

# 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 dollas 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 leeeeaan  
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 leaaan,  
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 (PFFFFF)  
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]  
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 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  
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 3]  
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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