

# 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, yeah It's Mr. Michael Myers man (Michael Myers)

Work the money back, I keep it coming in (whoop, whoop)

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, I it'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 equipped  
Talking '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, bitch  
C5, 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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