

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Black Republican

"(Intro)"

Now this is what they've been waiting for

Ya dig, Santana

Weezy F.

Ay Wayne

What up man

What you been workin' on nigga?

Oh you know, I got Currency's new album

And prolly workin' on my album, ya dig

Oh I'm ready to brush my shoulders off and drop my next album too nigga

That's what it is

But dig this, they wanna know what we been workin' on together

That's that "I Can't Feel My Face Shit" they know that

So if they ever thought the South and the North was gonna collide

Guess what, we already did

"(Juelz Santana)"

I'm feelin' like a black Republican

Naw, I can't call it

More like a black Democrat runnin' 'em out of office

Young Barack Obama, I'm all for it

The Rock of Gibraltar has now fallen, on ya

I protect my land like a farmer

Pockets stay chubby like Tikara

Or should I say fat like the Parkers

Tote big guns like I'm still playin' Contra

Y'all washed up like money that's laundered

Y'all funny, I'm bonkers

Honest, girls strapped to my dick like a harness

Rock star, flier than an ostrich

And I cover east, west, north, south like a compass

I shall shine forever, never tarnish

Money buried behind my house like a garden

All green, my bank account's like a forest

I Can't Feel My Face is gettin' started

And Weezy is my accomplice, ya dig

A black activist like Sonny Carson

Stripes of a sergeant, salute me

And chicks, I get 'em high

Higher than turbulence is

White Phantom, lookin' so Fergielicious

I'm from the city of big drugs and murder victims

Its get rich, go to jail and be a murder victim

Ai!

Now all y'all listen

If you can't take the heat, get out the kitchen

"(Lil Wayne)"

I feel like a black Republican

Tote a MAC'n Republican

Act so southern n' die for my brethren

Money, money, money

Like money Mac and publishing

One life to live, never ask for a mulligan

Streets call but the heat make me feel covenant

Been done had cake day late like Anne Sullivan

Fly like an eagle but no I'm no Donovan

Boy you better go eat some soup with your mom n' them

And my mind is on another continent

I am real Cash Money, no counterfeit

I don't parkin' lot pimp I just politick

But I get all in her mouth like parlithins

New always represent it to the inner

Come from the city where the glitter don't glimmer

The sun don't shine and the guns don't sleep
Pick a nigga's ass up like he got somewhere to be

"(Outro)"

And we wanna let the world know
This is not a diss song either people
We don't diss them we dismiss 'em, ya dig
Recognize or step aside, ya dig
We let the music talk, Draught 3
And by the way, it's Santana, I'm back
It's Weezy!
You dudes gotta stand in the mirror backwards 'cause you can't face yourself
Assholes
DipSet for life
Cash Money, whaddup
Young Money