

## Lil Wayne

### "She Will Remix"

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[Lil Wayne - Verse 1]

I tell her "now goin pop that pussy for a real nigga  
I already know that life is deep but I still dig her  
Niggas is jealous but really I couldn't care less  
I'm in hell's kitchen with an apron and a hair net  
Devil on my shoulder, the lord as my witness  
So on my Libra scale, I'm weighing sins and  
forgiveness  
What goes around, comes around like a hula hoop  
Karma is a bitch? Well just make sure that bitch is  
beautiful  
Life on the edge, I'm dangling my feet  
I tried to pay attention but attention paid me  
Haters can't see me, nose bleed seats  
And today I went shopping and talk is still cheap  
I rock to the beat of my drumset  
I've been at the top for a while and I aint jump yet  
But I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit  
Now jump up on that dick and do a full split

[Drake]

She just started to pop it for a nigga  
And look back and tell me "baby, it's real"  
And I say I aint doubt you for a second  
I squeeze it and I can tell how it feel  
I wish we could take off and go anywhere but here baby  
you know the deal  
And she bad, so maybe she won't  
Uh, but shit than again maybe she will  
Yeah,

Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right  
now  
She will, yeah  
Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right  
now  
She will, she will, she will  
Maybe for the money and the power and the fame right  
now  
She will, she will, she will  
Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right

now  
She will, she will, she will

[Lil Wayne]

Yeah, I tell her "now go on, pop that p-ssy for me"  
Haters can't see me, but them bitches still looking for me  
And you could take that to the bank and deposit that  
Put your two cents in, and get a dollar back  
Some people hang you out to dry like a towel rack  
I'm all about "I" give the rest of the vowels back  
I like my girl thick, not just kinda fine  
Eat her til she cry, call that "wine and dine"  
Try to check me and I'mma have 'em checkin' pulses  
They say chose wisely, that's why I was chosen  
Rocking like asphalt, it's the cash fault  
Looked in the face of death and took it's mask off  
Now I like my house big and my grass soft  
I like my girl face South and her ass North  
But I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit  
Now hop up on my dick and do a full split!

[Drake - Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

Pandemonium, she cause that  
Toss it up, and I stuff 'em where her draws at  
That's on everything like feets that's on my floor mats  
Red bottoms, spikes on 'em, that's yo stacks  
Speakin' Spanish while she tannin', body no fat  
Shawty body body got me on my 4th stack  
Pink champagne, order more yak  
Rollin' airplanes, where I land at?  
I levitate over numbers you niggas never make  
The Columbians callin', I tell 'em "perate"  
Every summer I celebrate with a new estate  
Let's get the f-ck out this club, call it the great escape  
She wrap her lips 'round a nigga, just like a chinchilla  
Crap table Bellagio, I'm a big tipper  
My life a stage I need her just to stand on it  
Everyday she look back, I toss a band on it

[Drake - Chorus]

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