

# Mess

Lil' Wayne

Because my days is a mess  
My nights is a mess, my life is a mess  
My life is a mess of happiness  
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love  
Fuck it, my bae is a mess  
My side bitch a mess, my wifey a mess  
I guess, my bae is obsessed  
My side bitch possessed, my wifey care less  
But you gonna have to excuse my mess

She gon have to excuse my ex  
I'm gon have to excuse her pets  
She gon have to be juicy wet  
If she gon' ride on this Tune Express  
I'm gon have to excuse her text  
She gon have to exclude the rest  
And she gon have to tell dudes to step  
Nigga to the left, nigga to the left  
Messy messy on some percocets  
Smoking purple veggie that's my herbal essence  
Well the curvy, sexy women working extra  
'Cause I'm working extra  
I just heard a lecture, but I swerved the questions  
And reserve a section  
With a bunch of bitches that prefer the pleasure  
It's quarter to seven  
They just heard the shower water runnin' in the morning  
Dirty devil, I'm a mess

But I'm sorry babe, but I gotta let go  
Now she feel like she on death row  
She don't believe in ghosts till I get ghosts  
And I can hear your teardrops echo  
Her teardrops turn into XO  
Put yourself in my shoes but you got to tiptoe cause

Because my days is a mess, my nights is a mess  
My life is a mess, my life is a mess  
My life is a mess of happiness  
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love  
Fuck it, more one's, my bae is a mess  
My side bitch a mess, my wifey a mess  
I guess, my bae is obsessed  
My side bitch possessed, my wifey careless  
But you gonna have to excuse my mess

Yes, no pressure its a jungle out here  
I fell in love with a stripper, Lord I know she got bills  
But I'ma make it rain until she see a flood of ideas  
Got me all up in my feelings without knowing what I feel  
I'm a mess  
And now she over talking about staying over  
And she ask could she call her clan over?  
I say that's the shit and now we asshole-ing  
Now fast forward till the morning time  
Broken glasses with a bunch of ashes, makeup and lashes  
Out of place mattress, shit happens cause my days is a mess

But I'm sorry babe, but I gotta let go  
Now she feel like she on death row  
She don't believe in ghosts till I get ghosts  
And I can hear your teardrops echo  
Her teardrops turn into petrol  
Put yourself in my shoes but you got to tiptoe cause

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My side bitch possessed, my wifey careless  
But you gonna have to excuse my mess

Yes, fuck it, more ones, fuck it, more ones  
Fuck it more ones, fuck it, more ones  
I'm making a mess with all these ones  
Fuck it, more ones, fuck it, more ones  
My life is a mess of happiness  
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love  
Fuck it, more one's