

Lil Wayne

"I Took Her"

Visit "[I Took Her](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

I like the red bone pretty feet, slim waist, cute face
Girl, if that's you then put yo' info in my two way
Girl, you a star me and you can make a movie
She said the diamonds on my chain look like kool aid

And when I'm gone she be missing me like school days
Alright, I like a bitch, that like a bitch
Fucking right, I'm rich and I ain't getting hitched
I'm getting paid in full, just call me money, mitch

Balling like Tony Gynn, I'm never lonely in that
penthouse
And all the time a nigga thinks she's at a friends house
Okay, ilput the phantom up and bought the bent out
It's Weezy baby bitch, I'm hot like all the vents out, ha,
ha

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Tell 'em how it go, it go holly grove, 17 Carlton, Eagle
Street
Running with my hood till my feet gets sore
Run up on them boys and you ain't running no more
I am from the jungle, the mighty jungle and the guns
go pow, hah

Why your boyfriend acting like secret service?
I'm a get you by yourself and get my secret service
I'm on the purple urple and now the earth is bouncing
I've climbed the highest mountain

And baby girl, that coupe is fountain blue
You see the green and yellow diamonds call it
Mountain Dew
I got a crib in the sky with city view
And i take a skinny bitch if her titties new, ha, ha, ha,
now what it do

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Get 'em, Gucci shoes, Gucci buckle, Gucci belt, Gucci
bucket
Sharper than the yellow number 2, I doesn't what I do
And if you didn't know, now you knew that I am the
fireman
And red truck yellow suit and I treat money like glue

You know I gotta stick to paper, you know I'm like a
staple
That's why I got the Cash Money rich above my navel
Young money is the label, alright, money, bitches and
cable
We multiplying money, sitting at the time table, ha, ha

So holla at a nigaa when you see me on the grind
And bust that pussy like we running out of time
And don't say a word just act like a mime
Girl might be yours but her pussy is mine, okay

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Sweet street pussy
Gimme that gushy
Nasty stuff, nigga
I took her

Young Money, what's up?
Young Money, what's up?
Uh, huh, uh, huh, uh, huh
Weezy F. Baby

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

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