

Lil Wayne

"Donks"

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[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Look here

S B donks five seven five jeans, five thousand dollars
on my fuckin wallet chain, i be wildin man, imma island
man, there aint much else by me man

I tell em float on and go on to the ozone, im so gone,
my blunt like a polan, got prolong, and hold on to it like
a trambone, im so blown, and um i got that cock back i
dont need that thumb bone, so come on, you get the
one with the drum on, it, its that one that goes dit, da
da la dit dit dit dit, im so terrific when i spit, put my foot
up in your ass, now im kickin in your shit, now pitchin at
your bitch, and she catch it with her lip, naw she catch it
wit her mouth, and since im the president, she tried to
catch it on her blouse, i tell her whoa, easy baby, im
king cake, so she eat the baby, what shit gets way
more crazier, we flipped the bitch like she was in the
gymnasierm, i aint fuckin with them bitches with that
stadium, thats no dome, bitch go home... bitch bitch
bitch, bitch go home

[Verse 2:]

Bitch i spent a hundred winters on my snow cone
lil nigga walking like he get his bowl on
Bossy, pimp stro pimp stro, and i gotta let my money
go when the wind blow, bet it come right back like a
rental, and bet them bitches understand me like 10-4,
niggas is simple, like instrumentals, i bet you bitches
understand me like info, get your top chopped, and get
trimmed low
Somethin like my Benz tho
Ride with my friends hoes, i mean my hoes friends,
fucking all my hoes friends, takin all my hoes ends, it'll
make that blow spin
I tell these young niggas pimp or die, dont get that
Benz, if they dont split them I's, dig them thighs, in
them tires
And if you reach at I, I dont preach I speech and give
you beef wit them fries
Come to the beach and find, I live where all the little
sea eagles fly
See, baby im so high, all i need you to do is just shut up

and cry, bitch bitch shut up and cry

[Verse 3:]

Look, and me and mack was just to niggas from the
same hood, fell from the same tree, cut from the same
wool

Im just the lion and he the young bull, not seemy the
bull, that pistol on my hip than i got a hammy to pull, i
had a lammy in school, i think it was diablo red, im t.i.
red, im t.i. red, you d.i. ed, because of what you said
Chea, and im as sharp as an image, and i keep it
bumpin like a mother fuckin blemish

Two twins drink me up like guinness, when im finished i
say brilliant, when im finished they say Weezy you
killed, i hope on your shit and they say Weezy you
healed it

So fly got wings tattooed on me, the gun glued on me,
but i pop you in your stomach, now i got ya yesterdays
food on me, now that was real rude homie

And i smell like a weed plant, young money mother
fucker where cheese at

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