

Lil' Wayne "Dipset Pt.2"

Visit "[Dipset Pt.2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dipset Pt. 2

Kush, good kush

Weezy, dip dip

Wayne, set set

And I grip techs, leave em waterbed wet

And I know just where to put these hollowtips

His chest, his chest, his chest

Aiyo I take on a gang a gangs, anythang

Animals oragitangs

Gorillas turn to Bathing Apes when I make it rain

I got a whole collection

I got a dope connection

I got a coke connection

I got a dope infection

No homo, my flow is hard as an erection

So that's why its fuck the world wit protection

Pay attention to the lecture

My words carry life like a stretcher

Yeah, you know young wayne in here

Smellin team spirit, like kurt cobain was here

Yeah, yeah we got them thangs in here

And we will bang in here

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And the bank is here

Lincoln's here, Grants is here

Jackson's here, Franklin's here

Them dead mufuckas

And the drank is here, dank is here

Stank in here, gangstas here

Wankstas feel, that red mufucka

And my city hot, ride wit the itchy cock

Coupe wit the titties popped

Where the fuckin city cop

And I got the haters like, "When will he stop?"

Maybe a minute after never, set ya clocks

I'm a nutcase, uptown's my birthplace

They feel me comin like the weekend on thursday

We got Vegas chips, nigga bet bet

I hope you boys ready, because I'm jet set

And when I come up in the building you already know

Bitch wet, bitch wet, bitch wet, fuck now

Yes, um, gloves, drawls, socks, tees
All made by Ralph Laureen
No shades just, my eyeballs watchin em
Tattoos on top of them, igloos for watches
And champagne for breakfast, and
Sports cars for lunch, and pussy for dinner
I eat rappers and call it pussy for dinner
Ask the paparazzi, I'm in the mazeratti
Ridin shotti, bad bitch, clyde and bonnie
I call her Kammie, that's short for kamikaze
She called me daddy and never short wit daddy money
Its Weezy Baby, shine like a brass monkey
I'm never broke, never have a cast on me
Always paid, always got cash on me
I gotta feed, the pockets in my pants hungry
I'm a phantom hauler, a shooter not a brawler
And ya girlfriends a determined Carter caller
Control a bitch, and let a nigga hold a bitch
Put her on the corner shit, and let her make a porno
flick
She would play the roll again
Whenever she roll again, pop a pill and roll again
Now we on the roll again
I work her, work her
Tell her be my slave, bitch I'm paid
Out my cage, I just can't feel my face
With Santana, we wild riders like Al Queda
Supreme dada, young mula, Bird Junior, yeah

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

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