

U Guessed It

Lil' Wayne

Yeah
My lil brother Capo in this bitch with me
He's on that moonrock
Shit be gettin' all in your mouth - pause
Nigga!
I'm sorry for the fucking wait
Was busy
Racing Ferraris with lil Reginae
That's gangsta
You know I always come in second place
You hatin'
It's written all over your fuckin' -

Bitch, you jealous
Woo
And I was right, yeah, haha
Bitch, you jealous
Stuntin' on niggas
Stunt, stunt - The shit niggas don't like
Tell a fuck nigga - "Bitch, you jealous"
I'm Sorry 4 The Wait, apologetic
Bitch you jealous
Now give us our cash and our credit

Pop! Hah
Sorry for the -

Riding 'round like Pablo
Still talking that blanco
My Nina sing soprano
So we gon' leave on a high note
Come out my shell like Rafael
And crack yours like a taco
Lil Wayne tougher than John Wayne
Make him change his name to John Doe
It's me and my lil brother Capo
Lil Marly G and my bottom bitch
If I'm falling, it's bottomless
If I'm tripping, it's a power trip
Her pearl tongue like the pearly gates
And with that said, I climb the fence
My other bitches gotta ride the bench
And with that said... bitch you jealous
I'm fly like my dreadlocks propellers
I think I should headline Coachella
My woman a Queen like Coretta
And nigga you sleep with the Devil
I couldn't be Junior forever
I don't mean to ruffle your feathers
But I had to spread my wings
Ain't trying to get lemon-peppered
Got too many pistols, too many issues
Too many mistakes, too many miscues
Only made me better, it turned me into
The man I am today, I'm new and I'm improved
I got my shit right, it's just you and a tissue
Suit yourself because this suit is a rental

Now the snow is just coming in
Like I broke a window to an igloo
Slow a bitch down like "Un momento"
I'd rather get screwed than scrutinized
I'd rather get used by a cutie pie
If she ain't fucking it's Uber time
I'd rather be advised than supervised
You do the math, we do the numbers
We pour champagne and expensive wine
In water guns and shoot each other
I get high, meditate like a monk
Preposterous when I get drunk
And my goons is wilder than Gronk
My do's is as bad as my don'ts
Met a kinda-cute bitch with a donk
As long as the bitch got a donk
And I smell like; pussy, money, and weed
She say "Ooh, I like your cologne"
The last niggas tested us flunk
So please study hard, study long
Kill your wife, then take the bitch phone
And text you to please hurry home
And the rain drops turn into blood
Look like you just come in from a storm
And if all pussies come with walls
I hope you run into your own
Nigga
I come with that heroin flow
I come with that never before
My CMB days are dead
I ain't worried 'bout ghost
I married the MOB, we divorced
Hoo, and all that shit dead without me of course
It's nothing; a zombie, a corpse
You burnt yourself and was supposed to pass me the torch
Fuck it, I'll see you in Forbes, nigga
I'm sorry for the fucking wait
Was busy, searching my calendar for better days
I found 'em, you either turn the page or tear the page
Y. M., Young Money; never age

Bitch, you jealous, woo
And I was right, yeah
Tell a fuck nigga "Bitch, you jealous"
Stuntin' on niggas
Stunt, stunt; the shit niggas don't like, yeah
Bitch you jealous
I'm sorry for the wait, apologetic, hey
Bitch you jealous
Now give us our cash and our credit, hey

Pop!
Wait