

## 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, tryna 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...