

Diaper Money

The Lonely Island

Lonely Island

We been here for a minute now
This some grown man shit

I got that diaper money
I got that diaper money dude
I got that diaper money
I'm a grown ass man

You know, I got that diaper money
Cuz my kids need to shit
So I stay on my hustle
To keep my pocketbook thick
I got papers and papers and papes
All for my baby's mistakes
Just so my carpets and drapes
Don't get shit on 'em

(J-Organ)

I got that wife pussy
I got that wife pussy
I got that wife pussy
I got that pussy on lock
I got that wife pussy on lock, 24-7
Whenever she lets me, I'm in same pussy heaven
And the best part about it
Is no one else can have it
And also I can't have it
Unless she says I can
I see a girl on the street
And I can't, so I won't
See my wife at home and I would
But she hates my guts
Wife pussy
I got that wife pussy
I got that wife pussy
I got that pussy on lock

(Young Sandwich)

I got that grave plot
I got that grave plot
I got that grave plot
It's right off the highway
Wobble-dee-wobble-dee-drop
Into my grave plot
You afraid of death
Well I'm afraid not
Cuz I got the bomb spot
Right off the highway
I did it my way, a very small percent of the time way
I got my coffin picked out
Styrofoam painted like wood, tricked out
It's even got handles to lower me smooth
And my tombstone only has minimal typos
Grave plot
I got that grave plot
I got that grave plot

Right next to my dad

I got that diaper money
I got that wife pussy
I got that grave plot
I'm a grown ass man!