

## 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)