

# 6 Foot 7 Foot (feat. Cory Gunz)

Lil Wayne

Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch  
Six, six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch Excuse my charisma, vodka with a spritzer  
Swagger down pat, call my shit Patricia  
Young Money militia and I am the commissioner  
You no wan' start Weezy 'cause the F is for Finisher So misunderstood but what's a world  
without enigma?  
Two bitches at the same time, synchronized swimmers  
Got the girl twisted 'cause she open when you twist her  
Never met the bitch but I fuck her like I missed her Life is the bitch and death is her sister  
Sleep is the cousin, what a fuckin' family picture You know Father Time and we all know  
Mother Nature  
It's all in the family but I am of no relation  
No matter who's buyin', I'm a celebration  
Black and white diamonds, fuck segregation  
Fuck that shit, my money up, you niggas just Honey Nut  
Young Money runnin' shit and you niggas just runner-ups  
I don't feel I done enough, so I'ma keep on doin' this shit  
Lil' Tunechi or Young Tuna Fish Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch  
Six-foot, seven-foot, eight-foot bunch Yeah, I'm goin' back in  
Okay, I lost my mind, it's somewhere out there stranded  
I think you stand under me if you don't understand me  
Had my heart broken by this woman named Tammy  
But hoes gon' be hoes so I couldn't blame Tammy Just talked to Moms, told her she the sweetest  
I beat the beat up, call it self-defense  
Swear man, I be seein' through these niggas like sequins  
Niggas think they He-Men, pow, pow, the end  
Talkin' to myself because I am my own consultant  
Married to the money, fuck the world, that's adultery  
You full of shit, you close your mouth and let yo' ass talk  
Young Money eatin', all you haters do is add salt Stop playin', bitch, I got this game on deadbolt  
Mind so sharp, I fuck around and cut my head off Real nigga all day and tomorrow  
But these motherfuckers talkin' crazy like they jaw broke  
Glass half empty, half full, I'll spill ya  
Try me and run into a wall, outfielder You know I'ma ball 'til they turn off the field lights  
The fruits of my labor, I enjoy 'em while they still ripe  
Bitch, stop playin', I do it like a king do  
If these niggas animals then I'ma have a mink soon Tell 'em bitches I say put my name on the  
wall  
I speak the truth but I guess that's a foreign language to y'all  
And I call it like I see it and my glasses on  
But most of y'all don't get the picture 'less the flash is on Satisfied with nothin', you don't know  
the half of it

Young Money, Cash Money Paper chasin', tell that paper, "Look, I'm right behind ya"  
Bitch, real G's move in silence like lasagna  
People say I'm borderline crazy, sorta, kinda  
Woman of my dreams, I don't sleep so I can't find her You niggas are gelatin, peanuts to an  
elephant  
I got through that sentence like a subject and a predicate  
Yeah, with a swag you would kill for  
Money too strong, pockets on bodybuilder Jumped in a wishin' well, now wish me well  
Tell 'em kiss my ass, call it kiss and tell Word to my mama, I'm out of my lima bean  
Don't wanna see what that drama mean, get some Dramamine  
Llama scream, hotter than summer sun on a Ghana queen  
Now all I want is hits, bitch, Wayne signed a fiend I played the side for you niggas that's tryna  
front and see  
Son of Gun, Son of Sam, you nigga's the son of me  
Pause for this dumber speech, I glow like Buddha  
Disturb me and you'll be all over the flo' like Luda  
Bitch, I flow like scuba, bitch, I'm bold like Cuba  
And I keep a killer hoe, she gon' blow right through ya  
I be mackin', 'bout my stackin', now I pack like a mover  
Shout to ratchet for backin' out on behalf of my shooter  
Niggas think they high as I, I come laugh at your ruler  
Cash Money cold, bitch but our actions is cooler  
Wayne, these niggas out they mind  
I done told these fuck niggas so many times  
That I keep these bucks steady on my mind  
Tuck these, I fuck these on your mind, pause  
To feed them, on my grind, did I get a little love?  
Keep throwin' my sign in the middle  
Hit 'em up, piece on my side  
'Cause ain't no peace on my side, bitch  
I'm a man, I visit urinals with pride  
Tune told me to, I'm shootin' when the funeral outside  
I'm uptown, thoroughbred, a BX nigga, ya heard? Gunna

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>