

Started

Lil' Wayne

Y'all don't want no problems up in here
These niggas wear dresses and y'all call me weird nigga?
Go in niggas' pockets while we here
What kind of cologne do you wear because all I could smell is fear nigga
Y'all don't want no problems up in here
Boy I'm from New Orleans where the dope fiends kill niggas
Brains came out his fucking ear
I got a full clip, I empty the whole thing up in here
Now I'mma keep a pill and a blunt
I might pass the motherfucker but most likely I'mma flunk
Tell my bitch I could do bad on my own
She say "You gon' miss me nigga." I say "Bitch the thrill is gone"
I ain't drove it look better in the driveway
Married to the MOB, man you niggas just some bridesmaids
Bitches give me head instead of playing mind games
Tattooed tears for my homies, it's a cryin' shame
You could get a Dom P bottle to your face
Niggas just construction workers, trynna build a case
Males shouldn't be jealous that's a female trait
Why your bitch blowing me up? If I answer, I deflate
Motherfucker I'm like,
Y'all don't want no problems up in here
I fuck her 'til she cry, make that ho drink her fuckin' tears
Knowing that ho, she'd swallow more than tears
Then her homegirl came in the room and volunteered
Man, dreads hanging out the ski mask,
Run up in your house, the couch potatoes getting mashed
Run up in the kitchen get your stash out the oven
You wonder how we know? stop talking while you cuddlin'
Ain't nothing like some pussy when you going through something
Just called a bad bitch, I said I'm going through something
Bugatti sitting still, look like it's going 200
Pussy nigga keep your mouth closed like you chew onions
Mother fucker I'm like,
Y'all don't want no problems up in here
Rather be judged by my jury, not a jury of my peers
And I got some kush to hide in brassiere
And we only selling what the boat bring here nigga
Y'all don't want no problems up in here
Cause I got shooters on the roof like some fucking reindeer
And I'm probably with the model of the year
I'm about to go Pac with the nose ring up in here
Uh, lifestyles of the rich and famous
Young Money motherfucking Entertainment
And y'all know Marley got the chopper up in here
Yeah, me, myself and I, the fucking Three Musketeers
Smoke like I fucking disappeared
I check your pussy ass, and wait for it to clear nigga
Tunechi, everybody know your name like Cheers, nigga
Started from the bottom now my whole team here nigga!
Tunechi!

Yeah, D5.
Whatup Five?
Worry bout me, give a fuck about you
Just as a reminder to myself
Bust every single nut in her motherfucking mouth

I'm like, Lord I hope she swallow more than tears...