

Let It All Work Out

Lil' Wayne

Let it all work out, let it all work out
Let it all work out, let it all work out
Let it all work out, let it all work out
Let it all work out, let it all work out
Work out, yeah

I'm in this bitch
Yeah, was on the outside, looking in this bitch
But now I'm in this bitch
Yeah, I'm in this bitch
Tunechi you a genius
Looked in the mirror said
"Don't let the money come between us"
I'm loaded, loaded at my earliest convenience
But fuck 'em, I feel like I got ten middle fingers
I'm sippin', sippin' in this bitch and poppin' uppers
Girl, take this, this that shit that give a flower color
And some bitch named Wonder Woman told me not to wonder
The crumbs, you only see 'em when the cookie crumble
Real shit, look at my candle still lit
Had to swallow my pride, though, swear it tastes like spearmint
Big up to my nigga with a strap on 'em
I never turn my back on 'em
Cold nigga act like they cool with ya
But a lot of these niggas be transformers
A lot of these players be bench-warmers
The game ain't easy, but it's fair, nigga
I'mma sit in this throne so long
'Til it's a fucking rocking chair, nigga
Bad bitch play with my hair, nigga
Said, "Relax, Tune, baby don't stress out"
But I got a lot of shit on my mind, though
She said, "Let that shit work itself out"
"Let that shit work itself out"

C5
Yeah, back in this bitch
Tune you left this bitch
Like you knew this bitch was gon' let your ass back in this bitch
"Let it all work out, let it all work out"
But nobody else like you in this bitch
"Let it all work out, let it all work out"
"Let it all work out"
Ain't nobody else like you in this bitch

Cita you a psychic
'Cause you said there be days like this
They want a piece of me, I ain't the one that's serving slices
Please swallow, I had my share of dirty diapers
Real shit, pussy niggas on that guilt trip
It'll be on in a heartbeat
You can't hear no pussy nigga's shit skip
I fear God, never fear men
Give back, never give in
Beat odds, never beat women
Keep an open mind, let 'em peek in it
Reach highs, never reach limits

Need minds, I don't need plenty
This C5, this for BI and Left Eye, and T-Boz
When I seen Chillli at the Floyd fight
I almost asked her to creep with me
But I was young, and I held my tongue
But with that tongue, I just keep spitting
So it all worked out

And now I'm in this bitch
And life said, "Tune, you knew me for way too long"
I never change, you know I been this bitch
And then she said, "Let it all work out"
"Let it all work out, let it all work out" (Yeah)
"Let it all work out, let it all work out"

Tunechi, you a monster
Looked in the mirror, but you wasn't there, I couldn't find ya
I'm lookin' for that big old smile, full of diamonds
Instead, I found this letter you ain't finished writin'
It read, "I'm sorry for even apologizing"
I tried, compromising and went kamikaze
I found my momma's pistol where she always hide it
I cry, put it to my head and thought about it
Nobody was home to stop me, so I called my auntie
Hung up, then put the gun up to my heart and pondered
Too much was on my conscience to be smart about it
Too torn apart about it, I aim where my heart was pounding
I shot it, and I woke up with blood all around me
It's mine, I didn't die, but as I was dying
God came to my side and we talked about it
He sold me another life and he made a prophet

Yeah, and he said
"Let it all work out" (yeah)
"Let it all work out"
(I'm still in this bitch)
"Let it all work out"
(Yeah, thank God 'cause I'm still in this bitch)
"Let it all work out"
Let it all work out (phew)
"Let it all work out"
(But he said, "Remember this:")
"Let it all work out"
"Let it all work out"
("Ain't nobody else like you in this bitch")
"Let it all work out" (yeah)
"Let it all work out"
(And don't forget what I did this, bitch)
"Let it all work out"
(Can't even remember when I didn't, bitch")
"Let it all—"
"Let it all work out" (yeah)
"Let it all work out"
(Now I'm out this bitch)
"Let it all work out"
(I'm out this bitch)
"Let it all—"
(And it all worked out)
"Love you, Dwayne"