

# Lil Wayne, Cry Out

Yea... Yea

Yes

Ima call this here... real rap

Cause this rap is real... ya know?

I hope you ain't too tired to cry,

And I hope you know you ain't never too live to die.

Listen...

I grew up where them people called them people on us

think we slangin, but we just got beepers on us

Grindin' all day like we got sleepers on ya

Livin' like the videos write a treatment on us

Stuck in the hood like they put semen on us

Ghetto birds still shittin on us, government still quittin' on us

Lost a few homies and the grief still sittin on us

So we got the names writtin on us, white folks still spittin' on us

And them bitch ass police canines, teeth still grittin' on us

But we smoke, ashes still gettin' on us

All the bitches still hittin' on us

I remember well, Bezzy roll the L

Bezzy aint here... where's Bezzy at?... Bezzy got killed

And that was my nigga, I go way back wit my nigga

But I know thats how it happened my nigga,

Shit is much deeper than this rappin my nigga

But now they all rappin, my niggas, so now I must make it happen

So I'ma play the captain, sail boat flappin my nigga,

No fingas I'm snappin', happy for my nigga Lil' Tiggas

Cause even though we couldn't, The Lord saved him

Last time we seen him was when Katrina hated

Found his body like a month later, Rest in Peace boy

He was a East boy, and so was Wesy West he was a good nigga, so I know he blessed

And his daughter is a princess, this shit is harder than a bench press

But I'ma keep goin, and I swear I got a lump in my throat

But I'ma keep on pumpin a float,

So if I cry dont stop the beat, I feel like my heart just stopped the beat

My nigga Lil' Derrick is quick to cop a key, either that or load the gat and go pop a G

And because of that he's just a name in a rhyme of mine

I pray for his family and his mama

So much shit, just sit on this mind of mine

I think about it all the time

I drink about it all the time

I smoke back to back

Cause if my thoughts got to me I'd be in this rap

Or I'd be in the can, thank God I had dreams of being the man

Yea

And fuck a man with a badge, cause he ain't shit to a man on the edge

The five o killed naughty good boy dead

Man you woulda thought they killed corn bread

Shot 'em up face down on the lawn

Not to mention with his handcuffs on

Not to mention they had plain clothes on

And the complain goes on

But dont nobody do nothin' bout it

The jail house and the mourage is too fuckin' crowded

And haters at an all time high

Everybody gotta hate us like a fuckin iPod

Shit and they tried to burn my phantom up, but i got my gun license

I got my hammers up, im ready to shoot like a camera

Stay still mothafucka I'ma have to write my will this summer

Cause if they don't kill me, I'ma kill this summer

Yea

And you can put that on my late father or my late grandmother

Ms. Mercedes Carter

Or my grandfather Larry Bosock

The old man hustle 'till his heart stopped

And all I no 'bout my real pops is that he had money  
No bank account, that brown paper bag money  
Yea he might hit me off wit a little brag money  
But the nigga still wouldn't be a dad for me  
But look how I turned out I hope he glad for me  
But thats why when I see him I act mad funny  
Cause he's a joke to me  
Don't message, don't call, don't talk to me  
It's just me and my mama how it's suppose to be  
And I make sure she paid like she rode for me  
And I know she gets all hope for me  
And I don't ever want to see her mope for me  
Hopefully, but truthfully there is a day that's due for me  
But we gone pray it's as far as the future sees  
You are listenin' to the future Wee-zy F. Baby  
Amen.