

President (feat. Currency)

Lil' Wayne

And who i be? Weezy Baby, and honey please, say the baby,

And I got em on they knees, saying baby,

Im a goodfella, they bout to make me

But I been made ho, I been paid ho,

I spent 2000 dollars on these shades ho'

I'm red hot, I'm ice cold

I got enough cheese, keep me out that mice hole

I got nice hoes, I got bad bitches

Yea, Daddy's rich I got their bitches [Chorus]

Hey where we from, new orleans

Hurricanes pussy poppa's murder scenes

And what we drink? (drank)

That lean (lean)

Cuz that liquor get a nigga ass beat (get bout him!)

And what we smoke? That piffy (you know)

Presidential shit, bill clinton (you know)

Black phantom (huh), windows tinted (i love it)

Presidential shit, monica lewinsky

[Verse 1]

Back for the M*tha F*ckn title its your idle,

Get money 'til I die, got my hand on the bible

I'm a scrap what I'm writing wit a hand full of rifle

If ya man feelin Eifel, Imma make his ass leeeeaaan

Yeeah, 60 grand cut the lights on, 40 grand for the floor cut the mic on

Thats right ho, Hawaiian punch sprite so purple wit the 'tuss

Bitch I'm on that leaaaan,

Yeah, and I'm on that green

Won a championship I'm still on that team

Yeah, and I'm ya woman's dream,

And If ya feelin' cold man Imma blow that steam (PFFFF)

Hah, and I'm so damn clean

These leaves cost a stack, that's throw back jeans

You wouldn't know that you don't roll like me

We in the building everything cool until i scream (yeah)

[Chorus]

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Presidential shit, monica lewinsky [Verse 2]

Ridin' in the caddy mo'
Blowin like sachmo
I'm highly strapped low
Baby go from what ya know

Tinteds turn pictures change new photo different frame
Money up, champagne, still posin', same game
Cash money still, do it for the money
Gotta black car, grey car, gas car, green car
Backyard theme park, front yard car show

I'm somewhere in the house
And it's like where's waldo?
Ten bricks straight powder air cargo
Weezy F. straight hustlin' no barcode

You don't know what my heart holds, straight fuel
Take ya bitch from the club make her ass a mule
Put some weight on her back make her ass move
She give daddy money back that's a fast move
40 G's one chain, that's a man jewels
45 for the Jag dude [Chorus]

Hey where we from, new orleans
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And what we drink? (drank)
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Uh, smooth out my mansion to my whip
I leave the bullshit inside wit my bitch
I move the heavy ass gun from my hip
Then I sit the same heavy ass strap on my lap
I'm steady as crack wit the strap
I'm heavy as da-white but Dwayne not fat
I'm right like Betty and the fetti is the facts
The Birdman Junior holla back where ya stack
I'm just tryin' to let my hair back
And chill where they got some air at, Ya hear dat?

Champagne clear liquor put that beer back
Got work so cheap it's on Sears racks

Holla at me on the low I take care of that
And feds buy mixtapes yeah I'm aware of that
But this here is the suffix you scared of dat
When you get shot you know where ya at
And where we from NEW ORLEANS

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

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