

Lil' Wayne "Banger"

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Ok I'm leaning to the left
flag in my right pockets
star track fly, unidentified flying objects
extraterrestrial I'm all about my decimels
retarded in the booth they say I got a special flow
sicker than your average you rappers is ass backwards
Gudda speak crack and you n-ggas is crack addicts
the simple mathematics.
you cut the check and I rake in the green like I'm raking
the grass in
pretty b-tches damn near feint when they passing
call my whip Martin but the first name Aston
tata head n-ggas get mashed when I'm spazzin'
think you f-cking with me put your cash in, nah I doubt
I was young and reckless when Pete say he was about it
you n-ggas is ducks howards, cowards
kill the competition and hower n-ggas with flowers
this rap sh-t is ours
pop b-tch

Uh, uptown back in it
Hollygrove black menace
black clothes, black tennis
black semi,
I've never sat in hemi
that would offend me
try Maybach on Maybach
b-tch I got stacks yeah
paychecks on paychecks
and I still want payback
and I still don't play that
I kill on asap
and you don't do sh-t but get money all day
p-ssy shoes on my bullets now they running your way
YM young mula young money all day
where the drugs so sweet like honey on yay
which one of y'all say you want drama I'm honoured
I blitz your ass like a muthaf-cking lineman
stack of paychecks with a whole bunch of comma's
still wear red like an old 49ner
f-ck sh-ttin on ya, dump the whole toilet on ya
Weezy F baby b-tch I hotter than Uganda

Ughhh!!!

Mama aint make me to make homies

she make me to make history
so doing that's my extra-curricular activity
bulldozer boy and the target is the industry
Two things I love in the World, good head and victory
you aint doing it big and broke stop kidding me
your whip aint up to date and your hoes look like Mr T
This is Misery, no Cathy Bates
come at me sideways my money slap ya straight
yeah I'm a big joker so you know I slap you ace
leave the club with ya girl send her home with an ashy
face
love is a gamble but it's my casino
pretend that your the loser I hope that she (?)
I hope the game got life insurance
cause I'm kill it
and all you wack ass rap n-ggas dying with it
I'm so harlem eating but so starving
pockets full of fat like all I do is eat margarine
Millz

put the flow in the pot
crank up the ntoch
burn the song from a stove top
it's finger licking hot
his pitch flip cause the n-gga flop
my sh-t hit like the p-tch was soft
n-ggas cotton balled
she dropped drawers cause she poppin off
her p-ssy cross guard but I don't stop at all
I smash in the car, like f-ck the f-cking law
I bet daddy gone, who wanna make it done
the rocky sh-t that we up on
shttin on em like hittin the barn
hey wait they say money talks
man you don't speak at all
you shop at mini malls
my style two thumbs up like using analogues
I wreck sh-t for the recognition b-tch
Jesus as my witness, say evision
I bore you n-ggas flame flicker
I melt pictures
tyga skin aint drippin'

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