Let It Fly (feat. Travis Scott)

Lil Wayne

Fly
Let it fly
Let it fly like the birds in the sky
Hotter than the weather in July
I done did so much I can't decide
Word, word to my guys
She just get so wet, I slip and slide
Had to get it back to give them five
I, I, I, yeahIt's Mr. Michael Myers man (Michael Myers)
Work the money back, I keep it coming in (whoo, whoo)
By the way we work you think I had a twin (twin)
I'm tryna run the game, it ain't no subbing in (naw)
You can't faze me, sliding from a dangerous life (it's lit!)
Always down to ball, I'm tryna drain these nights
See the smoke clouds through these entertainment lights
The way it go down we taking fours
and keeping doors tight (Yeah, yeah!)
We at the top end of discussion (discussion)
Been mixing alcohol in that 'tussin
The demon in they eyes and they clutchin' (scared)
I feed 'em adderall and they bussing, yeah (pew, pew, pew)I kept the towel, not throwing in
Riding around in my ends
I got a driver for the pent to drop me round where I been
I keep some pussy just to lick, they help me out when I vent
She wanna hit that shit again, nah (brr brr, brr brr)
That's the phone call, when my blood ring
It's Tha Carter 5, let the thugs sing (thugs)
Let it fly (brr, fly)
Let it fly like the birds in the sky (brr brr)
Hotter than the weather in July (brr brr)
I done did so much I can't decide (it's lit)
Word, word to my guys (yah)
She just get so wet, I slip and slide (splash)
Had to give it back to give them five
I, I, IIt's alive, it's alive, I'm revived, it's C5
Been arrived, kiss the sky, did the time
Please advise it is advise or be advised, and we advise
You not fuck with me and mine
And keep in mind, we do not mind losing our minds

Free your mind, read your mind, read your mind
Body take a week to find, the cops gon' be like "never mind"What's on your mind, put the pistol to your mind and blow your mind
Control your mind, mind, freak no sober mind, I'm so behind
Front line, you crossed the line and you better know your lines
And if you gettin' out of line, I hang you with a clothing line
Wring you like an open line, keep your stanky ho in line
Them hoe's be lying, it's a thin line, I know you know you lyin'Second line, second line, Tunechi get effective lines
Rough edges like a box of checker fries, that's a line
Catch the line, American flag, less thoughts extra lines
Stretch the line, skip the line, til you no more the next in line
Tunechi tuna lunatic, my goonie goons the gooniest
Run inside your room and kill you and who you rooming with
The Uzi with the booty clip, more than one I'm too equippedTalking 'bout some fake niggas, based on true events
Trying not to get pinched, smoking on a stupid stench
Looking in the mirror tryna figure where my pupils went
Flash ya with a boujee bitch, Travy that's my hooligan (it's lit)
Take the T off Tunechi and look at it as the crucifix, bitchC5, best rapper alive
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let it fly
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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