

Lil Wayne

"Ghoulish"

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Fuck pusha t and anybody that love him
His head up his ass, I'mma have to head-butt him
Gut him, lil tunechi shit, weak stomach
It's me, It, like when you heat butter
Old pussy in a can, red is the flag
Fuck with me wrong I'll put your head in your hands
There'd be blood everywhere, I got bloods everywhere
I'mma alien, I hope you ain't the prince of bel air
That's real nigga talk, these niggas speechless
Cut off his arm and leg like I charge for my features
Hammer on my side like I work in construction
Your bitch hit that head so hard we get concussions
Niggas can't see me, not even a glimpse
Too many banana clips, I feel like chimps
South beach bitch and I tan line stupid
You could find me on collins like bootsy
I ain't on no fuck shit, I be on that truk fit
Your girl do tongue tricks and you sweeter than one six
All I ever see is ben franklin face
I chase the bank, I don't bank with chase
You fuckin' with some niggas that'll murk y'all
Nigga you softer than a motherfuckin' nerf ball
Bird call, brr, what happened to that boy?
He was talkin' shit, we put a clap into that boy
Tunechi!

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