

# 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

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