

Lil' Wayne "Roger That"

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I'm in the collard green 6, cornbread in the guts
Got the Halloween kicks trick or treatin' the clutch
Come on nigga, is you trickin' or what?
Flow tighter than a dick in the butt

Just hopped off the plane, came back from Vancouv'
Little white tee, some boobs, and bamboo
White girls tell me, "Hey Nicki, your camp rules
Is that why you get more head than shampoos?"

Asalamalakum, no oink for me
And I never let a D-boy boink for free
'Cause it's Barbie, bitch, you can join the wave
I done penny, nickel, dimed, I done coined the phrase

You couldn't beat me there if you had a Leer
Indian style court side with a cavalier
VIP RosÃ©s you can have a beer
'Cause honey, when you getting' money, you don't
have a care

Now r-roger that, r-roger that
R-roger that, r-roger that
R-roger that, r-roger that
R-roger

Young black Rico's kill for the C-notes
But me though, I'm Jack son bitch Tito
She wanna play games but this is not bingo
Monopoly, I'm past go, go ahead and deep throat

4-chick foursomes, skin colors mocha
Sally and Sonia put the pussies on my Totem
Pole vault stroke 'em, strike it like bowlin'
Now open like you yawnin', it's 6 in the mornin'

Sleepin' on me probably in a coffin
I'm hotter than the end of fuckin' August, I'm awesome
I'm awesome, repeat it to your grandma and uncles
M-mothers, Tyga's no dad but I'm the motherfucker

Motherfuckers, this the last supper

Look, no hands, I'm a bread cuffer
I don't dare love her, I'm a dare devil
I don't fear nothin', motherfucker, Young Money

Now roger that, roger that
R-roger that, roger that
Fuck around and never get roger back

(I'm goin' in)
Fresh off the jet, sharper than Gillette
The blunt still wet so pass it like bread
We sip side a mug, we call it upset
Smoke more than 4 quarters, we call it sudden death

I'm a beast, you a pet
AK long neck, key sweat
Weezy, motherfucker, capo in this bitch with me
Money talks and have a convo' in this bitch with me

I'm mountain high, Colorado in this bitch with me
Flow crazy, 730, you just 650
20 bullets from the chopper take the roof off
Laughin' to the bank, I'm a goof ball

It's Y.M. and we at yo' neck like a violin
It's our world, we make it spin and y'all the prey, amen

Now roger that, roger that
Where Roger at? I heard Rog' a Rat
F-fuck around and never get Roger back

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