

Lil' Wayne "Cry Out"

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Yea... Yea

Yes

Ima call this here... real rap

Cause this rap is real... ya know?

I hope you ain't too tired to cry,
And I hope you know you ain't never too live to die.

Listen...

I grew up where them people called them people on us
think we slangin, but we just got beepers on us
Grindin' all day like we got sleepers on ya
Livin' like the videos write a treatment on us
Stuck in the hood like they put semen on us
Ghetto birds still shittin on us, government still quittin'
on us

Lost a few homies and the grief still sittin on us
So we got the names writtin on us, white folks still
spittin' on us
And them bitch ass police canines, teeth still grittin' on
us

But we smoke, ashes still gettin' on us
All the bitches still hittin' on us
I remember well, Bezzy roll the L
Bezzy aint here... where's Bezzy at?... Bezzy got killed
And that was my nigga, I go way back wit my nigga
But I know thats how it happened my nigga,
Shit is much deeper than this rappin my nigga
But now they all rappin, my niggas, so now I must make
it happen

So I'ma play the captain, sail boat flappin my nigga,
No fingas I'm snappin', happy for my nigga Lil' Tiggas
Cause even though we couldn't, The Lord saved him
Last time we seen him was when Katrina hated
Found his body like a month later, Rest in Peace boy
He was a East boy, and so was Wesy West he was a
good nigga, so I know he blessed
And his daughter is a princess, this shit is harder than
a bench press

But I'ma keep goin, and I swear I got a lump in my
throat
But I'ma keep on pumpin a float,
So if I cry dont stop the beat, I feel like my heart just
stopped the beat
My nigga Lil' Derrick is quick to cop a key, either that or
load the gat and go pop a G
And because of that he's just a name in a rhyme of
mine
I pray for his family and his mama
So much shit, just sit on this mind of mine
I think about it all the time

I drink about it all the time
I smoke back to back
Cause if my thoughts got to me I'd be in this rap
Or I'd be in the can, thank God I had dreams of being
the man
Yea
And fuck a man with a badge, cause he ain't shit to a
man on the edge
The five o killed naughty good boy dead
Man you woulda thought they killed corn bread
Shot 'em up face down on the lawn
Not to mention with his handcuffs on
Not to mention they had plain clothes on
And the complain goes on
But dont nobody do nothin' bout it
The jail house and the mourage is too fuckin' crowded
And haters at an all time high
Everybody gotta hate us like a fuckin iPod
Shit and they tried to burn my phantom up, but i got my
gun license
I got my hammers up, im ready to shoot like a camera
Stay still mothafucka I'ma have to write my will this
summer
Cause if they don't kill me, I'ma kill this summer
Yea
And you can put that on my late father or my late
grandmother
Ms. Mercedes Carter
Or my grandfather Larry Bosock
The old man hustle 'till his heart stopped
And all I no 'bout my real pops is that he had money
No bank account, that brown paper bag money
Yea he might hit me off wit a little brag money
But the nigga still wouldn't be a dad for me
But look how I turned out I hope he glad for me
But thats why when I see him I act mad funny
Cause he's a joke to me
Don't message, don't call, don't talk to me

It's just me and my mama how it's suppose to be
And I make sure she paid like she rode for me
And I know she gets all hope for me
And I don't ever want to see her mope for me
Hopefully, but truthfully there is a day that's due for me
But we gone pray it's as far as the future sees
You are listenin' to the future Wee-zy F. Baby
Amen.

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