

Lil Romeo

Lil' Wayne

Verse 1

Mink Mew Mew boots got me tip toeing
Leather sweatpants, that's Rick Owens
Skinny so the blick's showing
Semi with the dick showing
Private 757 big Boeing
Tell my pilote I say "Get going"
Yellow bone with me, skin glowing
Of course her friend join
They do what I say, they be ? and ain't no Venmo-ing
Light the J like I be ?, the Bay I'm ignoring
Blow the paper like a vent blowing, just like some lint blowing
It's Tunechi ? kitchen in the studio
Soft top double R, that's the Ricky Rubio
Beautiful diamonds dancing like they're in a musical
Optical illusional, Jordan pharmaceuticals

Ooh wait, fuck is my lighter?

Ooh wait, yeah

Chorus

And that's Lil T on the audio, uh
We like Luigi and Mario, uh
Every bar be like a boss ho, uh
Every flow be like a ?, uh
Used to buy weed by the corner store, uh
Buy whole pounds of Master P, uh
I'm a roll me a Lil Romeo, wait
Uh, yeah, uh, yeah
That Chef Boyar-T and he on the stove, yeah
We like Luigi and Mario, yeah
Every bar I beat like a boss up, yeah
Every flow be like a ?, yeah
We tote styrofoams and we comatose, yeah
Buy whole pounds of Master P, yeah
I'm a roll me a Lil Romeo, wait

Verse 2

Last night I had a fight with my sleep
I guess the coke got in my pores from touching all the bricks
So I just wrapped 'em up and wrote Tyson on each
I got 'em biting ears and biting their teeth
I'm talking 'bout that good snow, temp low
Don't be surprised if I sneeze
Excuse me, god bless me, thank you
Socks on the Coop cover the ankles
I'm driving so fast I might sprain 'em
They be tryna bite the style like a canine
But we know it's all Wayne's, no Damon
Only God can judge me, Jesus piece on in my arraignment
Fuck you talkin' bout? Explain it
? chains on, looking sweeter than a Danish
Painting pictures with his guts, autistic genius
I stand back and admire my art and kiss my fingers
And in God I trust
My nina say she wanna get her body done
Before I load the gun I told my bullets "All we got is us"

Lami on ? propellers blunt long as Coachella
Mother knows best and daddy don't know no better
I know you smell him, it's Young Tunechi Coca
My uncle Rufus just OD'ed, we burning down the dope house
This shit calamitous, animus
And they all with the shit, unanimous
I'm sicker than an ambulance
I'm shittin' like a baby that got sick of all the pampering
She foreign, Yugoslavian
I throw this dick and she gon' act like I just threw a javelin

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