

What's Wrong With Them (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Lil Wayne & Nicki Minaj

Life on the rocks
Too hard to swallow
So we get high till it feel like the sky low
Ya'll boys just a bunch of pussy cats, Milo
Money is the song
Pockets on high note
Do Re Mi Fa So
I rock like a fossil
Big boss shit, Paul Castellano
Shoot your ass up, now crawl out the condo
That's that nine nigga ughh, Rondo
Sleeping with the enemy, so I fuck the world
To Miss Louise Anna, the sweetest southern girl
The sweetest southern girl, sweetest southern girl
This is times up
Put your signs up
Made 'em pick my dude
Out the line-up
Baby what the fuck wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck wrong, wrong with them
You see many are called
But very few are chosen
Looking at the wall
You can feel them close in
Baby what the fuck wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck wrong, wrong with them
Mind over matter, money over all
The world is on my shoulders
Should I dust my shoulders off
Uzi rat-a-tatter, knocking over walls
Fuck the bullshit but just don't fuck it raw
Man pussy has a pattern and I know where I'm going
And if you got beef I turn it to a tenderloin
Sanity kills so I live the crazy life
I wonder if they'll pay attention if I change the price
Life is my wife, till death do us part
Man I'm fly as fuck, you ain't even next to depart
Quick draw McGraw, I hope you like art
This is 'times up"
Put your signs up
Made 'em pick my dude
Out the line-up

Baby what the fuck wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck wrong, wrong with them
You see many are called
But, very few are chosen
Looking at the wall
You can feel 'em close in
Baby what the fuck wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck is wrong with them
Stepping on the bullshit, you can be my doormat
Y'all ain't going nowhere with that hating shit, four flat
Disrespectful on the beat, Borat
Fuck the system and the pussy wasn't all that
Yeah, now time's getting shorter
Red Light on your head like a fucking recorder now
Don't you cross me, you do better crossing the border
So much money piled up, I'm a mother fuckin' hoarder... Ugh
This is 'time's up'
Put your signs up
Made 'em pick my dude
Out the line-up
Baby what the fuck wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck wrong, wrong with them
You see many are called
But, very few are chosen
Looking at the wall
You can feel them close in

Baby what the fucking wrong, wrong with them
What the fuck wrong, wrong with them
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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