

# 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 seniorita and and fuckin' mama mia, ughh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>