

# Hot Revolver

## Lil Wayne

Young Mullah Baby  
Hmm, Young Mullah Baby Uh, She's askin  
do you have the time,  
to listen to me whine?  
She's askin  
who's on the other line?  
You diss me everytime  
I tell her  
baby i'm a star  
Shit  
I'm above a stars  
and now  
I done got so high  
I done forgotten  
who you are (are, are)  
Uh uh, oh whoa oh whoa, uh huh  
Uh uh, oh whoa oh whoa, uh huh  
Uh uh, oh whoa oh whoa, uh huh Uh uh, oh whoa oh whoa  
I tell her  
I'm in love with you  
But I cant be with you Tomorrow Ill be back up on the first flight right up out of town  
Uh  
Hop back in my Spaceship  
Girl I gotta drop your ass off  
(eh eh e-eehh)  
Cause I just come to take it  
Then you know I gotta take off  
(eh eh e-eehh)  
But Imma be here next week  
So call your company  
And take off  
Uh uh uh ooh whoa whoa  
owheey  
Uh uh uh ooh whoa whoa  
owheey  
And she say "Wayne, you ain't shit  
you got me all impatient" Cry me a river  
I can hear my conscious  
while I say aloud  
Boy you got a problem  
(a problem) and you ain't foolin no one but yourself  
(and you you ain't foolin no one)

Your like a hot revolver  
(a hot revolver)  
But you ain't killin no one  
but yourself  
And Tunechi's gonna  
find someone to love  
And you gon' yourself  
so all alone

One minute she love me  
The next minute she hate me  
That's two minutes of my time  
She done wasted  
She say she  
pray she have Weezy F.'s baby  
And I be having seizures  
But she said she can't shake me  
And my homie said she  
Cuter than my other bitches  
And everytime I'm in that pussy  
It feel custom fitted  
I swear I like her more  
than she think I do  
Girl, when I think of you  
My dick just start to jumpin'  
Like a fucking kangaroo  
I suck and fuck and finger you  
But you want me to cling to you  
And I ain't asking you to change  
Cuz I know I can't jingle you  
I got my ways  
And you have your days  
And we gave it our best shot  
But I just got grazed  
I'm sorry  
Uh  
Boy you got a problem  
(a problem)  
And you ain't foolin no one  
but yourself  
(and you ain't foolin no one)  
Your like a hot revolver  
(a hot revolver)  
But you ain't killin no one  
but yourself  
And Tunechi's gonna  
find someone to love  
And you gon' yourself  
so all alone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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