

Vizine

Lil' Wayne

Why me? Why oh-why-oh why me?
Why do I look up and see my feet?
Am I rising?
But why do my peak look like it's out of my reach?
Why can't I trust what I see?

My scene just a crime scene
Got the high beams and the sirens, yeah
My team we could buy teams
Talking dirty money? Check the hygienes
All the dirty money get dry cleaned
Talking dirty money, say I'm rasting
All my goons kidnap your offsprings while I was working on my golf swing
Oh, sweet dreams, having nightmares
It's a cold world, I got an ice grill
No one man should have all that power if he can't afford to pay the light bills
I got a forcefield over my heartbeat
The window seal with no door key
I'm popping pills to feel more me
Cut off the wings now I'm soaring
And I never feel like poor me
I'd rather feel like the old me
I was born with wheels and I roll deep
I could make the devil get cold feet
Don't like the clove unless it's four leaf
Get a pussy wetter than a coral reef
On my face I tatted me a Fleur de Lis
Should I get it covered with a coca leaf?
I could tell you better than you showed me
I could show you better than you told me
I'm an OG up in OT and it's no sleep till it's roast beef
I better not hear a Little Bo-Peep
Better go figure, better go deep
Pass no judgement, pass your weed
I'm the goat nigga, no goatee

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Sipping on purple like it's herbal
Bad brown bitch, Lisa Turtle
On turbo, you don't wanna disturb him
Momma put too much sugar in my gerber
Damn, I done dropped too many ashes in my turban
I done see so many titties on Bourbon
Live a different kind of lifestyle
Different color diamond got a nigga looking like sherbert
Stepped up to the plate, knocked it out the park
Eat a nigga face like tiger shark
Dressed in all red like Olajuwon
My niggas hit your safe like the holocaust
My niggas catch a case, feel like I got Mossed
My nigga treat the K just like a [?]

Got a lawyer and an agent but I'm the boss
And my heart always racing but never lost
Hello? I was the illest nigga on child support
Now I'm looking at the riot report
Went and looked at the final score
Bedroom got revolving doors
Bitches in and out smiling more
Than children smiling at a carnival
Ain't got nothing in common but the common cold
Big B's nigga, honor roll
Hold up, a nigga found the flow
Started from the bottom bitch
Never been monogamous
Never been monotonous
Never been anonymous
Money is unanimous
Always had accomplices
Always had conglomerates
Always let chopper clip stick out like a bottom lip
You running out of time, so you better know what time it is
You running out of tears and you running out of volunteers
Young Moolah bitch, I die for the logo
Cocaine price low, call that a low blow
Tunechi like Pablo, keys in the rowboat
Tunechi in the yacht though, still don't showboat
Sipping on the slowpoke, moving like a tugboat
Smoking like a steamboat, fucking on a love boat
Better read the ransom note before you read the love note
Don't know if its sore throat, deep throat or cut throat

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Oh why am I so kamikazee
Why can't I stay in my seat?
I'm so hyphy
Try me, why do I see these bloody bodies?
Why do I love what I see?
Why me? Why oh-why-oh why me?
RIP, if you can't live in peace, you can die in peace
As your eyes close and mines bleed, I need Vazine