

## Receipt

Lil' Wayne

It's kinda hard sayin this shit to ya face  
So I do it over snares and bass  
Music take me away

Young boy, I know you love me like you never loved  
You know you couldnt find a better thug  
And uh, you been peepin me since I was younger  
So young that you even called me your little brother  
But I'm all grown up now I got my own money  
I'm married and divorced and my daughter is a woman  
And guess what? my daughter want another  
Sister or a brother and you lookin like a mother  
I took you from a clubber to a lover  
And you took another bitch husband  
The other bitch wasnt doin shit for him  
She say she did too much, I say she did nothin  
She need to quit frontin  
I havent hid nothin and you love everything  
Cant hide ya feelings, can't let my pride conceal it  
You got Wayne, I charge it to the game  
And baby you can keep the change, but...

I gotta hold on, hold on to my receipt  
To redeem your love, that's exactly what I need  
(It's kinda hard sayin this shit to ya face  
So I do it over snares and bass  
Music take me away)  
(2x)

Destiny Child CD, song number three  
She cater to me till we fall asleep  
Then we wake up and we pick up where we started  
Then she make a nigga breakfast sprite, orange juice, and water  
And she on stage waitin for me after my show  
So no time for groupies, straight to the top flo'  
Fresh out the shower, a smile and a towel  
Then after an hour, she gon need another shower  
I'm at home or in the coupe or in the office  
Or the streets or in the booth, thinkin bout you  
And, most of the girls that come by are cute  
And they try to holla but they all on mute  
And, my old girls turn they face up at me  
And, they thrown they purses and they make up at me  
Cuz you got Wayne, I charge it to the game  
And baby you can keep the change but...

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(2x)

Come home smellin food on the stove  
She done cleaned the whole house  
Washed the dishes and the clothes  
And we out we do it just how we supposed

Look good for the public leave the drama in the Rolls  
Royce, choice of car dat we move  
And she gets high sometimes 'cause I'm always doin' it  
You hear them hallways we always doin it  
Work cut, always feel like the first one  
Perfect, when a nigga stressed off dat work shit  
Take away all the pain, make it lesser than dirt  
That's why you got Wayne, I charge it to the game  
And baby you can keep the change but...

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It's kinda hard sayin this shit to ya face  
So I do it over snares and bass  
Music take her away