

What's Wrong With Them

Lil' Wayne

Uh, life on the rocks
Too hard to swallow
So we get high till it feel like the sky low
Ya'll boys just a bunch of pussy cats milo
Money is the song, pockets on high note
Do ra me faso
I rock like a fossil, big ball shit, Paul Castellano
Shoot ya ass up, now crawl out the condo
That's that nine nigga, lil rando
Sleeping with the enemy so I fuck the World
To Miss Louise Anna, the sweetest southern girl
The sweetest southern girl
(sweetest southern girl)

This is times up
Put your signs up
Made em pick my dude
out the line up
Baby what the fuck is wrong (wrong) with them
What the fuck is wrong (wrong) with them
You see money you call
Very few are chosen
Looking at the wall
You can feel them close in
Baby what the fuck is wrong (wrong) with them
What the fuck is wrong (wrong) with them

Uh, mind over matter
Money over all
The World is on my shoulders,
Shall I dust my shoulders off?
Uzi rat-a-tatter, knocking over walls
Fuck the bullshit, but just don't fuck it raw man
Pussy has a pattern and I know where I'm going
And if you got beef I turn into a tenderloin
Sanity kills so I live the crazy life
I wonder if you'll pay attention if I change the price
Life is my wife, till death do us part
Man I'm fly as fuck you ain't even next to depart
Quick draw McGraw, I hope you like art

Stepping on the bullshit
You can be my doormat
Y'all ain't going nowhere with that hatin' shit, four flat
Disrespectful on the beat, Borat
Fuck the system and the pussy wasn't all that
Yeah, now time's gettin' shorter
Life on ya head like fucking read carter now
Don't you cross me, you do better crossing the border
So much money piled up I'm a motherfucking hoarder