

I Am Not A Human Being

Lil' Wayne

I am not a human being
Pussy for lunch, pop all the balloons and spit in the punch
Yeah, kush in the blunts
I ride through your block see a foot in the trunk
I don't know why they keep playing, they better re-plan
I'm giving 'em the blues, Bobby Blue Bland
Together we stand and fall on y'all
Balling with my Bloods, call it b-ball
These days ain't shit, Young Money is
I got Mars bars, 3 Musketeers
Come through, coupe same color as veneers
And you know I'm riding with the toast, cheers!
Now I'm back on my grizz
And y'all's a bunch a squares like a mothafuckin' grid
Shit, fuck with me and get hit
I finger-fuck the Nina, make the bitch have kids
Just do it? My nigga, I just did
Name a mothafucka deeper than me, bitch dead
You dig? This here is big biz
And I scream fuck it's whoever it is I am the Rhyming Oasis
I got a cup of your time, I won't waste it
I got my foot on the line, I'm not racing
I thank God that I am not basic (I am not basic, I am not a human being) Rockstar baby
Now come to my suite and get lockjaw baby
Rich nigga looking at the cops all crazy
It's the mob shit, nigga, Martin Scorsese
Heater close range, cause people are strange
But I bet that AK-47 keep you ordained
You can't see Weezy nor Wayne, I'm in the far lane
I'm running this shit hundred yard gain
Swag on infinity, I'm killing em
See the white flag from the enemy
Shoot you in the head and leave your dash full of memories
Father forgive me for my brash delivery
I will try you, I wouldn't lie dude
I must be sticky cause them bitches got their eyes glued
Young Money baby, we the shit like fly food
Y'all can't see us like the bride's shoes
I stand tall like I'm mothafuckin' 9'2"
I scream motherfuck you and whoever design you

And if you think you hot, then obviously you are lied to
And we don't die, we multiply and then we come divide
you
I am the Rhyming Oasis

I got a cup of your time, I won't waste it
I got my foot on the line, I'm not racing
I thank God that I am not basic
(I am not basic, I am not a human being)
Reporting from another world

Magazine full of bullets, you can be my cover girl
Bless got the weed rolling thicker than a Southern girl
Strong-arm rap like a nigga did a hundred curls

Rockstar biatch, check out how we rock
And if this ain't hip hop, it must be knee hop
I'm higher than a tree top, she lick my lollipop
I still get my candy from your girlfriend's sweet shop
Spitting that heat rock, I'm smooth, not Pete Rock

And my money on etcetera... three dots
Still get a stomach ache every time I see cops
You better run mothafucka, cause we not
You better run 'til your feet stop
You ain't even on a fucking alphabet in my tea pot
Colder than a ski shop, holding on to the top

And even if I let go, I still won't d-rop
I am the Rhyming Oasis

I got a cup of your time, I won't waste it

I got my foot on the line, I'm not racing

I thank God that I am not basic

(I am not basic, I am not a human being)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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