

# Lil Wayne, Krazy

Tell me somethin' I don't know  
I'm flexin' on 'em like torsos  
These niggas slippin' like bar soap  
These niggas listenin', use Morse code  
Boy a nigga sippin' like parched throat  
Excuse me  
These niggas talkin' that beef shit  
We'll check into it like the room cheap  
And all we sell is the greatest feelin' on Earth  
They paint me as a villain, I just autograph the artwork  
Ain't got nothing left to prove unless I got to prove it in court  
Live fast die young and leave a beautiful corpse, yes Lord  
My nigga order like twenty bricks, I said five bricks with four chicks  
Ridin' with these guns that's carpoolin', bought extra clips when I dove in  
Miss Snow white we snowed in, nigga miss me with that hoe shit  
Kill all rats, I toast to that, and watch everybody I toast with  
Kill everybody you close with, Just don't stick your nose in  
My bullshit cause I close it like a clothespin  
The people that I rolls with will leave holes in what you drove in  
If anyone in that car live, you tell that nigga I owe him  
Yeah, I got my mind right, and my money right, my head on my shoulder  
And my eyesight a lil' blurry but I'm stayin' on my quota  
And we find out moms address and your head get mailed over  
Nigga you make that bed you lay in that bed  
Or get that bitch made over  
Tunechi

You so cray, Tunechi  
You so cray, bitch  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
They say Tunechi, Tunechi, Tunechi, Tunechi  
You so cray, bitch

Tell me something I don't know, I'll tell you something I do know  
Like money drugs bitches guns, niggas call me mucho  
Got witches all in my broom closet, got little killers in Juco  
We'll find out your business hours and pop up like new toast  
Like danger taste like glucose, my shadow don't get too close  
To that new nigga with my old hoes-kudos  
For my niggas on Rikers Island back there playing Uno  
Getting swole like popeye for niggas walking around like Bruno  
I'm in the bed with a duo, laid up like two points  
A.K to your face, knock half off like coupons  
Too cool for school but I sold cool points to school boys  
Tell the cops we don't name drop that's like dropping newborns  
Nigga you crazy

You so cray, Tunechi  
These hoes made  
Nigga tell me somethin' I don't know

Like where the fuck did my heart go, and show me something I haven't seen  
And give me what Martin sleep, on the same night he had a dream  
And take me to where I've never been, but not to where I'll never be  
And I ain't never scared but I'm scared of me, me versus me I need a referee  
Need weaponry, especially if the treasury in jeopardy  
Fuck deputies big letter B, need equity, need credit clean  
To trafficking from peddling like everything from amphetamines to medicine  
These niggas sweeter than Nectarines and Grenadine

You so cray, Tunechi  
You so cray, bitch

I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know, I know, I know, I know  
They say Tunechi, Tunechi, Tunechi, Tunechi  
You so cray, bitch

Tell me something I don't know, like what happened to hard coke  
You can call me Eddy cause I stay ready, my family call me Eduardo  
I'm music to these bitches ears I hit that ass like the wrong note  
My bitch bad with corn rows with boots on in farm clothes  
You can find me prancing in the finest mansion with the finest dancer with a height advantage  
She want cocaine pills and weed, liquor and dick she gotta micro manage  
I'm just eating rappers they go nice in salads with some diced up carrots  
I just like a challenge, psychopathic, so psychopathic  
Nigga give me credit on my balance  
Lil Tunechi  
(And I bump my head when I stand up)