

Lil' Wayne "100 Winters"

Visit "[100 Winters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

SB don't spy seven five jeans
5000 islands on my fuckin wallet chain
I be wallin manye
I'm a island mayne
There ain't nothin else by me mayne (haha)
I tell them float on and
Go on to the ozone
I'm so gone my blunt
Like a pole long
I pro long
And hold on
To it like a trombone
I'm so blown
And um I got that cock back
I don't need that thumb bone
So come on
You get the one with the drum on
IT
That's the one that goes dit
Di-di-di-di-di-di-dit
I'm so terrific when I spit
Put my foot up in yo ass
Now I'm kickin in yo shit
Now I'm pitchin at yo bitch
And she catch it with her lip
Nah she catch it with her mouth
And since I'm the president,
She tried to catch it on her blouse
I tell her,
Whooooaa!
Easy baby!
I'm king cake so she eat the baby!
Wait!
Shit gets way more crazierr
We flip the bitch
Like she was in the gymnaserm
I ain't fuckin with the bitches with the stadium
That's no dome
Bitch go home!
Yeah
Bi-bi-bi
Bitch!

Bitch I spent the hundred winters on my snow cone
Lil nigga walkin like he get his bowl on
Boss man

Pimp stro pimp stro
I can let my money go when the wind blow
Then it come right back like a rental
And bet them bitches understand me like 10 fo
Niggas is simple
Like instrumentals
I bet you bitches understand me like info
Get ya top chopped
And get trimmed low
Somethin like my benzo
Ridin with my friend's hoes
No I mean my hoe's friends
Fuckin all my hoe's friends
Takin all my hoe's ends
That will make that globe spin
I tell these young niggas
Pimp or die
Won't get that benz if they don't split them
Eyes dip 'em thighs thin 'em
Tiesss
And if you reach at I
I don't preach I screech and give you beef with them
fries
Yeah!
Come to the beach and find I live where all the little
seagulls fly
See, baby I'm so high all I need you to do is just shutup
and cry! (haha)
Yeah! look,
n Me 'n mac is just two niggas from the same hood
Fell from the same tree cut from the same wool
I'm just the young lion, and he the young bull
Now slam me da bull
That pistol on my hip now I gotta hand in the pool
I had a lammy in school, I think it was diablo red
I'm T.I red, I'm T.I red, you D.I ed, because of what you
said
Chyee! I'm sharp as an image! and I keep it bumpin like
a
Mothafuckin blemish! two twins drink me up like
guinness!
When I'm finished, I say FILL IT!
When I'm finished they say Weezy you killed it
Hop on yo shit and they say Weezy you heeled it
So fly I got wings tattooed on me
A gun glued on me, but I pop ya in ya stomach
Now I got yesterday's food on me, now that was real

rude homie
And I smell like a weed plant, Young Money
muthafucka where that cheese at?

Visit [Lil' Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.