6 Foot 7 Foot (feat. Corey Gunz)

Lil Wayne

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunchAhem excuse my charisma, vodka with a spritzer
Swagger down pat, call my shit Patricia
Young Money militia, and I am the commissioner
You don't want start Weezy, 'cause the F is for Finisher
So misunderstood, but what's a world without enigma?
Two bitches at the same time, synchronized swimmers
Got the girl twisted 'cause she open when you twist her
Never met the bitch, but I fuck her like I missed her
Life is the bitch, and death is her sister
Sleep is the cousin, we're a fuckin' family picture
You know father time, we all know mother nature
It's all in the family, but I am of no relation
No matter who's buying, I'm a celebration
Black and white diamonds, fuck segregation
Fuck that shit, my money up, you niggas just Honey Nut
Young Money running shit and you niggas just runner-ups
I don't feel I done enough, so I'ma keep on doing this shit
Lil Tunechi or Young TunafishSix-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunchI'm going back in
Okay, I lost my mind, it's somewhere out there stranded
I think you stand under me if you don't understand me
Had my heart broken by this woman named Tammy
But hoes gon' be hoes, so I couldn't blame Tammy
Just talked to moms, told her she the sweetest
I beat the beat up, call it self defense
Swear man, I be seeing through these niggas like sequins
Niggas think they He-Men, pow, pow, the end
Talking to myself because I am my own consultant
Married to the money, fuck the world, that's adultery
You full of shit, you close your mouth and let yo ass talk
Young Money eating, all you haters do is add salt
Stop playing, bitch, I got this game on deadbolt
Mind so sharp, I fuck around and cut my head off
Real nigga all day and tomorrow
But these mu'fuckers talking crazy like they jaw broke
Glass half empty, half full, I'll spill ya
Try me and run into a wall, outfielder
You know I'ma ball 'til they turn off the field lights

The fruits of my labor, I enjoy 'em while they still ripe
Bitch, stop playing, I do it like a king do
If these niggas animals, then I'ma have a mink soon
Tell 'em bitches I say put my name on the wall
I speak the truth, but I guess that's a foreign language to y'all
And I call it like I see it, and my glasses on
But most of y'all don't get the picture 'less the flash is on
Satisfied with nothing, you don't know the half of it
Young Money, Cash Money
Paper chasing, tell that paper, "Look, I'm right behind ya"
Bitch, real G's move in silence like lasagna
People say I'm borderline crazy, sorta kinda
Woman of my dreams, I don't sleep so I can't find her
You niggas are gelatin, peanuts to an elephant
I got through that sentence like a subject and a predicate
Yeah, with a swag you would kill for
Money too strong, pockets on bodybuilder
Jumped in a wishing well, now wish me well
Tell 'em kiss my ass, call it kiss and tell

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