

Lil Wayne "Dear Anne (Stan Part 2)"

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[Hook]

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

[Verse 1]

Dear Anne, my number one fan
I write with the light from the lamp on my night stand
With my pen in my right and that's also my mic hand
Codeine in a 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
Cannot find the light still my rhymes are bright
So I continue my plan and I'm sure like white sand
That they'll be price paying before my flight land
But still I want to see more than my sight can
A door so I can't ignore what I want anymore
So I just go: you can call me the "goer"
And oh, yeah I got a girl, she act like I owe her
And umm, sometimes it seems like I just don't know
her
And yeah, the relationship is starting to feel like a
chore
But I really hope I'm not starting to bore, page one

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Dear Anne, my number one fan
I write you this letter, I hope everything's grand
I hope everyone's good, I hope everyone's praying
I hope, hold up baby, let me switch hands
See, lately I've been dealing
With a lot of shit, Anne

It's burning me and I can't get out of this pan
And everytime 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

Anne, I'm trying to stay up out them
Chicks' pants, but I just can't!
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, page two

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Dear Anne, my number one fan
By now you probably think that I'm portrayin' who I'm
sayin'
And sometimes I wish I wasn't him, but I am
And it's people like you that make me proud of what I
am
Hey, you are the shit, damn pardon the gram'
But it's like you make me feel like I'm a part of the Fam
And shit, when my life is like some sort of exam
It's a jungle out there, lions, horses and rams
Shit, as I sit and wait for the war to begin
I just think of you then I'm rewarded again, Anne
With you, is where my artistry can, Anne
So with you, is where a part of me stands, Anne
I hope I see you in the stands, Anne
Because you know I understand, Anne
And I'm sorry about Stan
So I wrote this to say that I'm your number one fan

[Hook]

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