

YM Wasted

Lil' Wayne

Ha

Take it, FATBOI

No Ceilings

Ugh

Rock-star lifestyle, might not make it
President, got 'em in the White House naked
Looked at the clock and it say, "Right now"
Get a pound, break it down, blow it like trial
Panatela Dutchie, wine in my tall glass
Young Money, baby, big shit, like a horse ass
Stacks in my backpack, shades on, hat back
Bugatti, matte black—"Where they do that at?"
South Beach Miami, ho, I'm probably with Tammy To'
My life is a video and the women want their cameo
I just want them pantyhose, and I'm higher than Ger-an-imo
And I got them tools, tell them boys it could get mechanical
Now, pop that pussy like a four-four
I turn you 'round and bend you over like a low blow
It's Young Money, baby, we're the fucking greatest
We done put them other niggas on a hiatus
Beat your bitch with the pump if she deny data
'Cause I'll serve anyone like a blind waiter
I make my girl cum first; then, I arrive later
I shake you pussies up, I'm a vibrator, ha ha!
G-Getting money like, "Hell yeah"
This shit so good, it don't even smell bad
And you can tell Dad that I'm a motherfucker
You niggas bet' not slip—Ice Road Truckers
Light-pole barrel, chopper stupid-long
New Orleans nigga, I get super-dome
Loyal to the game, the game been good to me
Still spitting fire, you niggas wood to me, ha!
We're on, nigga; let—let them hoes know
Young Money lay 'em down like old folks
You're coming with it? We're coming for it
Plenty to go around—now, watch the money orbit
Real shit, people; now, just absorb it
I tried to pay attention, but y'all mad boring
And I got so much swag, I need an ad for it
And I don't like to brag, so my bitches brag for me
Oh, she a good girl? I got her transforming
She give me hot head, I call it "global warming"
If we gon' do it, dog, let's do it now
I—I—I am more animal than the zoo allow
Put me in the wild, I'll be there for a while
You niggas Little League, call 'em Curaçao
Energizer money: it keep going
I'm laid-up, I'm free-throwing
Who rebounding? Who gives a shit?
Fuck that, I got 27 years of this
Hit or miss, I hit your missus
You are local news; I'm 60 Minutes
I—I hit the target, I hit the witness
I work out in my office—guess I'm fit for business
Too many visions, completed missions
Still icing out crosses—keep it Christian

We're consistent, the streets commend it
Weezy F. Baby, the "F" is for "Forensics"
From start to finish, Usain Wayne
OK, you're doing your thing? Well, things change
You plain-Jane, I'm diverse
I save the world second, and I get high first
I'm a mind freak, check my time sheet
Bitch, I bring the noise where the lions sleep
Your flow never wet, like Grandma pussy
I'm always good, like Grandma cookies
Yeah, call me the spleen or the spine fixer
It's going down like the Catalina Wine Mixer
She going down like the hands on my time-ticker
I'm always strapped—Vietnam, nigga
We are fine, nigga, like Amber Rose
We ball, nigga, like Jalen Rose
Better tell them hoes, I got a million flows
Label me the hardest nigga in civilian clothes
Young Money, baby, and the building grows
As we look up—where did the ceilings go?

Ha ha ha
No Ceilings