

Lil Wayne

"Anne"

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Out of sight, out of mind,
Out of time, to decided.
Do we run?
Should I hide?
For the rest, of my life

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[Verse 1]

Dear Anne
My number 1 fan
I write with the light from the lamp on my nightstand
With my pen in my right hand
And that's also my mic hand
Codeine in the sprite can
Ink on the white pad
And I'm thinking of life, Anne
And wrong and right, Anne
And sometimes I'm right
And sometimes I might
Ca-can I find the light?
Still my rhymes are bright
So I continue my plan
And I'm sure (shore) like white sand
That they'll be price payin'
Before my flight land
But still, I want to see more than my sight can
Adore, so I cant ignore
What I want anymore
So I just go, you can call me the Gore
And oh yeah
I got a girl, she act like I owe her
And um, sometimes it seems like I just don't know her
And yeh, the relationship is starting to feel like a chore
But I really hope I'm not starting to bore

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[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Dear Anne
My number 1 fan
I write you this letter
I hope everything's grand
I hope everyone's good
I hope everybody's praying
I hope - hold up baby, let me switch hands
See, lately I've been dealing with a lot of shit and
It's burning me and I can't get out of this pan
And every time I look there's a problem with this man
But I ain't tryna expose, I'm just tryna expand
But your support held me up like kickstands
And I'm also being more careful in how I pick friends
And I'm tryna stay up out them chick's pants
(laughs) but, I just cant
But, on another note, this ain't just another note
This is more than a rap
This is more of an oath
And I know you're wondering what this letter is for
And I'm just hoping that you read this far
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[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Dear Anne
My number 1 fan

By now you probably think I'm portraying who I'm sayin
And sometimes I wish I wasn't him, but I am
And it's people like you that make me part of what I am
But hey, you are the shit
Damn, pardon the gram (grammar)
But it's like you make me feel like I'm a part of the fam
And shit, when my life be like some sort of exam
Its a jungle out there- lions, horses and rams
Shit, as I sit and wait for the war to began
I just think of you, then I'm rewarded again
And, with you, is where my artistry can
And, so with you is where a part of me stands
And, I hope I see you in the stands
Anne, because you know I understand
And, and I'm sorry about Stan
So I wrote this to say I'm your number 1 fan.

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