

## Dear Anne

Lil' Wayne

Out of sight, out of mind,  
Out of time, to decide.  
Do we run?  
Should I hide?  
For the rest, of my life. (2x)

Dear Anne  
My number 1 fan  
I write with the light from the lamp on my nightstand  
With my pen in my right hand  
And that's also my mic hand  
Codeine in the sprite can  
Ink on the white pad  
And I'm thinking of life, Anne  
And wrong and right, Anne  
And sometimes I'm right  
And sometimes I might  
Ca-can I find the light?  
Still my rhymes are bright  
So I continue my plan  
And I'm sure (shore) like white sand  
That they'll be price payin'  
Before my flight land  
But still, I want to see more than my sight can  
Adore, so I can't ignore  
What I want anymore  
So I just go, you can call me the Gore  
And oh yeah  
I got a girl, she act like I owe her  
And um, sometimes it seems like I just don't know her  
And yeah, the relationship is starting to feel like a chore  
But I really hope I'm not starting to bore  
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Dear Anne  
My number 1 fan  
I write you this letter  
I hope everything's grand  
I hope everyone's good  
I hope everybody's praying  
I hope - hold up baby, let me switch hands  
See, lately I've been dealing with a lot of shit Anne  
It's burning me and I can't get out of this pan  
And every time I look there's a problem with this man  
But I ain't tryna expose, I'm just tryna expand  
But your support held me up like kickstands  
And I'm also being more careful in how I pick friends  
And I'm tryna stay up out them chick's pants  
[Laughs] but, I just can't  
But, on another note, this ain't just another note  
This is more than a rap

This is more of an oath  
And I know you're wondering what this letter is for  
And I'm just hoping that you read this far  
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Dear Anne  
My number 1 fan  
By now you probably think I'm portraying who I'm saying  
And sometimes I wish I wasn't him, but I am  
And it's people like you that make me proud of what I am  
Hey, you are the shit  
Damn, pardon the gram (grammar)  
But it's like you make me feel like I'm a part of the fam  
And shit, when my life be like some sort of exam  
It's a jungle out there- lions, horses and rams  
Shit, as I sit and wait for the war to began  
I-I just think of you, then I'm rewarded again  
Anne, with you, is where my artistry can  
Anne, so with you is where a part of me stands  
Anne, I hope I see you in the stands  
Anne, because you know I understand  
Anne, and I'm sorry about Stan  
So I wrote this to say I'm your number 1 fan.

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