

U Sick

Wynne

Why you say what you say? You don't mean what you say
In L.A. tryna lay, let me teach you my ways
You put that hand down my waist then let's hop in a Range
Pornstar, baby, hand me over the tape
Now I say what I want, I don't got to explain
Tell me that you love me, move me up in the ranks
I know that I'm bad, why I gotta behave?
Left me uninvited when we back in the day

But they know I've been balling ever since
Now they all tryna get attached, ahh
"Wynne, I wish I knew that you were thick"
Damn, all you had to do was ask, ahh

Got you sick
You sick, you sick
Boy, you sick
You sick, you sick
Now you sick
You sick, you sick
Now you sick
You sick, you sick

Why you say what you say? You don't mean what you say
In L.A. tryna woah, let me teach you my ways
Don't wanna wait, I'm impatie', I got too much at stake
Fourth quarter, baby, and we back in the game
I used to pray for the day we'd no longer elate
Getting lean on 'em like I'm Wayne in a BAPE
Whole crowd lively, I got 600 Blakes
I was way ahead, you just found out, you're late

But they know I've been balling ever since
Now they all tryna get attached, ahh
"Wynne, I wish I knew that you were thick"
Damn, all you had to do was ask, ahh

Now you're saying that you like me, hold on, 'cause I got options
And I probably shouldn't respond 'cause it's 5 o'clock the morning
And I maybe had more liquor than usual, I know it, so
How lucky can you get?

Boy, now I got you sick
You sick, you sick
Boy, you sick
You sick, you sick
Now you sick
You sick, you sick
Now you sick
You sick, you sick

All my W's in double digits, on God, I got no misses
I'm riding to the game, I didn't have to buy the tickets
What's good? It's nice to meet ya
We met, but I forget him
He's striking out with me and I'm gon' stay behind the picket
Check the time ho, check the

I'm off to work like heigh-ho
I can't even let him hit, but he got high hopes
And he's simping so he pick me up some Midol
Without a title
Okay, bring it back to me
I had a friend turn they back to me
They always try to come back to me
I write sins, not tragedies
Should take their man, turn my back to him
So he can see how my back can bend
Throw that stick at me like javelin
How many - am I averaging? Woah

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How lucky can you get?

Boy, now I got you sick