

Cassidy

"6'7"

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[Hook]

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch

[Lil Wayne Verse 1]

Excuse my charisma, vodka with a spritzer

Swagger down pat, call my shit Patricia

Young Money militia, and I am the commissioner

You don't want start Weezy, 'cause the F is for Finisher

So misunderstood, but what's a World without enigma?

Two bitches at the same time, synchronized swimmers

Got the girl twisted 'cause she open when you twist her

Never met the bitch, but I f-ck her like I missed her

Life is the bitch, and death is her sister

Sleep is the cousin, what a f-ckin' family picture

You know father time, we all know mother nature

It's all in the family, but I am of no relation

No matter who's buying, I'm a celebration

Black and white diamonds, f-ck segregation

F-ck that shit, my money up, you n-ggas just Honey Nut

Young Money running shit and you n-ggas just runner-ups

I don't feel I done enough, so I'ma keep on doing this shit

Lil Tunechi or Young Tunafish

[Hook]

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch

[Lil Wayne Verse 2]

I'm goin' back in

Okay, I lost my mind, it's somewhere out there stranded

I think you stand under me if you don't understand me

Had my heart broken by this woman named Tammy

But hoes gon' be hoes, so I couldn't blame Tammy

Just talked to moms, told her she the sweetest

I beat the beat up, call it self defense

Swear man, I be seeing through these n-ggas like sequins

N-ggas think they He-Men, pow, pow, the end
Talking to myself because I am my own consultant
Married to the money, f-ck the world, that's adultery
You full of sh-t, you close your mouth and let yo ass
talk
Young Money eating, all you haters do is add salt
Stop playing, bitch, I got this game on deadbolt
Mind so sharp, I f-ck around and cut my head off
Real n-gga all day and tomorrow
But these muthaf-ckas talking crazy like they jaw broke
Glass half empty, half full, I'll spill ya
Try me and run into a wall, outfielder
You know I'ma ball 'til they turn off the field lights
The fruits of my labor, I enjoy 'em while they still ripe
Bitch, stop playing, I do it like a king do
If these n-ggas animals, then I'ma have a mink soon
Tell 'em bitches I say put my name on the wall
I speak the truth, but I guess that's a foreign language
to y'all
And I call it like I see it, and my glasses on
But most of y'all don't get the picture 'less the flash is
on
Satisfied with nothing, you don't know the half of it
Young Money, Cash Money
Paper chasing, tell that paper, "Look, I'm right behind
ya"
Bitch, real G's move in silence like lasagna
People say I'm borderline crazy, sorta kinda
Woman of my dreams, I don't sleep so I can't find her
You n-ggas are gelatin, peanuts to an elephant
I got through that sentence like a subject and a
predicate
Yeah, with a swag you would kill for
Money too strong, pockets on bodybuilder
Jumped in a wishing well, now wish me well
Tell 'em kiss my ass, call it kiss and tell

[Cory Gunz]

Word to my mama, I'm out of my lima bean
Don't wanna see what that drama mean, get some
Dramamine
Llama scream, hotter than summer sun on a Ghana
queen
Now all I want is hits, bitch, Wayne signed a fiend
I played the side for you n-ggas that's tryna front, and
see
Son of Gunz, Son of Sam, you n-ggas the son of me
Pause for this dumber speech, I glow like Buddha
Disturb me, and you'll be all over the flow like Luda
Bitch, I flow like scuba, bitch, I'm bald like Cuba
And I keep a killer ho, she gon' blow right through ya

I be mackin', 'bout my stacking, now I pack like a mover
Shout to ratchet for backing out on behalf of my
shooter
N-ggas think they high as I, I come laugh at your ruler
Cash Money cold, bitch, but our actions is cooler
Wayne, these n-ggas out they mind
I done told these f-ck n-ggas, so many times
That I keep these bucks steady on my mind
Tuck these, I f-ck these on your mind, pause
To feed them, on my grind, did I get a little love?
Keep throwin' my sign in the middle
Hit 'em up, piece on my side, 'cause ain't no peace on
my side, bitch
I'm a man, I visit urinals abroad
Tune told me to, I'm shooting when the funeral outside
I'm uptown, thoroughbred, a BX n-gga, ya heard?
Gunna

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