

Gonorrhea (feat. Drake)

Lil Wayne & Drake

Yeah
Sound like my mic is dry Ugh, I am not a human
Shout to all my moon men
Yeah they call me Tune
Got them bitches tuned in
It's a crazy world, so I stay in mine
And niggas don't cross the line
Niggas stay in line
Like welfare, I'm St. Elsewhere
Hotter than a devil, nigga hell yeah
Roc-a-bye baby, homicide baby
That's more tear drops, call me cry baby
What you talkin' 'bout? Tell it to my nine
Cut your tongue out, mail it to your moms
I'm the young God, swagga un-flawed
Bitch I'm in the building, you in a front yard
Life's a bitch, nahh better yet a dumb broad
And I bet I can fuck the world and make it cum hard
Yeah, you boys is washed up
And I'm shittin' on 'em like 2 Girls and 1 Cup
Weezy Baby aka bring the money home
Pull out a AK and pop ya in ya funny bone
Laugh now, die later motherfucker
You's a bitch like Zeta Phi Beta motherfucker
Yeah, call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
Yeah, I call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea Man I'm so tired of ballin' I sleep a lot now
I'll let my goons rush ya like Moscow
Gun at ya eyebrow... pow pow
Man I ball hard even with 5 fouls
Yeah we in this bitch like tampons
Dump you in the woods, now get ya camp on
Choke hold around this shit cause I'm so hands on
I get high as fuck and Polo sheets is what I lands on
Back against the wall and my two feet is what I stand on
Diva in the room, she blowin' me just like a band horn
Got her on her knees, the same knees that she be prayin' on

Now she just text her girlfriend with a capital U can join
Yeah, what y'all wanna do I'm all ears
Smoking on that headband, call that shit that Paul Pierce
I'm just so ahead of my time like dog years
Bald like Solange, India Arie, Britney Spears haha
Yeah, call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea
Yeah, I call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea (uh, yeah)
Pussy ass nigga I don't want your gonorrhea aaaaamm, spending much more than I'm making
on these cars
And these vacations, is that too much information?
I just bought a Lamborghini, I'm not even into racing
With a windshield full of tickets cause I live right by the station
I aaaamm, tryna figure out why you so mad at me
Yes I'm with Young Money tell that magazine stop asking me
I be with the dread with the tattoos on his head
And a flag the color red like a fucking low battery, okay
Nigga peep this shit I'm wylin' on
I be with your baby momma, you be with your child at home
Big Moe, Big Red, two cups made of Styrofoam
Big cheese, big bread call that shit a calzone, okay
I will break your fucking collar bone
Us against the world, better pick which fuckin' side you on
Wayne got a Bugatti that he steady putting mileage on
And we about to kill 'em, C4, Mr. Carter's homeeeYeah, call it how I see ya
I wish I never met ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya
We some asshole niggas, call us diarrhea
The money keep growing
Yep it's growing like a chea
Yeah, I call it how I see ya
Y'all some pussy ass niggas, we should call ya gonorrhea
Uh, you keep talkin' that shit I'mma see ya
Kill ya senorita and and fuckin' mama mia, ughh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>