

# 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 shoul'da 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 (Geeoorrggiaa)

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 (Geeoorrrrggiaa) 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 (Geeoorrggiaa) 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

Nooooowwww

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 (Geeoorrggiaa) 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>