

You Guessed It

Lil' Wayne

Nigga, I'm Sorry 4 The Fucking Wait, was busy
Racing Ferrari with Lil Reginae, that's gangsta
You know I always come in second place
You hating, it's written all over your fuckin'

Bitch you jealous, and I was right
Bitch you jealous, stunt, stunt, shit nigga 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

Riding around like Pablo, still talking that blanco
My nina sing soprano, so we going 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 what said I'll climb the fence
My other bitches gotta ride the bench, and what that said
Bitch you jealous, I'm fly like my dreadlocks, propellers
I think should headline Coachella, my woman a queen like Coretta
And nigga you sleep with the devil
I couldn't be JR for ever, 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 rather get screwed than scrutinize
I rather get used by a cutie pie
If she ain't fucking it's uber time
I 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, uh
I get high, meditate like a monk, preposterous when I get drunk
And my goons is wilder than gunk, my do's is as bad as my don'ts
Met a kind of cute bitch with a donk
As long as the bitch got a donk
And I smell like, pussy, money, and weed
She said "ool I like your cologne"
The last niggas tested us flunk, so please study hard, study long
Kill yo wife then take the bitch phone
And text you to please hurry home
And the rain drops just turned into blood
It looks like you just come in from a storm
And if all pussies cover walls, I hope you run into your own
I come with that heroin flow, I come with that never before
My CMB days are dead, I ain't worried about ghost
I married the MOB, we divorced
And all that shit dead with out me of course
It's nothing, a zombie, a corpse

You burnt yourself and was suppose to pass me the torch
Fuck it, I'll see you in forbes nigga

I'm Sorry 4 The Fucking Wait
It's busy, searching my calender for better days
You either turn the page, or tear the page
Y M Young Money nigga, never age