6 Foot 7 Foot

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 donÂ't want start Weezy, Â'cause the F is for Finisher
so misunderstood, but whatÂ's a World without enigma?
two bitches at the same time, synchronized swimmers
got the girl twisted Â'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-ckinÂ' family picture
you know father time, we all know mother nature
itÂ's all in the family, but I am of no relation
no matter whoÂ's buying, IÂ'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 donÂ't feel I done enough, so IÂ'm a keep on doing this shit
Lil Tunechi or Young Tunafish

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IÂ'm going back in
okay, I lost my mind, itÂ's somewhere out there stranded
I think you stand under me if you donÂ't understand me
had my heart broken by this woman named Tammy
but hoes gonÂ' be hoes, so I couldnÂ'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, thatÂ'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, IÂ'll spill ya
try me and run into a wall, outfielder
You know IÂ'ma ball Â'til they turn off the field lights
the fruits of my labor, I enjoy Â'em while they still ripe
bitch, stop playing, I do it like a king do
if these n-ggas animals, then IÂ'ma have a mink soon
tell Â'em bitches I say put my name on the wall
I speak the truth, but I guess thatÂ's a foreign language to yÂ'all
and I call it like I see it, and my glasses on
but most of yÂ'all donÂ't get the picture Â'less the flash is on
satisfied with nothing, you donÂ't know the half of it
Young Money, Cash Money
paper chasing, tell that paper, Â"Look, IÂ'm right behind yaÂ"
bitch, real GÂ's move in silence like lasagna
people say IÂ'm borderline crazy, sorta kinda
woman of my dreams, I donÂ't sleep so I canÂ'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 Â'em kiss my ass, call it kiss and tell

Word to my mama, IÂ'm out of my lima bean
donÂ'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 thatÂ'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 youÂ'll be all over the flow like Luda
bitch, I flow like scuba, bitch, IÂ'm bald like Cuba
and I keep a killer ho, she gonÂ' blow right through ya
I be macking, Â'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 Â‘em up, piece on my side, Â’cause ainÂ’t no peace on my side, bitch
IÂ’m a man, I visit urinals abroad
Tune told me to, IÂ’m shooting when the funeral outside
IÂ’m uptown, thoroughbred, a BX n-gga, ya heard?
Gunna

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