

# Lil Wayne "Swag Surfin"

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No Ceilings..  
O-o-ok, I got this chrome on this Bugatti  
I'm strong in this Bugatti  
Two V8's ain't no such thing as driving calm in this  
Bugatti  
Bitch I'm bad,  
I'm worse  
I pass the purp',  
Don't fuck with me 'cause right now I'm higher than  
Captain Kirk,  
I swear I be the sickest nigga, you can ask the nurse  
And if you throw it in the bag, I bet I'll snatch her purse  
OK I spazz, I curse  
You last, I'm first  
I'm on yo' ass, like dirt  
Behind that cash, get murked  
I'm talkin' big shit nigga, join my hit list nigga  
What's the matter? Check ur bladder I'm the shit piss  
nigga  
Shoot the witness, nigga  
Whole court in the streets  
And convict this nigga  
Old dickless nigga  
Man im runnin' with the blucka  
Young Money muthafucka  
You think we won't do our thang..  
Well ain't it sunny in the summer?  
And we coming for the commas  
And whoever among us  
And you know Imma bust my ass until my crew very  
humongous  
I said T.I hold ya head  
And Mack hold ya head  
Wish I could but I can't say some other names 'cause of  
the Feds  
Until my bloods, cold red  
Man you know how we play it  
And if it cost to be the boss, oh well I guess I gotta pay  
it  
I'm a New Orleans nigga, I don't take no shit  
Take the brain off the whip now it don't make no sense  
Stunt hard on these bitches I ain't promised tomorrow

Not when they kicking it with me like no mo'  
garciaparra  
Flute rollin' killer plants, like the tool shop of horror  
And we roll them bitches thick, make 'em look like  
Toccara  
Man I'm too much for these niggas, and three much for  
these hoes  
Whe World is in my hands, and I keep my hands closed  
I love my baby mommas, they get my highest honor  
Gotta take care of them kids, man I know you heard  
Obama  
And I live on an island, Atlantic in my backyard  
I just tell my pilot to land it in my backyard  
Quarter back shot gun, you don't get any sack yards  
Bitch I ball hard, breakin' all the back boards  
Pretty boy Floyd step up I will crack yours  
And even at the White House we pull up at the back  
doors

Walk around like im thirty feet tall  
Tiger Woods all these hoes tryna birdy these balls  
In the Porche 911 like emergency calls  
Man i just be chillin', I'm cool like Lou Rawls  
Young Money in the building, I'm puttin' up new walls  
Nigga take your Mrs. Officer and set some new laws  
My flow is like rubbin' two logs  
Young Moula we the new shit and new draws  
Now get off my dick, I ain't fucking witcha  
Watch me shoot to the bank, I'm a money pistol  
Weezy beat the beat up like Sonny Liston  
Red bone do me good, then her friend or sista  
I mean her bitch, she never met her best friend or  
sister  
I leave that pussy Microsoft like Windows Vista  
Young toochie, pop that coochie for a goon, hoe  
Bullet in your boy memory, now you act like you don't  
know  
Eastside who i do it fo', Eagle Street right by the store  
Katrina wiped the city out but couldn't fuck wit Holly  
Grove  
Lost some real niggas I knew from a long time ago  
But Heaven or Hell, I'm hopin' that they be where Imma  
go  
Take a nigga gale and make her come give me a  
private show  
Still long hair, don't care, like a Navajo  
I'm the hardest shit go in your ass and search  
I smash this verse, so I swag and surf  
No Ceilings  
Ahah

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