6'7" (ft. Cory Gunz)

Lil' Wayne

Ahem, 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 to start with Weezy, 'cause the 'F' is for finisherSo misunderstood, but what's the world without enigma?
Two bitches at the same time, synchronized swimmers
Got the girl twisted 'cause she open when ya twist her
Never met the bitch, but I'll fuck her like I missed herLife is a bitch and death is her sister
Sleep is the cousin, what a fuckin' family picture
You know father time and we all know mother nature
It's all in the family, but I am of no relationNo matter who's buyin', I'm a celebration
Black and white diamonds, fuck segregation
Fuck that shit, my money up, you niggas just huntin' nut
Young Money runnin' shit and you niggas just runner-up'sI don't feel I've done enough so I'mma keep on doin' this shit
La Tucci or Young TunafishYeah, I'm goin' back inI 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 ho's gon' be ho's so I couldn't blame TammyJust talk to moms, told her she the sweetest
I beat the beat up, call it self-defense
Swimmin', I be seein' through this niggas like sequins
Niggas think they He-man, pow, pow, the endTalkin' 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 you ass talk
Young Money eatin', all you haters do is add saltStop playin', bitch, I got this game on dead bolt
Mind so sharp, I fuck around and cut my head off
Real nigga all day and tomorrow
But these motherfuckers talkin' crazy like they jaw brokeGlass half-empty, half-full, I'll spill ya
Try me and run into a wall, outfielder
You know I'mma ball 'til they turn off the field lights
The fruits of my labor, I enjoy them while they still ripeBitch, stop playin', I do it like a king do
If these nigga's animals then I'mma have a mink suit
Tell them bitches I said put my name on the wall
I speak the truth, but I guess that's a foreign language to y'allAnd I call it like I see it and my glasses on
But most y'all don't get the picture 'less the flash is on
Satisfied with nothin', you don't know the half of it
Young Money, Cash MoneyPaper chasin', tell that paper, "Look, I'm right behind ya"
Bitch, real G's move in silence like lasagna
People say I'm borderline crazy, sort of, kinda

Woman of my dreams? I don't sleep so I can't find herYou niggas are gelatin, peanuts to an elephant
I got through that sentence like a subject and a predicate
Yeah, with a swagg' you would kill for
Money too strong, pockets on body-builderJumped in a wishing well, now wish me well
Tell 'em kiss my ass, call it kiss and tellWord 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 fiendI played the side for you niggas that's tryin' to front and see
Son of Gunz, Son of Sam, you niggas the son of me
Pause for this dumber speech, I blow like Buddha
Disturb me and you'll be all over the flo' like LudaBitch, 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 shooterNiggas think they high as I, I come laugh at your ruler
Cash Money cold, bitch, but our actions is cooler
Wayne, these niggas out they mind, I done told these fuck niggas, so many times
That I keep these bucks steady on my mind, tuck these, I fuck these on your mind, pauseTo 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 sideBitch, I'm a man, I visit urinals abroad
Tune tells me who I'm shooting when the funeral outside
I'm uptown, thoroughbred, a B.X. nigga, ya heard? Gunna
Gunna, gunna

Songwriters
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