Georgia... Bush

Lil' Wayne

This song right here, is dedicated to the president of the United States of America
Y'all might know him as George Bush
But where I'm from, lost city of New Orleans... we call him this
[Ray Charles sample:] Georgia.....
Noooowww
This song is dedicated to the one wit the suit
Thick white skin and his eyes bright blue
So called beef wit you know who
Fuck it he just let him kill all of our troops
Look at the bullshit we been through
Had the niggas sittin on top they roofs
Hurricane Katrina, we shoulda called it Hurricane (Geeoorrggiaa) Bush
Then they tellin y'all lies on the news
The white people smiling like everythin cool
But I know people that died in that pool
I know people that died in them schools
Now what is the survivor to do?
Got to no trailer, you gotta move
Now it's on to Texas and to (Geeoorrggiiaa)
They tell you what they want, show you what they want you to see
But they don't let you know what's really goin on
Make it look like a lotta stealin goin on
Boy them cops is killas in my home
Nigga shot dead in the middle of the street
I ain't no thief, I'm just tryin to eat
Man fuck the police and president (Geeoorrrggiiaa) Bush
So what happened to the levees, why wasn't they steady
Why wasn't they able to control this?
I know some fok' that live by the levee
that keep on tellin me they heard explosions
Same shit happened back in Hurricane Betsy
1965, I ain't too young to know this
That was President Johnson now
but it's (Geeoorrggiiaa) Bush
[Chorus - 2X]We from a town where (Georgia)
Everybody drowned, and
Everybody died, but baby I'm still prayin wich ya
Everybody cryin but (Georgia)
Aint nobody tried, there's no doubt on my mind it was (Georgia) Bush

Noooowwww
I was born in the boot at the bottom of the map
New Orleans baby, now the white house hatin, tryin to wash away like we not on the map
Wait, have you heard the latest, they sayin you gotta have paper if you tryin to come back
Niggas thinkin it's a wrap, see we can't hustle in they trap, we ain't from (Geeoorrggiaa)
Noooww it's them dead bodies, them lost houses, the mayor say dont worry bout it
And the children have been scarred, no ones here to care bout em
And fash out, to all the rappers that helped out
Yea we like it they callin y'all, but fuck president (Geeoorrggiaa) Bush
We see them Confederate flags, you know what it is
A white cracker muthafucka that probably voted for him
And no he ain't gonna drop no dollas, but he do drop bombs
R.I.P. Tay 'cause he died in the storm, fuck president (Geeoorrggiiaa) Bush
See us in ya city man, give us a pound
'cause if a nigga still movin then he holdin it down
I had two Jags, but I lost both them bi-tch-es
I'm from N.O. the N.O. Yea!
[Chorus] niggas like ta poop
([DJ Drama:] oh yea, you thought we was done? Naw)

YEA!
Money money money get a dollar and a dick
Weezy Baby that crack, muthafucka get a fix
Got money out the ass, no homo but I'm rich
Bout to go get surgery and put some diamonds on my wrist YES
Yep, I'm a muthafuckin trip
I'ma trip to Japan and buy some brand new shit
Nine hundred to a grand, get you twenty eight grams
If you talkin bout bricks, I'm the interstate man
And the women say damn, them niggas don't say a damn thing
Boy I bet that shotty make you bounce like a bed-spring
Walkin a thin line, gotta defend mine
And wit no pen I'm sorta like a bomb BOOM
Young toon, yea that's what my people call me
Fifty thousand for the cause, tryin keep the reaper off me
I drink a lotta syrup, bitches say I'm sleep walkin
Big money for the grill, so I'm never cheap talking, yea
Keep talking and the flame leap off the hip
And keep sparking, pap pap sleep softly
Yea, nap nap, nap sack, three forties
Like fuck another nigga, nigga just don't be da target
Young New Orleans nigga, nigga just don't be retarded
We done lost everythin and you lookin like a bargain
Purple weed, purple drink, purple heart sergeant
I'm the best rapper in the game no argin (arguing)

And I don't ever write, pause
Un-pause this, so keep ya bitch ass lines inside the margin
Lil Wayne dot com bitch log in
Put a pillow under your knees and keep ya jaws in
All in ya girl mouth, use her like a toilet
They usually want a baller and the young nigga ballin
Mike Jordan, pardon my swag
Even my father rich as fuck and all my brothers left the family
We said fuck it bought two houses in Miami
I can't wait to do cribs, MTV c'mon get at me
Any rapper wan get at me, tell ya label contact me
Half four hundred for a feature, wanna battle, I'll beat ya
I'm a beast, I'm a preacher, I'm the son of miss cita
Mom dukes, my jeter, she the reason, she the reason
Everybody woman wanna be da boy diva, not even
There's a 305 dime I wanted ever since I seen her
Got a topic of this evenin, hotter than a tub steamin
Gotcha girlfriend dreamin of one day bein Trina
Notta sim seemer, ten ki's in the Beamer
Got a white girl drivin, couldn't do it much cleaner
I'm fly in the sky like that muthafuckin ribbon
Bitches got my name on em, and the nigga still livin
Spend a condo and a club, one bottle won't do
Two bottles won't do, bottles for the whole crew, thanks
And bring me that Patrone, I don't play
No ice I like my drink straight, not gay
And bitch that bank come everyday, I'm paid
I wish a nigga come invade, get sprayed
I stomp a nigga out like I got ten legs
Then they fish the nigga up out the lake in ten days
Behave, no ho, I'm on that Rage Rov
Cash Money, Young Money, ho that money age old
And can't a cage hold this animal from Hollygrove
Sorry mami I be stoned, I be, I be, I be blowed
Got me copy rock star, Weezy Baby fuck these hos
Gotta pay me now for me to even take these hos
Price sizin for a show and the flow
So either Drama is my nigga, or that boy got doe
Go figure that's my nigga, that's my nigga, my nerve
If anybody else want it, sixty thousand a verse

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