

Back To Sleep

Lil' Wayne

Beep beep, beep beep, beep beeeeeep

Yea, woke up to niggas sounding like me damn
I smoked one and went my ass right back to sleep okay
These rappers needs some law and order Ice T, God damn
They can't touch you Tunechi, Poison Ivy, man
I roll up and smoking like some hot tea yeah
I woke up and couldn't believe I got sleep damn
You woke up and then you try to live the dream
But before you check yourself, check my history
I ain't never been a stormchaser
Or just a fly on the wallpaper
I ain't never been a tailgater
Always been a bail maker
If it heaven sent right now, she gon' give a nigga hell later
If you don't get the shit right now
You gon' love to hate the smell later
I tell her hold up, your pictures don't entice me
She told me pull up and then she heard a light screech, yeah
I woke up with a white bitch under white sheets
She got a black heart, telling white lies through her white teeth
Black eyes from always tryna fight sleep
Ran into your wifey she says "Tunechi, wife me"
Hello, I'm so spicy I got her sweating like Keith
Though our time brief, she be on me like briefs
Ethica, Ethica, Ethica
Heffanie calling me Hefner
F-ing her all in her exiter
If he textin', I'm killing the messenger
All hail the dead in America
Your ex be hatin' like eczema
That nigga fake as a wrestler
I poke him straight in his retina
Anyway baby I'm feeling ya
Feel like I slipped and I fell in ya
But that nigga slipped and he fell for ya
Gotta be way more carefuller
These niggas no one to everyone
They play too much and never won
He got you a room at the Sheraton
I can get you your own area
Helluva, helluva, helluva
Girl the way you be taking this D from me
You act like you spelling something
Man this D put a spell on her
I'm deadly as my cellular
My diamonds sing like Mahalia
You gotta make a name for yourself
But these niggas fake as an alias
I don't see no comparison, no barbarians
I am not a human being
And you're humanitarian
I ain't trying to get booked again
Don't fuck with no librarians
Fell asleep in her wet pussy
I woke up in that aquarium, hold up

Woke up to niggas lookin' like me, damn
Throw up and go my ass right back to sleep, ugh
You woke up connected to some IV's
Beep beep, beep beep, beep beeeeeeep
That's some sick shit
I'm a shooting star
But your bitch got me shooting porn, yeah
I've been trying too hard
Wow, wow
I'm a shooting star, yeah
Going too far, yeah
I've been trying too hard, yeah
To fuckin' hide these 2 horns, damn
Sick, sick, sick

My friendship with Mack Maine is far, far, far, far, far, far more than a friendship. That's my fuckin' brother. I've known Mack since the hood, Hollygrove. He had the biggest house in the hood it was right on the corner. I'm not sure if the whole house was theirs but it was huge, he had a big ol' basketball court on his backyard and everybody used to drape out, ball in his backyard. And umm, since he lived on the corner like you can always go and chill and play basketball on his backyard and then like always be right there on the corner in case some shit pop off. So yeah me and Mack been down since the hood. He went to a good school, I didn't go to a too good school but then we ended up goin' to the same school, the school is actually called Mack Maine, know what I mean, and then he got known for fuckin' over niggas freestyle. You know I mean Mack is cold at ribbin' I don't know if y'all call that roastin' or with all that shit y'all call it but uh he cold at that period. He could tear your ass up, make you cry, make you want kill him. That type of shit. He wanted them nigga [?] still be laughing overtime and actually have you laughing but still mad that's one of them niggas. So yes, when you know how to do that don't Lord let you know how to rhyme and he knew how to rhyme, so he used to kill niggas on that shit so that's how we really jammed up on this music shit
Shout out my nigga Mack