Young'n Blues

Lil' Wayne

Yeah
See you gotta clap your hands to this
Yeah
Snap your finger, stomp your feet, wink a eye do something
Well
But you gotta move to this tho'
What we gotta do
That's right, that's right{I gather y'all here today
To become a witness to something you may have never see or heard before
There's something I wish to share with y'all today
You know it's hotter than fire and it hurt worst than pain
This here is something you old folk, may not know too much about}{This here, this is the, the young'n blues y'all
I got the, the young'n blues y'all
I got the, the young'n blues y'all
I got the, the young'n blues y'all
Check me out
Listen}I met her when I was young and she was younger
With a body like woman so her age meant nothing
I had to get her number
After how she made them daisy doots fit her all summer
I'm wishing I could hit her all summerAnd all she ever wanted
Was for young Weezy to love her
But all I ever wanted was to cum easy and dump her
But that didn't come easy
'Cuz she ended up being my baby's motherAnd then I felt smothered but little did I know
I'd never find the same girl inside another
But I never thought that I'd be looking for her
And I never thought that late at night
When I'm in the mix laying down with some chick
That suddenly it'll clickHow this broad in my drawers don't know shit
'Bout what I did 'fore I was big
When's there's a woman with my kid where I should be
She screamed to me
My love, my patience, my pain
Nigga pleaseI got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'allI met her after the fame

And she ain't even like me but I got her after the game
Mami was a nice piece, young Cali sweet thang
Made her into wifey and then reality changedIt was going good, I was happy again
But then things got rapidly strange and it had to be Wayne
She was still a virgin what more could I ask from a dame
But I was a bastard, I asked for the pain
Now my ass in the rainAnd she got a new life the picture flipped
And none of it includes Weezy and all his bullshit
And I remember the Bahamas for the weekend
We was freaking in the suite
And she looked sweet enough to beat it upTill we began to sleep and I
I'm dreaming 'bout the Victoria Secret lingerie
Told me keep it, she ain't want moms to see it
And just think I once saw it on the girl's body
Now all I'm seeing is nobodyI got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'allYou see I never really ran, but no gentleman
All I know is big pimpin' ma'am
I'm just tryna be Weezy
And the perfect husband just might be too hard to find in me, WeezyBaby girl, you gotta work with ya boy
'Cuz all of that cursing it be hurting ya boy
Look for the better not the worst in ya boy
And maybe I can be ya boy, ya know what I'm sayin'But see this here is not your everyday love tune
It's the story of your everyday thug dude
And in your mind you prolly thinkin' we don't love you
But on the real we just not used to what love doAnd please consider that
We were taught to love money, ice, cars, and clothes
Love pussy but you don't love them ho's
Love ya niggaz love ya children
Now if they got a bitch you could love that
Holla backI got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'allI got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all
Young Weezy got the young'n blues y'all
I got the young'n blues y'all{Now see
Pimps, players
Take your hat off to this
'Cuz you gon' rub your head after you hear this one man
Yes ma'am, you know what I'm saying}{Hold your cries till after the jam people
This here is real
You gotta feel me
Fe they gotta feel me, ya know

Aight baby
Holla back}

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