

# 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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