

Young'n Blues

Lil' Wayne

I met her when I was young and she was younger
With a body like woman so her age meant nothing
I had to get her number
After how she made them daisy doots fit her all summer
I'm wishing I could hit her all summer
And all she ever wanted
Was for young Weezy to love her
But all I ever wanted was to cum easy and dump her
But that didnt come easy
'Cuz she ended up being my baby's mother
and then I felt smothered but little did I know
I'd never find the same girl inside another
But I never thought that I'd be looking for her
And I never thought that late at night
When I'm in the mix...laying down with some chick
That suddenly it'll click
How this broad in my drawers dont know shit
Bout what I did 'fore I was big
When's there's a woman with my kid where I should be
She screamed to me (What?)
My love, my patience, my pain (OK)
Nigga please

I got the young'n blues y'all (da-da-da-da-da)
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I met her after the fame
And she aint even like me but I got her after the game
Mami was a nice piece, young Cali sweet thang
Made her into wifey and then reality changed
It was going good...I was happy again
But then things got rapidly strange
And it had to be Wayne
She was still a virgin
What more could I ask from a dame
But I was a bastard...I asked for the pain
Now my ass in the rain
And she got a new life...the picture flipped
And none of it includes Weez and all his bullshit (Shit)
And I remember the Bahamas for the weekend
We was freaking in the suite
And she looked sweet enough to beat it up
Till we began to sleep and I
I'm dreaming 'bout the Victoria Secret lingerie
Told me keep it..she aint want moms to see it
And just think I once saw it on the girl's body
Now all I'm seeing is nobody

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You see I never really ran, but no gentleman
All I know is big pimpin' ma'am

I'm just tryna be Weezy
And the perfect husband just might be too hard to find in me, Weezy
Baby girl you gotta work with ya boy
'Cuz all of that cursing it be hurting ya boy
Look for the better not the worst in ya boy
And maybe I can be ya boy...Ya know what I'm sayin'
But see this here is not your everyday love tune
It's the story of your everyday thug dude
And in your mind you prolly thinkin we don't love you
But on the real we just not used to what love do
And please consider that
We were taught to love money, ice, cars, and clothes
Love pussy but you dont love them ho's
Love ya niggaz love ya children
Now if they got a bitch you could love that
Holla back

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Young Weez'got the young'n blues y'all
(da-da-da-da-da)
I got the young'n blues y'all (da-da-da-da-da)