Lil Wayne "Tunechi's Back"

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Man, fuck these niggas
Tunechi's back, Tunechi's back
That's all these btiches screaming that Tunechi's back
All eyes on me
Nigga bitch how I'm rollin'
Strapped up with that mac
Masked up like a goalie
Mad my bitch on that coke
She snorted 4 on the bed
Now the bitch on me
She selling p-ssy and pay me

They sayin' Tunechi's back, Tunchi's back
And I bought them twins with me nigga, click and clack
Lets go

Out on bail
Work on the scale
Put some change on ya head
Boy, you on sale
Yeah I see you in hell
Pop pop get well
Make breakfast cause I got you walking on egg shells
Xan with that lean
I aint a beggin' muthaf-cka
But nigga please

And I aim this muthaf-cka at your memories
And all my niggas bloods but we make you niggas
bleed
Yeah, bloody mary
I'm the one with the money so I aint the one with the
gun
All I do is give the word to the one with the gun
I'm triple OG, ? splitting the sweet
F-ck bitches get money
Mission complete

Man f-ck the niggas I aint worried bout 'em These niggas pure p-ssy, pull a pearl out em Yeah, I got a virgin I call her Madonna But I aint trippin, her head is a monster Young wild mutha-fcka pop you and a pill
Boy instead of writing raps you should be writing your
will
You a dead man, I get to poppin this bitch
Watch where your head land
I aint right I swear to God, I need my head scanned
Stand up and eat that p-ssy while she on a head stand
I'm a dog hoe, camo cargo's, semi auto
My bitch sniff more lines than a barcode
Yeah
Wish I could take a shot of Ciroc with Pac

Swear to God I never shoot unless I'm shooting to kill

Yeah, we do this for real

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Sorry for the wait til my album drop…

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