V8

Lil' Wayne

Ayo, check this out, it's DJ Khaled
And this is No Ceilings 3
They try to put a ceilin' on our greatness
So we took the fucking ceilin' off
We took the fucking ceilin' off
It's Little Wayne, and this is... Another one

First she straight, now the bitch bi-curious
Booty out the A, but face from Honduras
Pull up to them gates, say I'm livin' luxurious
I fuck her, then I tell her get lost like a tourist
I went to the Middle East, came back with a Lamb'
Back with some money, came back with some grams
Fly your bitch to the beach, she come back with a tan
Come back with no money, come back with some sand
Dog, I be at home all day poppin' illys
See how long it take to count a million
Bitch, if you make me lose count, I'ma kill ya
Hoppin' out a G-Wagon, gotta be a six wheeler

Young Tune nigga put a deal in yo' base
She gon' swallow that shit like a protein shake
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, V8
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, V8, uh

Young Tune, nigga, I'll wipe yo' bitch
Best rapper alive, I write yo' shit
All that cappin', I'll wipe yo' lips
Lil' pussy-ass nigga shoot you right in yo' clit, yeah
I'ma turn up a little more this time
People used to say "That boy, he before his time"
I already know what you did last summer
I was standin' out the sun and lettin' my whoa and them shine
Paul Smith robe on the floor but it's fine
Two tone AP on, I'm bust
Rose gold Hublot lookin' like rust
All black Hublot lookin' like us
Clear white diamonds, lookin' like pus
Watch face look like a motherfucking pizza
And I got all diamonds all in the crust
Thinkin' I might, no nigga, I must
Keep a Hot Boy with me, I got love for BG
The feds tryna lock me up like the BG
I told my old lady if they do, she could leave
She said "Bae, shut the fuck up, you sound brazy
That shit gon' work out like it's personal training"
I say "Amen", oh, and she say "Fuck yeah"
Weighing my options, I broke out the scale
Weighing my options, I feel like a whale
My pockets on blubber, the socket unplugger
Bah-bah-bah-bah, he not gon' recover
Dead bodies on top of each other
Look like they six-nining each other
At first, I was playin', now this shit got serious
Shots hit that man in the middle of his ears
Five hundred grand, to make an appearance
I need that a week in advance for clearance

I just got mad at one of my shooters
'Cause I told his ass that we don't shoot no children
That shit is bad and it fuck up my spirit
That nigga laugh, I say, "Bruh you a terrorist"
Extended barrel, the one with the holes
Don't fuck with me, I am not one of your bros
Quadruple my money, don't count what I grow
It's gotta be the trucker but I hop in a Rolls
Young Money, nigga, that's my DNA
I look like a lion and act like an ape
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, get ate
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, we ate

Young tune niggas put a deal on yo' base
She gon' swallow that shit like a protein shake
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, V8
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, V8, No Ceilings

Young Money, OVO
Light yo' spliff up
Fucking big head spliff
Huh, Lil Wayne and Drake
Pon yo' head, let's go

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