

Stilettos

Lil' Wayne

This is a dedication motherfucker
This is Gangsta Grillz you bastards

Nigga we bussin and bussin
To the banga bus
No we don't run for the olympics
But the flame's with us
I got that 'tussin
That scummy and the angel dust
So pick you high I will supply
And correct changes, what's up
We bring the bus in
We bussin, like this thang's for us
You niggas is sleeveless man
You can't hang with us
I got a bitch who speaks spanglish
She keep her bangels danglin'
And the cocaine is right up in her anus
Old Wayne is right up in the spot
Like he's supposed to be!
Got hova at the game
And now he coachin' me!
But I been the champion
Happy as I ever been
Lampin' in the Hamptons like
What the fuck is a hammock?
The chef up in the kitchen like
What the fuck is a sammich?
I'm like we need to find middle ground
We need balance
Challenge me, that'd be to my advantage
I'm outstandin' like standin' outside
Up in the twister and walkin'
Not damaged
Standin' outside up in the blizzard
And walkin' hot handed
Servin' nickle bags in Iraq
Bet I will not panic
Swerve the nickle black if I wreck
Bet I will not panic
Cop another one the next day
And drive it crazier
The seat to be lazier
Shit'll be gravier
Nina Sarafeena my girl, so then I baby her
Waving her at two crazy
Fugazez I'm too brazy
Three brazies deep
We got 380's and P80's
Nice 9's, M10's
M1's and 12 Gauges
Shell casings
Money put up for jail cases
Bail making
My momma say
Tuck your chain son!
They'll take it

I hit her with one of them stale faces
Like, I'll be damned mama
They know who I am mama
I'm still your little boy
But to them I'm the man mama
Fuck with your boy man
Hollygrove the hood nigga
Throw it in your face
'Till you get that understood