

B.B. King Freestyle

Lil' Wayne

Ayy, the blues is now kickin', and dinner is three Michelin
I don't eat red meat, but still got beef sizzlin'
Know that I need discipline
I keep singin' for all these hoes, they keep listenin'
Niggas love to bro up with the boy and dap fists-es
But we are not equivalent, dawg
I been an only child, don't need siblings
And I'm past them like the times that he's livin' in, okay
Man, if you saw what I flew here, you'd be like, "He's sickenin'"
If you not runnin' some top, we not gon' keep kickin' it
Classics, I keep scribblin', lights in the Universal building just keep flic
kerin'
Money just keep comin' in, you would think I'm Irish the way that it stays d
oublin'
I could feed a country with the tax that I pay governments
Whatever they're doin' with my cash is very troublin'
Okay, February came around, I used to get paid shovelin'
Sold clothes, walked dogs, trust me, I stay hustlin'
When it came to school, there's no way that I'm A-plus-in' it
So I just dropped out of it, trust me, I'm not proud of it
Niggas get too comfy in they spot, they get knocked out of it
Niggas get a gun just so they can make props out of it
Shawty make a scene in the house, she get locked out of it
Yeah, you not 'bout to be chillin' in this bitch with kicked feet up
I'ma make you bounce out this ho like Big Freedia
Pete O. used to throw a purple tint on a two-liter
First private plane I ever rode was a eight-seater
Before that, I got the bedroom hot with a space heater
On top of that, I didn't have shit to my name either, that's real
But now I'm givin' house tours 'til it's back to world tours
Play that "Mask Off" when they find the real cure
I might not be good for her, but I'm real to her
Got no time for her, but give Richard Mille to her
That's the only way I know how to express love
My dawgs love sticks and drums like they Questlove
All them jokes about Aubrey, they got me messed up, for real
I come with a lot of complications inside me
It's always people misleadin' me that are tryna guide me
Everyone wants to try me, but no one wants to buy me
Everyone wants to meet me, but no one wants to keep me
Everyone talkin' lemons when everything is peachy
Everyone got they hands out, and it ain't to reach me

Mhm, yeah, mhm

Everyone got they glass out, let's drink to Weezy
Every nigga that stare me down just came to see me
Choppin' up a lil' cash cow, that's steak I'm eatin'
Check deposits, high-risers with extra closets
The sex platonic, I talk intelligent, text Ebonics
The electronic guitars whinin', that's just Nirvana
Tommy gun on the counter, I call it Mr. Thomas
That'll keep niggas honest
I'm dozin' off in the driver seat 'cause the seat give massages
Decimal point money, these numbers too steep for commas
I'm eye to eye with niggas, I can't help but to see beyond 'em
Got a two-seater problem
Niggas thinkin' they cold, I knock the flu-season out 'em

Bitches forget they hoes, and that's when Tunechi remind 'em
I used to fuck Gucci models, I'm fuckin' Gucci designers
I keep it too G regardless, I'm gettin' too deep for divers
Let me resurface, I'm flexin' on purpose
She especially curvy, bet she be servin' every purpose, perfect
I'm better than perfect, I'm sick, I need to see a medical person
Eatin' all of these rappers with these edible verses
All I gotta be is all that I can possibly
She really, really into me, then suck it all up out of me
I'm proud of me, I don't know how to be sorry, apologies
You fuckin' with my math, you better know some trigonometry
'Cause I'ma be bustin', leave your lima bean at your mama feet
I flip the economy like Dominique Dawes
They say I'm trippin', I guess they wishin' I finally fall
I don't need war, I need a bitch that know I'ma need yours
I'ma need more, niggas is shifty like Honda Accords
Fire alarm, ain't got no ceilings, we climbin' the walls
Higher than yours, I fuck your bitch and she die in my arms
Lion has roared, No Ceilings 3 with my mind on the fourth
Holla at your boy