

Surf Swag

Lil' Wayne

KE on the Track
No Ceilings
Ah
O—OK

I got this chrome on this Bugatti, I'm strong in this Bugatti
Two V8s, ain't no such thing as driving calm in this Bugatti
Bitch, I'm bad, I'm worse, I'll pass the purp
Don't fuck with me 'cause right now, I'm higher than Captain Kirk
I swear, I be the sickest nigga, you can ask the nurse
And if you throw it in a bag I bet I'll snatch her purse
OK, I spaz, I curse; you're last, I'm first
I'm on your ass, like dirt; behind that cash, get murked
I'm talking big shit, nigga, join my hit list, nigga
What's the matter? Check your bladder, I'm the shit, piss, nigga
Shoot the witness, nigga
Hold court in the streets and convict this nigga
Old dickless nigga
Man, I'm running with the blocker, Young Money, motherfucker
You think we gon' do our thing? Well, ain't it sunny in the summer?
And we're coming for the commas, and whoever among us
And you know I'ma bust my ass until my crew very humongous
I said, T.I., hold your head, and Mack, hold your head
Wish I could but I can't say some other names 'cause of the Feds
And to my Bloods, code red, man, you know how we play it
And if it costs to be the boss, oh well, I guess I gotta pay
I—I'm a New Orleans nigga, I don't take no shit
Take the brain off the whip; now, it don't make no sense
Stunt hard on these bitches, I ain't promised tomorrow
Now, women kicking it with me like Nomar Garciaparra
Fuq' roll them killer plants, the Little Shop of Horror
And we roll them bitches thick, make 'em look like Toccara
Man, I'm too much for these niggas and three much for these hoes
The world is in my hands, and I keep my hands closed
I love my baby mamas, they get my highest honor
Gotta take care of them kids, man, I know you heard Obama
And I live on an island, Atlantic in my backyard
I just tell my pilot to land it in my backyard
Quarterback, shotgun, you don't get any sack yards
Bitch, I ball hard, breaking all the backboards
Pretty Boy Floyd, step up, I will crack yours
And even at the White House, we pull up at the back doors
Walk around like I'm 30 feet tall
Tiger Woods, all these hoes tryna birdie these balls
In the Porsche 911, like emergency calls
Man, I just be chilling, I'm cool like Lou Rawls
Young Money in the building, I'm putting up new walls
Nigga take your Mrs. Officer and set some new laws
My flow is like rubbing two logs
Young Mula, we're the new shit, new drawers, ugh
Now, get off my dick, I ain't fucking with you
Watch me shoot to the bank, I'm a money pistol
Weezy beat the beat up like Sonny Liston
Redbone do me good, then her friend assist her
I mean, a bitch she never met, her best friend, or sister
I leave the pussy micro-soft like Windows Vista
Young Tunechi, pop that coochie for a goon, ho

Bullet in you boys' memory, now you act like you don't know
Eastside who I do it for, Eagle Street, right by the store
Katrina wiped the city out but couldn't fuck with Hollygrove
Lost some real niggas I knew from a long time ago
But Heaven or Hell, I'm hoping that they be where I'ma go
Take a nigga gal and make her come give me a private show
Still "long hair, don't care" like a Navajo
I'm the hardest shit, go in your ass and search
I smash this verse, and I swag and surf

No Ceilings!
Ha ha ha ha!