

Lil Wayne "I Think I Love Her"

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[Tyga]

Ha, pikaboo b-tch,
Swag scare your kids,
My airplane clothes flyer than your best this year,
Gorillas in the mist, pull back pump they fist,
I'm from the planet of the apes, King kong clips,
Ssince lambs b-tch,
Run through your land trippin,
Can't pretend when this is real as it gets can ya,
If sh-t hits the fan, I Ron Artest n-ggas,
This how I'm living getting tatted in some house
slippers,
I like my b-tches simple, laid back, relax it's mental,
Sh-t you know what I do,
Tell me what you tryna get into,
The man cars rented,
The man car killing,
Gossiping f-ck the car look at the man in it
Ha boys to man business,
We don't hire b-tches,
Just fire b-tches,
It's young money fire spitters,
The... is with us
And they aint ate they dinner,

Beginners feast, feet lying fatality finish,
I'm killin these records they put me again
I really don't giv a f-f-uck if you witness,
You hear it, listen, buy it, steal it,
I still gon get my f-cking percentage,
I cuss a lot cuz b-tch I'm seers,
Young no beard, get soup,
Like gumbo with shrimp,
Flyer than Dumbo ears is, b-tch,

[Lil Wayne]

Uhh, now let me start by sayin
I don't like this beat,
But imma weather the storm Imma lightening streak,
Uhh, Weezy F baby, I do it big weigh me,
Them crazy freaky b-tches try to cirque du soliel me,
Got some new b-tches, trail got me laughing,

The one that gave me head can suck the nail out a
casket,
Shot gun on the kitchen table,
The shells in the cabinet,
F-cking with me is like stepping on the tail of a dragon,
Where pussy is my cabin,
More b-thces than a pageant,
I keep a house full n-gga call me bob sagat,
Spending time backwards,
Hotter than a cactus,
And we aint in the building we the f-cking contractors,

Y YM, why muthaf-ck why hate it,
Young Money down your throat gotta stay hydrated,
Quarter bag weezy,
Young time brady,
Open up your mouth and catch a bomb baby,
Hehe good morning dude,
Eagle street car in tune,
Long joe, no short bread, no lorna doon,
I'm warning you,
We on the move,
Bunch of female dogs and garden tools,
That's b-tches and hoes,
Hospital full, sick of my flow,
Hip hop was washed up so I bought some change to
finish my load,
I load millions and more millions,
Money to the ceiling,
N-gga no ceiling!

[Shanell]

Step up in this b-tch 5 o clock in the morning,
The world is waking up you can hear the pigeons
yawning,
Imma get that worm now,
Tell em it's my turn now,
Yo n-ggas need a lesson on some ethic you gon learn
now,
I do this for the love of it,
Saliva cos I love to spit,
And I duke it for my future records
You gon love to spit,
Fucking with my bredren 10 years strong,
And he put them dreds in silver john long,
But he's more like platinum,
Hold up heres a napkin,
Pick your jaw up off the floor
And tuck your tongue right back in,
Tell me where is Mack Maine,
... (that's all I have)

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