck her hard till her sternum gone
My diamonds sing, she learn the songs
I woke up, like this hoe
I'm burning pot like Crisco
She a Crip hoe but she a nympho
And we color blind and you know love is blind
In each others eyes, we butterflies
Rock and roll like Hummer tires
I don't even got to be her number 1
I'm her number 6
And she my number 9
Get it
All these drugs scientific
All these boys science fiction
Softer than a flying ribbon
Walkin all 9 innings
Talkin shit while I'm shittin
Defication expensive
Destination exquisite
Dedication 6 senses
I'm the shit up in the restroom
Guess who up in my guest room
Smack her ass leave a flesh wound
Weezy F baby test tube
The Martian gets high as Neptunes
I fuck your bitch how is that news?
And you ain't shit to a raccoon
I go ape shit on these baboons
The diamonds still doing dance moves
The money still makin' fast moves
6 feet or 3 pair of shoes
You still underground where the grass grew
Headshot that's a hairdo
Blood drop like shampoo
Young Vidal Sassoon
Oh well no Shamu
She clap her ass in the lambo
We catch your ass gettin fast food
It happens fast then we vamoose
Rat-a-tat to the tat-poof
I go apple jack to the froot loop
I got milk, sauce and the Ragu
From the body on the side walk
I chucked to the chalk in this kids classroom
Six shit

Craziest shit Drake ever bought me as a gift was um probably some, some jewe
lry or something like Drake buy real extravagant gifts like so, I don't, you
know, forgive me for saying I don't remember but it's like the gift be so e
xtravagant meaning like I probably use it every day so when you use somethin
g everyday you totally forget who got that shit for you, I 'm sorry you just
do. and so he get you those type of gifts when I say extravagant I mean lik
e uh the house I probably live in was probably bought by Drake you know what
I mean shit like that