

# Trap House

Lil' Wayne

Oh yeah little Tunechi got it jumpin' like Jordan  
These pussy ass niggas can't guard me  
These rookie ass niggas still crawling  
These lookin' ass niggas eye ballin'  
These hooking ass bitches eye balling  
But I got a bad bitch at home cooking dinner  
Hi honey, I'm home, I'm starving  
These crooked ass cops still winning  
Black mad family still mourning  
Black president ain't do nothing  
We need a real nigga up in that office  
Got the White House jumping like Jordan  
Got the crack house jumping like Jordan  
I want my new house bigger than Jordan's  
With a backyard bigger than the forest  
Like "ooh!" bear I'm jumping like Jordan  
Hoes at the door and they arguing  
This dick is a super star, they want stardom  
My life like Bailey and Barnum  
These bitches ain't got no manners  
These niggas ain't got no standards  
My bitch ain't got no love handles  
Boy I'm clippin' that toe on that camel  
I got bitches that'll kill for me, Charles Manson  
Suck this thuggish ruggish bone, swallow that bone marrow  
Chopper sitting on my lap like the mall Santa  
Nigga shoot you all in your gall bladder  
Your pallbearers need pallbearers  
I'm mixng weed like gumbo  
I knock your head-off rambo  
Homeboys be cutthroat  
That shit got me with a lump throat  
But Tunechi bigger than Elvis Presley  
Young Money was my best investment  
Going harder than my predecessor  
I don't break records, I set records  
Lil Tunechi got me back like Kobe  
Niggas stab me in the back I owe 'em  
Got a house on the hills  
Now a nigga gotta deal with mountain lions and coyote  
See me? I keep that Semi, and friendly? I can't be friendly  
Freckles them bullet holes look like freckles you look like Wendy's  
Cops in the hills jumping like Jordan  
I can't swim but I'm throwing pool parties  
Got a bitch over there and a bitch over there  
A young nigga starting to feel cornered  
My LA house jumpin like Jordan  
My Miami House jumping' like Jordan  
Can't forget about my house in New Orleans  
So, sorry for the wait, I'm sorry  
I want my new bitch titties enormous  
With a backyard and a pretty garden  
With a pussy more pink than an orchid  
Young nigga gonna treat her like a florist  
I got my side bitch feeling important  
I got my main bitch feeling immortal  
I got my ex bitch feeling insulted

Cause wifey get money like Kimora  
I got a fine bitch feeling exhausted  
Cause I'mma put this dick on her till tomorrow  
I'mma pull up on a bitch in a Gallardo  
Then I'mma take the top off like a barber  
I go down and kiss, I Pearl Harbor  
She's so down with this New World Order  
Fuck the shit outta her in a sauna  
Sweat her hair out, she look like Al Sharpton  
Got a goon named Fernando  
At the front door of your Condo  
Knock knock, who's there? He don't care, he's psycho  
Bad bitch with a nice throat  
She ice cold and she likes hoes  
Oooh, she just my type  
These other hoes just typos  
Young nigga coming back like Jordan  
So sorry for the wait, I'm sorry  
Yeah, a nigga had to go back to the stash  
But a nigga stache like James Harden  
Young nigga drink lean like water  
Young nigga smoke weed like Marley  
Young nigga on the moon like Warren  
Young nigga on his shit like a charmin  
My bitch got a rack like Dolly Parton  
Fuck her all night to some Marvin  
Fall asleep in the pussy good lordy  
Woke up in a new Bugatti good morning  
Young nigga got guns goodluck  
Nina ross say me so horny  
Lil Tunechi at the top its so lonely  
Got bad pockets never-roni  
I'm with a model bitch she so bony  
Got to shook shoot up its so foamy  
I just cooked this up its still hot  
You could still smell the kitchen on me  
Nigga I have your homies singing damn I miss my homie  
I got a mountain of weed  
I got a mountain of cash  
I got mountains like Wyoming  
I got a bad bitch and she foreign  
She always mad with me I sorry  
She say damn why you can't call me  
Cuz they be taxing for that roamin'  
She a tan bitch she orange  
I can't stand a snitch an informant  
Niggas cook crack on a Forman while you all boys was still sparing ohh

This that Sorry for the Wait 2  
Tell the dead homies you pray to you're on your way too  
That the truth is hard to swallow you got fake juice  
Even Slick Rick the ruler know I break rules, ohh  
Got the gas out shootin' like Jordan  
I put your homeboy face on a t-shirt  
And put your own face on a milk carton  
Busy, I've been so busy  
Ain't even have time for quickies  
That's why my bitch been so bitchy  
I'm outchea tryin' to get me  
I'm coming back out jumping like I'm Jordan  
I'm sorry for the wait I'm tardy  
I wrote a letter to my competition  
It started off with dearly departed

Hippie I be so trippy  
Give her pussy a hicky  
I hope she ain't strictly dickly  
So we can menage to Nicki, ohh