

Maria

Lil' Wayne

Listen

Ave Maria, I hold on to my rosary
We come and go like we leaves
As it was written, shall it be done
I was born in the Croix-des-Bouquets slums
Light a candle, it's my birthday
No velvet, just a dirt cake
Cemetery was my play pen
Come meet my imaginary friends
My daddy, he Haitian like Basquiat father
So every time I write, I'm painting a picture
Some family took a boat to get to Brooklyn
But they never made it, I cried me a ocean
I went from boys to men overnight
So hard to say goodbye on a flight
Two twins look like God pillars
First time seen the skyscraper
Tall woman with a big torch
Welcome to Liberty, New York
God city with the devil's alley
Keep the crucifixion 'cause the demon on me
Headed to the projects where we made it
We don't gotta walk to the well
Got a faucet, a toilet, a bed, and a sheet
Crowd around a oven just for the heat
Though life could be bittersweet
I'm Kool G with the symphony
Best friend standing next to me
Soul shift, watch him quantum leap
Mikhael with the angels
Deep sleep like he Michael
Never knew he was mental 'til the Joker put one in de Niro, yeah

Things change, stay the same
Stand still as the Earth spins
Cold world, codeine
Prom queen, prom fiend
She leans, party girl
Wake up in the underworld
In the City of Angels
Demons, lovers
Killers, sinners
Tell me who you are

Uh, uh

Uh, Ave Maria, hold on to my rosary
I'm keeping it close to me, working my sorcery
I need love like Courtney, most importantly
Santa Maria, got blood on my rosary
But that's how it's supposed to be, birth of a culture
I walk out of the delivery room with blood all over me
I love you, Miss Cita, like Mother Theresa
And every time I pray, I never forget her
My daddy a heathen, he beat on my mama
So every time I see her face, I kiss it

They love you this evening, they hate you mañana
Can't nothin' come between me and money but commas
I don't need the drama, you don't need the violence
Highway to heaven, I'm calling the driver
I went from boys to men overnight
Now ask all these boys who the prototype
I light up some wedding cake, smoke a slice
Got all this wedding cake with no wife
Light a candle, it's my birthday
No party, it's a workday
Gotta work harder, that's the cliché
And there's no tomorrow, said that yesterday
And though life can be bittersweet
No company for the misery
I just light me an L'y and cut on Bocelli
Like take me straight to Sicily
Feeling free like a bird, no words, Kenny G
Never knew I was mental 'til I shot myself unaccidentally

But things change, stay the same
Stand still as the Earth spins
Cold world, ice cream
Prom queen, prom fiend
She leans, party girl
Wake up in the underworld
In the City of Angels
Demons, lovers
Beginners, finishers
Tell me who you are