

# White Girls

## Lil Wayne and Young Jeezy

Killa, lemme tell you 'bout my wifey real quick  
Had her wifed up that's what's in and shit ya dig  
Tell you 'bout it  
Yo, she took me out my stinkin' aces to the pinkest bracelet  
Basics to basics, no way you could think I'm racist  
Got a white, girl, tell you that she's quite thorough  
Borough to borough, flew me through this white world  
From Columbia then she moved to Canada  
Now she live in Harlem, writing, you could say I manage her  
Met her in '90, Jayvel was the damager  
I wasn't understanding her, everyone was a friend of her  
That was confusing her, he was abusing her  
That wasn't new to her, bought me a luger brah'  
Of course, of course, never had intercourse  
Of course, of course, without her wouldn't have been a boss  
I would flip for my mama, got me getting my commas  
Paid for my 1st va-ca, a trip to Bahamas  
Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' pirannas  
That's my girl girl, yup so give her some honor  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Oh, yes he did  
My pride and joy, called her butter  
When she bake a cake, I told her we be lovers  
She live with me right, I hide her from my mother  
See she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin' the gutta, no  
I let my baby hang outside with the brothers  
Come back, cake on the bed, the size of the covers  
Shot 5 with a sucka, another 5 with a trucker  
Took a hit without paying, get a dime for my butter  
That's my holy ma-momma, second only to 'ganja  
But I did watch her, played Tony Montana  
Here's a queelo, yep, she'll be back  
For them peso's, yep, she'll be crack  
  
Rocks so bright, money so right  
I got 7 workers, she's snow white  
And you know the steez, I met the ocean breeze

Killa Cam hand to hand with cocoa leafs  
And it's, it's them boys, we get dough  
Ask a fiend 'cause they know  
And don't be shy, where to lie? Yessiry  
We get high fa'sho, dipset, let's ride  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
(Killa)  
Poppa had a dream  
Oh, yes he did  
McGoo said, "That the bird's the word  
But the fur Byrd gang flip bird's on curbs"  
And, it's ya, homey thunny, I got a pony dummy  
Phoney's clone me, calm down, I'm only money  
Like Prince Akee, you the servant semi  
Living Martin's dream as I burn a hemi  
Not concerned with many, got my girl here  
When it come to money, shit, I'm burning plenty  
And poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Oh, yes he did  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Oh, yes he did  
And it's, it's them boys, we get dough  
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