6 Foot 7 Foot

Lil' Wayne

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch
Six, six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunchExcuse my charisma, vodka with a spritzer
Swagger down pat, call my shit Patricia
Young Money militia and I am the commissioner
You no wan' start Weezy 'cause the F is for FinisherSo 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 fuck her like I missed herLife is the bitch and death is her sister
Sleep is the cousin, what a fuckin' family pictureYou know Father Time and we all know Mother Nature
It's all in the family but I am of no relation
No matter who's buyin', I'm a celebration
Black and white diamonds, fuck segregation
Fuck that shit, my money up, you niggas just Honey Nut
Young Money runnin' shit and you niggas just runner-ups
I don't feel I done enough, so I'ma keep on doin' this shit
Lil' Tunechi or Young Tuna FishSix-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunchYeah, I'm goin' 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 TammyJust talked to Moms, told her she the sweetest
I beat the beat up, call it self-defense
Swear man, I be seein' through these niggas like sequins
Niggas think they He-Men, pow, pow, the end
Talkin' 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 yo' ass talk
Young Money eatin', all you haters do is add saltStop playin', bitch, I got this game on deadbolt
Mind so sharp, I fuck around and cut my head offReal nigga all day and tomorrow
But these motherfuckers talkin' crazy like they jaw broke
Glass half empty, half full, I'll spill ya
Try me and run into a wall, outfielderYou 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 playin', I do it like a king do
If these niggas animals then I'ma have a mink soonTell '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 onSatisfied 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, sorta, 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 swag you would kill for
Money too strong, pockets on bodybuilderJumped in a wishin' 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 tryna front and see
Son of Gun, Son of Sam, you nigga's the son of me
Pause for this dumber speech, I glow like Buddha
Disturb me and you'll be all over the flo' like Luda
Bitch, I flow like scuba, bitch, I'm bold like Cuba
And I keep a killer hoe, she gon' blow right through ya
I be mackin', 'bout my stackin', now I pack like a mover
Shout to ratchet for backin' out on behalf of my shooter
Niggas 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, pause
To feed them, on my grind, did I get a little love?
Keep throwin' 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 with pride
Tune told me to, I'm shootin' when the funeral outside
I'm uptown, thoroughbred, a BX nigga, ya heard? Gunna
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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