

Mess

Lil' Wayne

Because my days is a mess
My nights is a mess, my life is a mess
My life is a mess of happiness
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love
Fuck it, my bae is a mess
My side bitch a mess, my wifey a mess
I guess, my bae is obsessed
My side bitch possessed, my wifey care less
But you gonna have to excuse my mess

She gon have to excuse my ex
I'm gon have to excuse her pets
She gon have to be juicy wet
If she gon' ride on this Tune Express
I'm gon have to excuse her text
She gon have to exclude the rest
And she gon have to tell dudes to step
Nigga to the left, nigga to the left
Messy messy on some percocets
Smoking purple veggie that's my herbal essence
Well the curvy, sexy women working extra
'Cause I'm working extra
I just heard a lecture, but I swerved the questions
And reserve a section
With a bunch of bitches that prefer the pleasure
It's quarter to seven
They just heard the shower water runnin' in the morning
Dirty devil, I'm a mess

But I'm sorry babe, but I gotta let go
Now she feel like she on death row
She don't believe in ghosts till I get ghosts
And I can hear your teardrops echo
Her teardrops turn into XO
Put yourself in my shoes but you got to tiptoe cause

Because my days is a mess, my nights is a mess
My life is a mess, my life is a mess
My life is a mess of happiness
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love
Fuck it, more one's, my bae is a mess
My side bitch a mess, my wifey a mess
I guess, my bae is obsessed
My side bitch possessed, my wifey careless
But you gonna have to excuse my mess

Yes, no pressure its a jungle out here
I fell in love with a stripper, Lord I know she got bills
But I'ma make it rain until she see a flood of ideas
Got me all up in my feelings without knowing what I feel
I'm a mess
And now she over talking about staying over
And she ask could she call her clan over?
I say that's the shit and now we asshole-ing
Now fast forward till the morning time
Broken glasses with a bunch of ashes, makeup and lashes
Out of place mattress, shit happens cause my days is a mess

But I'm sorry babe, but I gotta let go
Now she feel like she on death row
She don't believe in ghosts till I get ghosts
And I can hear your teardrops echo
Her teardrops turn into petrol
Put yourself in my shoes but you got to tiptoe cause

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Yes, fuck it, more ones, fuck it, more ones
Fuck it more ones, fuck it, more ones
I'm making a mess with all these ones
Fuck it, more ones, fuck it, more ones
My life is a mess of happiness
Lust, sex obsession desire with no love
Fuck it, more one's