President

Lil' Wayne

(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 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----hey where we from, new orleans
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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

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