

# Lil Wayne

## "Mr. Postman"

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(voice)

I been standin here waitin' Mr. Postman  
So-o-o patiently,  
For just a card, or just a letter,  
Sayin he's returning home to me  
(Chorus)

(lil' Wayne)

That's right darlin'  
Its ya baby baby! (hah)  
I got her waitin on me  
She lookin kinda fly  
She see me walkin' up and she run to the mailbox  
She say it's feels like she's up in a cell block  
And I open her cell lock  
Im the:

(voice)

Postman

(wayne)

Just come to make my mail drop  
More masculine than him  
Im nastier than him  
Im passin her and him  
And something faster than them  
And then he like: damn there go that bastard again  
He the:

(voice)

Postman

(wayne)

And she correct him  
And I respect her  
And he protect her  
And she neglect him  
And he caress her  
And she molest me  
He must be weak cuz me, I'm just the

(voice)

Postman

And when her man home,  
Im the ghost, man  
Why you think she holdin that pillow close man?  
Why you think she wont open the bathroom door?  
Shes no whore she want more of the

(Postman)

(Chorus)

(wayne)  
(Yeah Baby)Girlfriend snatcher, i don't care if you're  
attached,  
if that's her, then that's her,  
and that's me to smash her,  
now she hanging up her high ass skirt on the

(Postman)

(Haha),Yeah baby i got that comeback,

I'm at your walls like a thumbtack,  
So miss humpback i know what to do with all that,  
fall back, I'll put your center in the

(Postman)

That's big talk for a little guy,  
But im walkin without reply,  
She got her legs up, she tryin to walk in da sky,  
She calling for god, and she callin on I  
She said:

(Postman)

I'm like: "yea baby, im right here baby, he's here  
baby!"  
She like: "yea baby!"  
Here's a chain letter and some magazines, keep it  
clean,  
He will never think it was the

(Postman)

(beat continues)

(Chorus)

Yeah she love my gangsta, she feel my swagger,  
I'm there every week just to give her her package,  
I,pick up her bills and I pick up her taxes,

You might find a few stamps on your mattress from the

(Postman)

She want young holly grove in a envelope, im her  
private note and  
You aint gotta know, im her fantasy,  
She always got letters on the canopy, waiting for the

(Postman)

No postal service i just got my social workin', and your  
girl is slurpin',  
And this world is dirty, and your girl is nervous,  
She give me head in a convertible im the

(Postman)

Kind and curtious, she love that in me, she love me in  
her,  
And i love that plenty, it never fails,sorry homeboy, but  
you got mail, im the

(Postman)

(Chorus) (beat continues)

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