

I Can't Feel My Face

Lil' Wayne

hard body muthafuka, got a heart of a killa
young God in the building bouta start a religion
bout to call Bin Laden up and order some missles
bring them straight to your block and go to war with you bitches
if u hit the head been to rest fall in position
shoot a nigga from on his porch and make him fall in his kitchen
cop the big boy porche with all the specifics
and I keep that torch baby call me Olympics
red white blue pill flip my skills like gymnasts
and never give bitch money, blood or kidneys
when the gun goes pow I be at the finish
with the medal around my neck autograph on my tennis
the land of the murder dough crack and syringes
pull up on ya in the coupe
how phat is your engine?
never talk to those that sat on the benches
boy, I was in the game on 4th and inches
these niggas want the business
ima give these boys the business
she fukin witht he boy that tote toys before christmas
got all these ho's trippin, got all these ho's strippin, and we aint PSC but these bitches know we tippin
I just bought a pint and aint of yall sippin
make my friends buy they own,
fuck, I'm tired of being friendly
you aint gotta lie just to try to me with me
bitches up in heaven waitin up in heaven with God to be with me
I'm crazy for being wayne, or is wayne just crazy?
I've been around I'm still around like the gieceo cavemen
hairpin trigga know I won't shave it
I spot hip hop in the ocean I'm gon save it
the south is so dirty bitch u can't bathe it
hollygrove dog and I feel like matin
baby girl ur pussy lookin so vacant
and its fuck you and fuck Georgia bush not makin,
fuck waist deep I'm in over my head
but its cool ima make it, I'm good like meagan
ur girl wants me to come ron like regan
ur boyfriend is softer than the cartin the eggs in,
I don't fear nothing but god and weddings

at the top of my paper like I'm startin a heading
my homie Santana yea that's my ace
you may know us as I can't feel my face(verse 2)
see they don't know where I came from
but they know where I'm goin and ill tell u just how the top feels when I'm on
in the game I'm no cheetah, ima tiger, ima cougar, ima panther, ima bingo, ocho cinco
I'm illy shirts softer than gilly,
in a pair of gucci flops feelin free-er than willie, when them niggas left I gotta little but chilly
but I just let it burn like the end of the philly
WEEZY!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>