

Lemonade

Xavier Wulf

Yeah

Let me sip my lean, mix it with the lemonade
Only mix it with that Minute Maid, lemonade
Turn a nigga wife into a minute maid nigga
Minute maid, rice on that minute, ayy hold up

Yeah, I only mix it with the lemonade, yeah
I turned a nigga wife into a minute maid, yeah
Minute-made rice on the lemon steak, yeah
Put your main bitch on a dinner plate, yeah

Huh, it's your friend huh?
Tell that bitch to go and hop on in, yeah
She freaky, she came again
And again, and again yeah
She said Zay let me call six more friends yeah
I said okay, I'ma go'n and get 'em in yeah
Tell 'em when they get to the gate
Hit the code, I'll buzz 'em in yeah
Too many drugs, now they on a drug binge, yeah
These hoes trippin' nigga
These hoes slippin' and they dippin'
They'll get you nigga
You better not be around trippin'
Forget it nigga
I ain't giving out hand outs to none of you niggas
You bitches nigga, you snitches nigga, hah, yeah
I don't leave my cash out 'round the house
When I got these hoes runnin' 'bout, nigga
That's where the fuck you fucked up at
Told your bitch where your stash spot was at and then she took that
TYBG, salute the bitch nigga
I got respect for any ho out here tricking niggas
'Cause I ain't never even fucked witcha
So I don't give a fuck to even care to fuck witcha nigga, who?
Is this his bitch, we got his bitch, we made her switch that
Yeah, now she tweakin', now she geekin', she too live man
We got her twerking, doing lines on a handstand
He mad as fuck because he never got to witness that

Yeah, I only mix it with the lemonade
I turned a nigga new wife into a minute maid, yeah
Minute-made rice chillin' on the lemon steak
I don't give no fuck 'bout none of you haters, I put y'all on a plate
Yeah nigga, I only mix it with that Minute Maid
Yeah I turned a nigga new wife into a minute maid, yeah
Minute-made rice chillin' on the lemon steak
I don't give no fuck 'bout none of you haters, I put y'all on a plate

I got five bitches doin' coke with me
Don't aim it, don't play semi, put that thirty to your belly
Call Wulf, got the draco, it get scary
No Mercy, can't pay Mary, man this K like Tom & Jerry, wait
Pour an eight
Fuck your lil bitch, yeah I'm straight
Hop in my straight
I get the cake every day, what

Write your name right on the K
Write your name right on the K
I get that money, no break
I'm running right to the cake
Dexter

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