

Light Years

Lil' Wayne

They give her bread, I give her head
I'm light years ahead, gone

I know she gon' hold the gun for me
Hold it down in court, and hold her tongue for me
She swallow all my kids, then pop a gun for me
Makes some runs for me, all the way cross country
She love me, she even rep the blood for my set
I said the plug trippin'
She gon' pull the plug for me, I love it
And all she know is Young Money
Her ex is always trippin', nigga is too clumsy

Make up on the pillow, make me wanna kill her
But she naked in the villa, taking E I call it Sheila
I took half of a half, she took 3 like Reggie Miller"
I just feel her like chinchilla, had to kill her Bryson Tiller
I know they gon' play this over
Wrinkles on my shoulder
My face all in the chocha, for my bae go South Dakota
But my bae go even lower
On that roller coaster
She just wanna Tesla roadster, I'ma get her somethin' slower
Bet a Bently Truck to show her, tinted up to hide her ass
Who in that Wraith behind her ass, you ain't even got to ask
She ain't even gotta dance, thinkin' boutta a wider ass
And she already gotta' an ass, leave it in the doctor hands
Other niggas, not a chance, she already gotta dare
When I be in and out your ass, baby you sound like jazz
You ask me can your partner crash, you ain't even gotta ask
I'm breaking out the powder bags, turn into Iron Man
What happens in this house stays in this house
Don't worry 'bout that
If what happens in this house gets out
Go check your girl 'bout that
I'm 'bout to put you in my will, where my attorney at
I ain't the type to turn my back, got every type of Percocet
I'm working with the perfect bitch, her body like 187
Then we come together, then we come together
Rainy weather, ain't in heaven
Ain't no telling what I think, I think I'm ready
My lil married homie Terry talking 'bout a gangster wedding
Oh my God

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Makes some runs for me, all the way cross country
She love me, even rep the blood for my set
I said the plug trippin'
She gon' pull the plug for me, I love it
And all she know is Young Money
Her ex is always trippin', nigga is too clumsy

Goddamn

He give her bread, I give her head, I'm light years ahead, pyoom
He give her bread, I give her head, I'm light years ahead, pyoom

He give her bread, I give her head, I'm light years ahead, gone
He give her bread, I give her head, I'm light years ahead, gone
She lie in the bed, I lie in the bed, the shower instead, yeah
We got out of the shower, got back to the bed
That's flowers in bed, that's magic
She lie in the bed, then cry in the bed, I lie on her leg, damn
See they give her bread, I give her head, I'm light years ahead, pyoom

I know she gon' hold a gun for me
Always down in court and hold her tongue for me
She swallow all my kids and pop her gun for me
Make some runs for me, all the way across country
She love me, yeah
Even wrap the blunt for me
She gon' pull the gun for me
All she know is Young Money
Ex is always trippin' niggas too clumsy, Goddamn

They give her bread, I give her head
I'm light years ahead, gone

My favorite person to debate sports with is, um, Skip Bayless off top. Like Skip Bayless, that's just the homie, you know what I mean. Like when I say the homie, I mean, like when you goin' to Skip Bayless, when I go to the Skip Bayless show, there's always more conversation off camera, and it's always like he can't wait for them to say 3, 2, 1 and we off. For him to engage in a, um, more whatever, realer conversation, I don't know if real is the right word, a more real conversation, just things like that, so you know

My favorite person to debate sports with Skip Bayless. I do have a second favorite as well, if it's not even a second favorite, but another favorite person I love to debate sports with: Max Kellerman. That's my dude. Love to debate sports with Max Kellerman, that's my slime. And every time I go on his show, he always got a verse for me. You know what I mean, that's the homie

I'ma be alright