

# 6 Foot 7 Foot (feat Cory Gunz)

## Lil' Wayne

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch  
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch 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 f-ck her like I missed her  
Life is the bitch, and death is her sister  
Sleep is the cousin, what a f-ckin' 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, f-ck segregation  
F-ck that shit, my money up, you n-ggas just Honey Nut  
Young Money running shit and you n-ggas just runner-ups  
I don't feel I done enough, so I'ma keep on doing this shit  
Lil Tunechi or Young Tunafish Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch  
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch I'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 n-ggas like sequins  
N-ggas think they He-Men, pow, pow, the end  
Talking to myself because I am my own consultant  
Married to the money, f-ck the world, that's adultery  
You full of sh-t, 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 f-ck around and cut my head off  
Real n-gga all day and tomorrow  
But these muthaf-ckas 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 n-ggas 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 n-ggas 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  
 Word to my mama, I'm out of my lima bean  
 Don't wanna see what that drama mean, get some Dramamine  
 Llama scream, hotter than summer sun on a Ghana queen  
 Now all I want is hits, bitch, Wayne signed a fiend  
 I played the side for you n-ggas that's tryna front, and see  
 Son of Gunz, Son of Sam, you n-ggas the son of me  
 Pause for this dumber speech, I glow like Buddha  
 Disturb me, and you'll be all over the flow like Luda  
 Bitch, I flow like scuba, bitch, I'm bald like Cuba  
 And I keep a killer ho, she gon' blow right through ya  
 I be macking, 'bout my stacking, now I pack like a mover  
 Shout to ratchet for backing out on behalf of my shooter  
 N-ggas think they high as I, I come laugh at your ruler  
 Cash Money cold, bitch, but our actions is cooler  
 Wayne, these n-ggas out they mind  
 I done told these f-ck n-ggas, so many times  
 That I keep these bucks steady on my mind  
 Tuck these, I f-ck these on your mind, pause  
 To feed them, on my grind, did I get a little love?  
 Keep throwing my sign in the middle  
 Hit 'em up, piece on my side, 'cause ain't no peace on my side, bitch  
 I'm a man, I visit urinals abroad  
 Tune told me to, I'm shooting when the funeral outside  
 I'm uptown, thoroughbred, a BX n-gga, ya heard?  
 Gunna

Songwriters

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