

# Lil' Wayne

## "6 foot 7 foot"

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Featuring: Lil' Wayne

[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 going 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 macking, '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 throwing 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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