

Lil Wayne "Cashed Out"

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[Verse 1]

Fuck nigga
My blunt bigger than these lil niggas
Keep stuntin with your bitch ass
You'll get jacked and jilled, nigga
Fuck wrong with these sissy niggas?
I'm smoking that Bill Bixby nigga
I'm spendin money, spendin money
Ben Franklin dizzy nigga!
Your bitch on my dick, I told her I was busy
She say "Wayne on me, Wayne on me" cause yo ass
need drizzlin
That pussy came gift-wrapped: bow and a ribbon
And if she bounce that ass then I'm dribblin
That pussy so wet, it turned into a Gremlin
There's only one me, ain't no equivalent
She give me brain, brain like trivia
I got a black bitch and a red bitch
I call them hoes Aunt Vivian
Chopper knock your face off
Black shades, Ray Charles
I be killing young hoes
I got your ho up in my graveyard
I ain't working with a full deck
But I pull out that Ace card
She grab that dick with 2 hands
Like she about to pray for it
Clips hanging, no curfew
Fuck you and who birthed you
I'm shining like church shoes
Birdman Jr.: y'all birdfood
I'm bout it... I said I'm about to cum
She opened her mouth: water fountain
When I'm on the scene I'm on that lean
Bitch, I'm drowsy
Man, I'm so high I don't know what I'm laughing about
I got bars, nigga
And it's happy hour!

[Verse 2]

Riding round with them choppas, not them ninas
Riding around with a bitch named Molly and she on

Molly Â- ha!
Bitch I put my foot in your ass: karate
Man these niggas can't see me like a diary
Smoke that weed, let's get irie
Nigga shut up, that bitch got a silencer
Top of the gun there is a scope
I close one eye, I look like a pirate, fuck it!
Truckfit my bitch up, Tunechi leave big nuts
I'm getting my dick sucked
I blow weed like it's dust!
Spacehead: love pussy, hate feds
Just bought my girl a Ferrari Spider
Told her drive it like it got 8 legs
I'm a made nigga: Machiavelli
That Mack-11 necessary
I'm a hard head: I pop the cherry
No pussy no rats, no Tom and Jerry
They say your friends are your enemies?
Well, my friends are imaginary
I'm the motherfuckin resolution like the 1st of January
My ride cold and my bitch hot
I'm tired as hell but my dick not
I don't gas no bitch, no pitstop
Smoke Barney and Baby Bop!
Y'all niggas act like lady cops
My niggas smoke like coffee shops
That's syrup gang, wafflehouse
Gunfight, I'll knock you out
My bitch titties is poppin out
We poppin up and we get it poppin
Mask on, gloves on
Like Mickey Mouse, clips stickin out
Like Nicki's ass
Smoking on that sticky bag
Weezy F: I'm big and bad
Small feet, but I kick your ass
I'm the trigger man, that shooting star
Eat that pussy like caviar
She treat that dick just like a straw
How you like them apples, Microsoft?
Now wipe it off...
I do Liv on Sundays: church!
Step off in that motherfucker fresher than some Certs
Uuh! Who the fuck is Stevie J?
I got the ball, playing keepaway
Kidnap your ass, kill your ass
Then hide your ass like an Easter Egg!
It's Hollygrove to my deathbed
Just make sure my pillow's fluffed
Hit a nigga with a million shots
What you call that? A million bucks

Good weed, we pass around
Money talks: mine got a nasty mouth
It's Young Money, Cash Money
Til the motherfuckin day I'm Cashin Out!

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