

# U.O.E.N.O.

Lil' Wayne

Uh, I'm flying private through Cloud 9  
Yeah, if you got a problem, I'm Einstein  
Yeah, I'm yawnin' I'm so tired of ballin'  
Yeah, Only selling work to them workaholics  
Got guns bigger than you nigger, I don't fuck with new niggas  
I blue's your bitch ass hopes somebody give you rhythm  
I got animal all in my flow  
Take your shoes off at the door  
Niggas feed these bitch's lies, nigga don't food poison my ho  
I buy my drugs for the low, like a coupon on at the store  
My nigga's like Kanye with that good  
My nigga's like Lou Rawls with that blow  
Niggas sayin they racked up, don't let that Q-ball leave you broke  
I know you want a pat on the back, but then those fools goin' see you choke  
I saw yo' bitch and she said, she tryin' to move on and let go  
Boy I get up in that pussy and hit her with moves you don't even know  
Nigga's be trippin' over these ho's, I done came too far to get close  
I've been outchea gettin' bread, and I don't need you all in my loaf  
If you stick your neck out there, I'll have my goon's all at your throat  
Nigga's be lukewarm at the most  
And when I'm through ballin' I coach  
Shout out to my nigga Mac  
Gettin' his boo on in that Ghost  
I'm still coming off the top of the dome but it be on a tombstone if I wrote  
it  
Tunechi

My kids already rich and they don't even know  
These nigga's sayin' they playa's, they ain't even scored  
My bitch rolling my weed, she don't even smoke  
Everybody following me, I ain't even Moses, nigga  
Uh  
My cologne illegal in nine countries  
I found a way like it was hiding from me  
Yeah, my weed good, my sex better  
Bitch, don't text me no long letters  
I'm ahead of the game, I need a blowjob  
Most of these ho's ain't got no job  
And these nigga's goin' buy em' everything  
You goin' fuck around, and get the ho robbed  
I'm ahead of the game, I need a haircut  
Used to hug the block, I mean bear hug  
And tell them rats the AK go Rat-a-Tat, like snare drums  
I woke up this morning, dick rock hard  
Dick harder than a armadilla'  
MLK would be proud of me, cause I do this shit for all my nigga's  
Her mouth, pussy, or asshole, life is full of hard decisions  
If she ain't fuckin', she get the boot  
Let me write this bitch a parking ticket  
Ain't got time for love life  
All I know is get paid  
I'm high like Bonjour  
Twisted like french braids  
I got my own shoes, SLIME  
T, I feel like MJ  
I'm working that graveyard shift, man these nigga's been dead  
Uh

I feel asleep in that pussy and I didn't even know  
I woke up and acted like I didn't even know her  
Yeah  
Don't fuck with these fuck nigga's, you already know us  
I'm looking for that loud pack, weedman bring the noise  
Yeah  
Pass that weed to the next nigga  
Blunt longer than a tongue twista  
Ho's want this scud missile  
I'mma ball, like Crystal  
Lil Tunchi league, young sex pistol  
New money, no wrinkles  
I'm hard headed, Ocho  
Dedication Cinco  
Uh

What up 5?  
Rocko fuck with me!  
Yeah!  
Future fuck with me!  
Yeah!  
I, I feel like MJ  
I'm working that graveyard shift, man these nigga's been dead  
5!