

Lil Wayne, Black Republicans

(feat. Juelz Santana)

[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