

# Shit Freestyle

Lil' Wayne

I'm so sorry, so sorry  
This, this that Sorry 4 The Wait 2, and I'm so sorry

Sorry 4 The Wait, nigga, Glock 40 for them fake niggas  
Throw a party everyday, nigga, that's an ordinary day, nigga  
Bad bitch in mi casa, no mi casa su casa  
My choppa go doom da-da dai-yai-yai-yada

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 going have to give they styles back  
I say "you too cray", she said "you too humble"  
I say "you too, bae", she said "you too sweet"  
Then I asked her do she go both ways  
She say "they do say love is a two way street"  
I said "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 too fingers I'm at peace, word  
I smirk when I squeeze, trigga smart, street smart  
I'm a nerd, I'm a geek, I'm absurd, I'm unique  
Did my time in 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 is 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 you 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, yo, bitch, Tunechi, 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 thes  
e 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 then nylon  
So keep my name out your mouth, I hope it taste like cayenne  
Looking up at the skyline  
I'm thinking to my fucking self, you only live twice, slime  
And motherfuck you if you fight crime  
I'm from a place where the high crime rate like Iran  
We put yo 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 try mine  
Spittin' like I'm sipping cyanide while my bitch sip on mai tai  
But she wine fine, and I'm so sorry, she said "don't be sorry"  
Then she said "don't apologize for shit cause you the shit  
And we know Tha Carter 5 the shit, woah"