

## Lil Wayne

# "I Am Not A Human Being"

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[Verse 1]

I am not a human being Uhh,  
p-ssy for lunch  
pop all the balloons and spit in the punch, yeah,  
kush and the blunts  
I ride through your block see a foot in the trunk  
I don't know why they keep playin  
they better replay 'em giving them the blues Bobby  
"Blue" Bland (blues singer)  
together we stand and fall on y'all  
ballin' with my bloods, call it b-ball  
these days aint sh-t Young Money is  
I got mars bars three musketeers  
come through coupe same colour as veneers  
and you know I'm riding with the toast, cheers! (reason  
he's in jail)  
yeah, now I'm back on my grizz  
and y'all's a bunch a squares like a muthaf-cking grid  
sh-t f-ck with me and get hit  
I finger f-ck the nina make the b-tch have kids  
just do it my n-gga I just did  
name a muthaf-cker deeper than me b-tch dead  
ya dig, this here is big biz and I scream f-ck it whoever  
it is

[Chorus]

I am the Rhyming Oasis  
I got a cup of ya time I wont waste it  
I got my foot on the line I'm not racin'  
I thank god that I am not basic  
I am not basic  
I am not a human being

[Verse 2]

Uhh, rockstar baby  
now come to my suite and get lockjaw baby  
Rich n-gga lookin at the cops all crazy  
its the mob sh-t n-gga Martin Scorsese  
heater close range, cuz people are strange  
but i bet that AK 47 keep you ordaned  
you cant see weezy nor wayne  
im in the far lane, im running this sh-t - hundred yard

gain  
uhhh, swag on infinity  
im killing em, see the white flag from the enemy  
shoot you in the head and leave your dash full of  
memories  
father forgive me for my brash delivery  
I will try you, I wouldnt lie you  
I must be sticky cuz them bitches got they eyes glued

young money baby we the sh-t like fly food  
yall cant see us - like the bride shoes.  
I stand tall like a muthafuckin 9'2  
I scream motherf-ck you and whoever design you  
and if you think you hot then obviously you are lied to  
and we dont die, we multiply and then we come divide  
you.

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Re-Reporting from another world  
Magazine full of bullets you can be my cover girl  
Ness go the weed thicker than a southern girl  
strong arm rap like a n-gga did a hundred curls  
rock star biatch, check out how we rock  
and if this aint hip hop...it must be me hop  
im higher than a tree top  
she lick my lo-llipop  
I still get my candy from your girlfriends sweet shop  
spitting that he rock im smooth not Pete Rock  
and my money on etcetera - 3 dots  
still get a stomach ache every time i see cops  
you better run mothaf-cka, cuz we not  
you better run till your feet stop  
you aint even on a f-cking alphabet in my tea pot  
colder than a ski shop  
holding on to THE top, and even if i let go i still wont G-  
rock

[Chorus]

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