

Blunt Blowin

Lil' Wayne

Yeah

I'm a put my shades on

Uh

I live it up like these are my last days

If time is money, I'm an hour past paid

Ughh, gunpowder in my hourglass

Niggas faker than some flour in a powder bag

Yeah, I put it down like my hands hurtin'

I'm on a natural high, but I land perfect

Some of us are lovers, most of y'all haters

But I put up a wall, and they just wallpaper

So love or hate me, I stay hate-free

They say we learn from mistakes so that's why they mistaking me

I got some weight on my shoulders, to me it's like feathers

All hail Weezy, call it bad weather

I stick to the script, I memorize the lines

Cause Life is a movie that I've seen too many times

You're on the outside looking in, close the blinds

And they say never say never, but fuck it never mind

I've been gone too long

True or false, right or wrong (ha ha)

Hello Weezy, welcome home

Yeah

And I'm a

Blunt blowin'

Polo draws showin'

I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga

With my money growing, no matter where you're goin'

You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

I'm a blunt blowin'

Polo draws showin'

I-I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga

With my money blowing, don't matter I got more and

You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

Stunna, I got em, I'm back on them bitches

All about my riches, my name should be Richard

Cut the bullshit out, I'm Edward with the scissors

Life is a choice, and death is a decision

Times have changed, but fuck it get a new watch

I still got the vision like a line between two dots

Young money's eating, the label getting fatter

And yea, the tables turned, but I'm still sitting at em

I'm a bad motherfucker, cause the good die young

Everybody selling dreams, I'm too cheap to buy one

Man when that cookie crumble, everybody want a crumb

Shoot that hummingbird down, hummingbird don't hum yeah

Big money, big money, deep pockets

Money talks, and motherfuckers eavesdropping

Bunch of bloods, you could call it blood clotting

East side, My Piru Damu, I'm a

Blunt blowin'

Polo draws showin'

I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga

With my teeth glowing, I'm on my Deebowin'
You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

I'm a blunt blowin'
Polo draws showin'
I-I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass nigga
With my money blowing, no matter where you going
You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass nigga

Light that Ashton Kutsher, I'm a limit pusher
See y'all dead meat, and me I'm just a butcher
I do it for the money, man I am such a hooker
And freedom was my girl, until they fucking took her
You could look into the future, it's right behind your eyelids
But I don't wanna know, cause shit I like surprises (ha ha)
Why that, why this, why you on that why shit?
Motherfucker ask me why, I say YM
Beach bum (yeah), call me ocean drive slim (bitch)
Drop the top, look up and make the sky grin
Young moola, (yeah) skinnies and some supras
Belly of the beast till it pukes
Motherfucker

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I'm a Blunt blowin'
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I've been gone too long
True or false, right or wrong
(3x)

Hello Weezy, welcome home
It's young mula, baby
Young mula, baby

Bitch I've been gone too long
True or false, right or wrong
Hello Weezy, welcome home