

Let It Fly

Lil' Wayne

Fly (fly, fly, fly, fly)
Let it fly (let it fly, let it fly, let it fly)
Let it fly like the birds in the sky
Hotter than the weather in July
I done did so much I can't decide
Word, word to my guys
She just get so wet, I slip and slide
Had to get it back to give 'em five
I, I, I, yeah

It's Mr. Michael Myers, man (Michael Myers)
Work the money back, I keep it coming in (whoo, whoo)
By the way we work you think I had a twin (twin)
I'm tryna run the game, it ain't no subbing in (naw)
You can't faze me, sliding from a dangerous life (it's lit!)
Always down to ball, I'm tryna drain these nights
See the smoke clouds through these entertainment lights
The way it go down we taking fours and keeping doors tight (Yeah, yeah!)
We at the top end of the discussion (discussion)
Been mixing alcohol in that 'tussin
The demon in they eyes and they clutchin' (scared)
I feed 'em adderall and they bussing, yeah (pew, pew, pew)
I kept the towel, not throwing in
I'm riding around in my ends
I got a driver for the pent to drop me round where I been
I keep some pussy just to lick, they help me out when I vent
She wanna hit that shit again, nah (brr brr, brr brr)
That's the phone call, when my blood ring
It's Tha Carter V, let the thugs sing (thugs)

Let it fly (brr, fly)
Let it fly like the birds in the sky (brr brr)
Hotter than the weather in July (brr brr)
I done did so much I can't decide (it's lit)
Word, word to my guys (yah)
She just get so wet, I slip and slide (splash)
Had to give it back to give them five
I, I, I

It's alive, it's alive, I'm revived, it's C5
Been arrived, kiss the sky, did the time
Please advise it is advise or be advised, and we advise
You not fuck with me and mine
And keep in mind that we don't mind losing our minds
Free your mind, read your mind, read your mind
Body take a week to find, the cops gon' be like "never mind"
What's on your mind, put the pistol to your mind and blow your mind
Control your mind, mindfreak, no sober mind, I'm so behind
But front line, you crossed the line and you better know your lines
And if you gettin' out of line, I hang you with a clothing line
Wring you like an open line, keep your stanky ho in line
Them hoes be lying, it's a thin line, I know you know the line
Second line, second line, Tunechi got effective lines
Rough edges like a box of Checkers fries, that's a line
Catch the line, American flag, less stars extra lines
Stretch the line, skip the line, 'til you no more next in line, yeah
Tunechi tune a lunatic, my goonie goons the gooniest

Run inside your room and kill you and who you rooming with
The Uzi with the booty clip, more than one I'm too equipped
Talking 'bout some fake niggas, based on true events
Trying not to get pinched, smoking on a stupid stench
Looking in the mirror tryna figure where my pupils went
Flashy with a boujee bitch, Travy that's my hooligan (it's lit)
Take the T off Tunechi and look at it as the crucifix, bitch

C5, best rapper alive
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Let it fly