

I Am Not a Human Being

Lil' Wayne

I am not a human being
Uhh, pussy 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
I better replay 'em
Giving them the blues Bobby "Blue" Bland
Together we stand and fall on y'all
Ballin' with my bloods, call it b-ball
These days ain't shit Young Money is
Got mars bars three musketeers
Come through coupe same colour as veneers
And you know I'm ridin' with the toast, cheers!
Now I'm back on my grizz
And y'all's a bunch a squares like a motherfucking grid
Shit fuck with me and get hit
Shhhhit I finger fuck the nina make the bitch have kids
Just do it my nigga I just did
Name a motherfucker deeper than me bitch did
Ya dig, this here is big biz and I scream fuck it
Whoever it is

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

Ughh, I'm rockstar baby
Now come to my suite and get lockjaw baby
Rich nigga lookin at the cops all crazy
It's the mob shit nigga Martin Scorsese
Heater close range, cuz people are strange
But I bet that AK 47 keep you ordained
You can't see weezy nor wayne
Im in the far lane, im running this shit - 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 dude
I must be sticky cuz them bitches got their eyes glued
Young money baby we the shit like fly food
Yall cant see us - like the bride shoes.
I stand tall like a muthafuckin 9'2
I scream motherfuck 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.

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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 nigga did a hundred curls
Rock star biatch, check out how we rock
And if this aint hip hop it must be knee hop
Im higher than a tree top
She lick my lollipop
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 mothafucka, cuz we not
You better run till your feet stop
You aint even on a fucking 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

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