

Sh!t

Lil' Wayne

I'm so sorry, so sorry... woo
This-this that Sorry 4 The Wait 2
And I'm so sorry

Uh
Sorry for the wait, nigga
Glock 40 for them fake niggas
Throw a party every day, nigga
That's an ordinary day, nigga
Bad bitch in mi casa
No mi casa su casa
My choppa go Doom-dada
Dayahyahyahda!

Tunechi, bitch
On my Future shit
I'm too legit
I sleep on a crucifix
I wake up cranky and turn into a lunatic
Then shoot my bitch
Behind orange juice and grits
Uzi clip
I need another Uzi clip
I shoot to kill
These pussy niggas shooting bricks
I'm too for real
Your head just a souvenir
She wanna get it off her chest
But her boobs too big
I'm bumping Carter 5
On a iPod
My bitch mad as hell cause it ain't out yet
She said "Soon as these niggas hear your new shit
They gon' have to give they styles back"
I said "You too cray"
She said "You too humble"
I said "You too, bae"
She said "You too sweet"
Then I ask her do she go both ways
She say "They do say love is a two-way street"
I say "Oooh"
Talk dirty, talk dirty, dirty, talk dirty to me
Treat that girl like cuisine
She gon' wanna shoot scenes
Put my dick in museum
I'm gon' die on my feet
Never knees in the dirt
Never dirt on my knees
I'm just serving these fiends
Sell birds to the bees
I sell birds to the trees
"Tune, I heard you don't sleep"
I'm allergic to dreams
I don't twerk, but I tweak
For that purple, that pink
Yeah you see what I'm saying
Like you heard what you see

I'm a verbal disease
I'm allergic to me
Been a turd on these streets
Since my curtains was sheets
Chef on these beats
I'm just stirring the grease
That bitch you in love with
She working for me
I personally
Get you murdered this week
Like that blunt between my two fingers
I'm at peace
Word
I smirk when I squeeze
Trigger smart, street smart
I'm a nerd, I'm a geek
I'm absurd, I'm unique
Did my time at Cash Money
Time served and released
But this agent ain't free
Word
That's the word on these streets
But that shit is old news
That shit's so yesterweek
I'm just focused
Focused on my expertise
They like "Tunechi, you good?"
I'm like "Bob, yessiree!"
Now don't, I mean don't
Don't question me
Let me breathe
Dog, big dog
I cock back and shoot at ya fleas
Money long - tree trunk
Now stand under me
Catch these leaves
I guarantee no guarantees
But repeat what you heard
You a dead parakeet
It's Tunechi, bitch
Your bitch Tunechi's bitch
I fuck her on my balcony
We watch the moon eclipse
We do unusual shit
She gonna need lube for this
'Cause I'mma stick it in her maximus gluteus
We at the top of the world
She like the view and shit
From up here everybody look the puniest
The coke got her all exuberant
She doing lines like a movie script
But these are true events
Lord
I'll kill a nigga right now
I'll put a nigga lights out
Then put his body in a ice box
With holes in his body like socks
These niggas softer than
These niggas softer than nylon
So keep my name out your mouth
I hope it taste like cayenne
Looking up at the skyline
I'm thinking to my fuckin' self

"You only live twice, slime"
And motherfuck you if you fight crime
I'm from a place with a high crime rate, like Iran
We put your ass on Nightline
I'm on the grass like a python
These niggas looking at me
These niggas looking at me sideways
That's because they on the sideline
But they never tried mine
Spittin' like I'm sippin' cyanide
While my bitch sip a Mai Tai
But she wine fine
And I'm so sorry
She say "Don't be sorry"
Woo
Then she say "Don't apologize for shit
'Cause you the shit
And we know Tha Carter 5 the shit"
Whoa
Woo

But this is that Sorry 4 The Wait, nigga
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Ayy

And I'm so sorry for the wait too
I'm so sorry, so sorry; woo
This-this that Sorry 4 The Wait 2
And I'm so sorry, so sorry