

Lil' Wayne "Swag Surfing"

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No ceilings..
o o ok, i got this chrome on this bugatti
Im strong in this bugatti
2 v8?s aint no such thing as driving calm in this bugatti
Bitch I'm bad
Im worse
Ill pass the purp
dont f-ck with me cuz right now im higher than Captain
Kurk
I swear i be the sickest n-gga, u can ask the nurse
and if you throw it in the bag, i bet ill snatch her purse
Ok i spazz, i curse
u last, im first
im on ur ass like dirt
behind that cash, get murk
im talkin big sh-t n-gga, join my hit list n-gga
whats the matter? check ur bladder im the sh-t piss n-
gga
shoot the witness, n-gga
hold court in the streets
and convict this n-gga
oh d-ckless n-gga
man im runnin with the blucka
young money muthaf-cka
u bet we gon do our thing
well aint it sunny in the summer
and we coming for the comers
and whoever among us
and u kno 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 cant say some other names cuz of the
feds
and to my bloods, code red
man u know how we plead
and if it cost to be the boss, oh well i guess i gotta pay
im a New Orleans n-gga, i dont take no sh-t
take the brain off the whip now it dont make no sense
stunt hard on these b-tches i aint promise tomorrow
now women kickin it with me like Nomar Garciaparra
Few grow them killer plants, the lil tune shop of

horror(?)
and we roll them b-tches thick, make them look like
Tocara?
man im to much for these n-ggas, and three much for
these hoes

the 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 kno ya 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
b-tch 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
and the Porche 911 like emergency calls
man i just be chillin, im cool like Lou Rawls?
young money in the building, im puttin up new walls
n-gga take your Mrs Officer and set some new laws
my flow is like rubbin two logs
young mula we the new sh-t and new drawers
now get off my d-ck , i aint f-cking wit cha
watch me shoot to the bank, im a money pistol
weezy beat the beat up like Sonny Liston
red bone do me good then her friend, her sister
i mean her bitch, she never met her best friends a
sister
i leave her p-ssy microsoft like windows vista
young tunche, pop that cucci for a goon hoe
bullet in you boys memory, now u act like u dont know
east side who i do it for, eagle street right by the store
katrina wiped the city out but couldnt f-ck 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 ima go
take a nigga gal and make her come give me a private
show
still long hair, dont care, like a navajo
im the hardest sh-t go in ur ass and search
i smash this verse, and i swag and surf
NO CEILINGS
AHAH

