

Thought It Was A Drought

Lil' Wayne

Big body on brabus, that's all I know
Big shotties in the closet, that's all I wore
Screaming "money over power"
Quote, un-quote
And if the bread get too low, kidnap John Doe (hold up)
I just fucked your bitch in some Young Money flip flops
I'm smoking on that loud and you can hear a pin drop (hold up)
I just kissed my bitch and I left codeine in her mouth (yeah)
Swimming in my money, I smell chlorine when I count (get 'em)
Skating and mating, I'm spinning like Daytons
I'm winning like Peyton, I'm Christian like Laettner
I'm putting some straightener, into all of these Satans I'm
Wilder than Nathan, Goliath on David
I'm quietly waiting I'm trying to be patient but
They want me to wait for Simon to say it but
I am to pay this up, talk to my agent or
They talk about you to your congregation
Man, no conversation or negotiation
No affiliation by association
I need confirmation for my compensation
Or we make a corpse out of your corporation
I need my donation, take drugs in rotation
That AK gon' sound like a standing ovation
They landing your facial, your bandana rosacia
I'm all about numbers, comparisons, racials
Collateral, collateral, Xanax and adderal got me unparralleled
Me and your bitch compatible, go together like a parachute and a "geronimo"
This dick is mechanical, but he get too casual up in the vaginal
I pop a Viagra, she hop like a kangaroo, suck like a snaggle-tooth
I ain't got time for no rumors when I am not human, or you men, I'm booming
I'm fucking her, fucking her roomie, I'm platinum versus aluminum
I'm shrooming, I visualize what I'm assuming
My vision is gloomy, but fuck it I zoom in
And now I see movement, and I'd like to thank all her niggas that schooled me
But I still might shoot up my class reunion
I'm sipping that Houston like it's communion
Smoking some weed, bright as a petunia
I'm walking around Miss America like I'm the king, king of Zamunda
Been hanging around with my shooters when you was still hanging out with Mr. Cooper
Which one of you niggas want beef?
I'm putting your name inside the chalupa
Money since the Mayans, thugging since the riots
Cystic simplifying, higher than Orion
Lying off the diet, eat the whole safari
Pop a cork about it, keep it soft and sour
Watch the market tower
Find a wooden counter, knock on it twice and count 'em
Competition, clown 'em
Opposition chowder
Watch the bitches shower
Optimistic mama
Common sense ain't common
Top position scholar, so far from the bottom
They can't hear me holler
All I say is our, all I say is our, our father

My li'l bae a model, pussy taste like cobbler
Make me As-salaam Alaykum bottle
What more can I say about it, pray about it
I just race the Rari' left it way behind me, taste the mileage
Loud ass blatant diamonds
I think they the loudest, waking zombies
Break a face or promise, give me steak lasagna
Hate your honor still my mama's baby, and my baby mamas
They some riders, can't deflate them tires
I'm still chasing commas
Nigga I made Big Tymers
And I'm still taking time to make it timeless
Dedication problems, sick shit
Ay yeah, yeahhh...

The nicest thing a fan can say to me when they approach me on the street is any fucking thing true, anything real. You know what I mean, that's the nicest thing. I mean like, even if it's cliché, cliché I can still tell when that cliché was straight from your heart and that's all you could think about, all you could think to say when you saw me or if you meant it, like even if it's that, like I said just when it's real. You know why? Cause sometimes people can say things that's so real to them that they don't even know that, you know what I mean, some of the things they are saying isn't fact, you know what I mean, official. But you know, things like so what I mean like example : you might walk up on somebody, I might walk up on somebody on the street and they might, uh, they might... shout out the valet from today, umm well yesterday, shout out the valet from yesterday, before you opened the door of my car, you're looking in my eyes, you're a young cat too, you look me in the eyes and you say ahh, and he couldn't, his English wasn't all that, he said : I like the new album, I really like the new project, and I said to him I was like thank you man, he meant that, cause he looked me in my eyes and he even opened my door before he said it, you know what I mean, so I was like damn you know when I got in the car I was like damn it's not a project. You know what I mean I don't even consider that damn shit not an album just a mixtape, you know what I mean, but to him that was real, that shit was real, could be a project not an album, so shout out to homie. I left him a nice little tip you know what I mean