AIN'T GONNA ANSWER - Lil Wayne and NLE Choppa Lyrics

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"AIN'T GONNA ANSWER"

Don't be worried 'bout what we be doin'

What we doin'? Makin' money

What they doin'? Hatin' on us

If they want it, take it from me

What them other niggas doin'?

I don't know 'cause I don't stun 'em

Mind my business, on my mama

Fuck a nigga how I'm comin'

Big booty bitch, made her back her ass up (back her ass up)

Shots out the switch made him bag ass man up (bag his man up)

Say that she your bitch, she my private dancer (private dancer)

You can call her phone, but she ain't gon' answer (she ain't gon' answer)

Known to turn a bitch up, talkin' way pass the ceiling go She fuck with me because these carrots like a rabbit, silly ho (silly ho) My nigga pop' Percocets, bite like a willy, ho (willy ho) From the city of Memphis we known for mackin' and pimpin' But I'm hot boy, I can't lie, I got some Weezy up in me You know that shit it get greazy, I'm in the streets like a meter She tellin' me that she need me, but Lord know that she a eater Ayy, tell 'em drop his nuts, he holdin' too much tension in his balls Made 'em run a four flat, but he was six feet tall Like a high school ho, I'm tryna hit all y'all Yeah, I seen 'em stumble, but I'm tryna make 'em fall, fall Shake it, , she was fully dressed, now she naked (naked) Back shots, front shots, make a bitche shapeshift (shapeshift) Ready for the cumshot, told her to taste it (taste it) Bad bitches chase me, I use to fuck basics (basics) She askin' for my raw dog, ho, you get a latex (latex) Ball deep in her mouth, make a bitch say less (say less) Swallow my nut or your friend the replacement ('placement) Put her on her knees, yeah, I call that good graces

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Say that she your bitch, she my private dancer

She said, "Come here, " she said, "Get here"

She said, "Stop playing, nigga, bring that dick here"

Ooh, I got bitches waitin' to see me like a premiere

Ooh, and her mouth be full of semen, look like veneers

Ooh, don't be worried 'bout what I'm doin', don't be worried 'bout who I'm doin'

Don't be worried 'bout who I flew in, all these Percocet I'm chewin'

All these Birkin and these Louis, got her twerking that lil' booty

She said, "Throw that dick Lil Tunechi, " she gon' catch it like a movie

I be X'ing bitches out, leave her at that nigga house

Never thought I'd leave my kids until I left them in her mouth

I be stretchin' bitches out, you be stressin' bitches out

I'm like Lionel Messi, kickin' messy bitches out

Girl, you workin' with some ass, yeah, I smack it with my backhand

Ooh, she got that fat cat, I give that cat a cat scan

From a hot boy to a mad men, that high water or hell deep

Call him NLE you can call me "Machiavelli"

Shirt off, Choppa on, Weezy baby, Babylon

I'm greedy baby, Ramadan, got my slimes with me, it's a slime-athon

Wake up with Balenciaga pajamas on with two bitches

Check my phone, new pictures, I check your ass like the new Twitter

(Tunechi)

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Shots out the switch made him bag ass man up (bag his ass up)

Say that she your bitch, she my private dancer

You can call her phone and I'll probably answer, nigga

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go (Mula, baby)
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com