

6 Foot 7 Foot (feat Cory Gunz) (Dirty)

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

IRVING BURGIE, WILLIAM ATTAWAY, SHONDRAE CRAWFORD, PETER PANKEY, DWAYNE

CARTERPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., RESERVOIR MEDIA
MANAGEMENT INC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>