

London Roads

Lil' Wayne

(Weed and syrup, yeah)

All I know is paper, I don't know these hoes
I like mouth in my lap, and pussy on my nose
And I'm bringin' home the bacon, it's fryin' on the stove
You hoes can't drive me crazy, keep your eyes on the road
Got the money on my mind, and bodies on my nine
And I swear everyday I'm on my Ariana grind
Erase I got that yay, I got that ladiadida
And a kamikaze squad, and you chicken parmesan
Lord I'm a free man like I come from Amistad
Know I come from Hollygrove, turnin' o's to octagons
I get money while I'm sleep, I dream that I'm in heaven
I dreamed I saw Lil Beezy, and smoked a gar with Wessy
All my niggas rest in peace, and my enemies rest pleasant
So when my niggas creep they catch 'em when they least expect 'em
Momma told me if you run these streets, run these streets correctly
Well feet don't fail me now I never knew my feet to test me
Lord knows, I wear new clothes to the mall
Two hoes on my arm, fur boots when it's warm
Church shoes to play ball
We spittin' this shit like bird food to a dog
Urkel to big Carl, y'all don't hear me
All I love is paper, I don't love these hoes
Boy that vest won't save you, neither will heroes
Lord he better hope you save him, better catch the holy ghost
Holy moly hockey mask like Halloween like OVO
Lord all I know is strippers, all they know is poles
All they sell is pussy, cause they been sold their soul
Boy you go 0 to 60, I go 1 and 2 zero's
Pedal to the metal, I call it rose gold
Lord all I know is paper, big fat money rolls
Look at how big my safe is, that bitch got double doors
I was runnin' outta patience, 'til I heard "All aboard"
They mad cause I be skatin' at home on marble floors
Lord knows I drive fast in my driveway
I pop tags and throw 'em down and make the ground shake
God damn, a pint of lean almost 5k
I be spendin' 25k every 5 days
I sent my girl on a spa day cause Hood just came with them chickens
I don't want you in the house bae
Plus we need the kitchen, Lord, trap house in abundance
We got trap houses in London, y'all don't hear me
Hol' up, had to switch the flow up, had to pour up, roll some more up
Watch me go up, my doors go up, when I show up, why you show up?
Pick my bro up, pick a 0 up, hit the store up, get a soda
Get us 4 cups, split a 4 up, then we slow up, yeah you know us
Then we toast cups and we post up, don't approach us, we got toasters
That's my slime like we ghost bust and we both bust, give no fucks
Take no stuff and take your stuff, then ho hunt for some choca
I know a ho who'll rock the boat, but I row her, I'm Noah Lord
I remember when I was no one Lord
When I couldn't find jack in no ones cards
Ms. Cita I remember goin' in your gun drawer
Puttin' it to my chest and missin' my heart by centimetres oh Lord
I remember dyin' on her room floor
And wakin' up in some police's arms
He died recent, so I hope heaven made more room for him

And I hope he see me, cause if he didn't save that lil boy there would be no
Weezy oh Lord