

Lil Wayne, Mona Lisa (ft. Kendrick Lamar)

I got a story to tell, you know that I cherish thee
Hope it ain't too many feelings involved
I see niggas in this bitch, stuntin', popping bottles
Getting drunk with these bitches
And when they leave, they get followed
Fall asleep with that bitch
And really don't know much about her
Then she let us in, we take all of your shit
And when you wake up
She help you try to find it, I love it
I be with bitches that be with bitches
That be with niggas with riches
I tell her, get 'em, she say, I got you
I say, no, bitch, I said get him
And they so pretty and they hair lengthy
He hit it and sleep on her titties
And she give us the word
We come through with AKs
It's a stick up, she scream like a victim
Now you, feelin' so silly
I smoke color purple
I'm up in here feelin' like Celie (Ooh)
Nappy ass dreads, what's that you say?
Watch your mouth, milli vanilli (Ooh)
You can get snaked, you can get faked
Out by the bitch that you feeling
'Cause you thought that she was an angel
That bitch ain't no angel, I treat her halo like a frisbee
And you tell her your business, she tell me your business
You tell that bitch what you feeling
All of the beans you be spilling
To you, she lie through her teeth cavities, fillings
She know where you hide it, tell me where it's hidden
She know when you're gone, tell me when to visit
We break in your home and take the specifics
And meanwhile, the bitch is on vacation with him
So she don't get blamed
We don't snatch chains, we find out addresses
And we don't leave messes
You only know that it's gone when you check it
Then your first thought is to start second guessing
She say, what's wrong? You say, nothing, keep resting
She say, what's missing? How you know something missing?
He scratch his head, she say get back in bed
And she gave him some head
Boy, you can't trust them bitches, and then she say
Ooh, I see niggas in this bitch stuntin', poppin' bottles
Gettin' drunk with these bitches
And when they leave, they get followed
I be with bitches that know the bitches
That's with the niggas we followin'
Get them on the line
Stay two cars behind
And tell them hoes, don't be so obvious
Mona Lisa
Long hair, don't care
She handle the business and don't ever tell
She bite the bullet and cough up the shells
She tell him, ooh, daddy, let's go to your place
And if he say, yeah, then we meet him there
She feed him lies with his silverware
She don't want love, she just want her share
I, know a bitch named Liz
This nigga think she his 'cause she tell him that it is

So he tell her all his secrets, he tell her all his fears
And then she tell me, and I be all ears
And then I go and tell my people
And they already know him
And then I call Liz and she say he comin' over
I say, good girl, just remember what I told you
She gave me the salute, I say, girl, you're a soldier
We're waitin' outside, watch him pull up
Walk up to the door and right before he knock
She open the door naked
She left it unlocked
They started french kissing so he didn't see moi
And then she let him in, they stopped on the couch
Music up loud with his head in the cloud
Turn that shit down and I scared the piss out of him
Piss a nigga off, put a gun to his frown
Nigga, turn around, I ain't here to fuck around
I ain't here to fuck around
Caught you wit' your pants down
You know what it is, put your fucking hands up
Liz, that's enough, you can put your hands down
And then he looked dead at her and he shook his head at her
She a good actress and you a dead actor
You'll be dead after we get what we're after
If Liz call you daddy, she about to be a bastard, oh
I got way too many bitches that do anything for me, nigga
But think for me, nigga
Send her to you like she ain't for me, nigga
I hope you alone like bankruptcy, nigga
She pour you a drink, that drink on me, nigga
She slip somethin' in it, now faint for me, nigga
Mona Lisa, I done painted the picture
Mo-Mona Lisa, out the frame on these niggas
Pussy got you out of character, nigga
You fall for these hoes off your ladder, my nigga
Take everything that you have
'Til you don't even have an opinion
We have you attention
And now you're looking down a barrel though, nigga
Now she looking for her pantyhose, nigga
We just looking for the casserole, nigga
But she gon' show us where you stash it though, nigga
Ah, everyday she wake up with a different colour make up
And a promise he gone take her to the movie and the mall
Chilling with the Laker, on the floor, fourth quarter
Fourth minute on the clock, Black Mamba with the ball
Paparazzi lookin' at 'em both poppin' up and take a picture, uh
Probably on a Internet blog
In a minute, he gon' be admitting that he love her on his mother
Man, he wanted meet her mother by tomorrow
Mona Lisa
Pussy good enough, it got him sinnin' in the walls
And he diggin' in it like he livin' in it
Make a new religion with it
Man a nigga 'bout to go against God
Poetry in a pear tree, sweet tone like a hummingbird
When she asked him, did he want to make love in a yellow taxi
Never gave two fuck, jumped in the backseat
Woke up in the morning to The Great Gatsby
Then he dogged it again like the bitch Lassie
I'm a dog in the wind, I'm a pit laughing
I'ma call up again like I did last week
Make good with the friend and I'm all jazzy
Britney with the twin and the girl Ashley
Found out that I fucked, he was unhappy

Bitch, I never let the bullshit get past me
Better yet, I wanna break up, don't you ask me
'Bout a motherfuckin' double standard, acting
Fucking on another nigga, that's negative alone
But you sucked this dick, that's just nasty
Matter of fact, bitch, gimme your phone (No)
You fucking with Wayne? (No)
Bitch, gimme your phone (No)
Let me, let me take this call real quick (Lick me like a lollipop)
He on your fucking ringtone?
Is that the shit that you do?
Touching yourself, looking at Kendrick videos
Jump on the internet, watching his interviews
I don't know what the fuck, lately gotten into you
Tell me who love you, I bet I love harder
Forgot all the shit that I did for your daughter?
The pampers, the Pedialyte and my momma daycare after school
And she never did charge her
You scandalous as fuck, and I hope you blow up
You know what, I give up
Let me go get my gun, I got one in the chamber
I'm plannin' on aimin'
Goddammit, you know that the damage is done
Bitch I'm emotional 'cause I'm in stress
I'm not supposed to go through this, I guess
So in conclusion
Since you like rappers that's killing that pussy
I'm killing myself
She say, ooh, daddy, ooh, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
Ooh, fake smile, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
She say, ooh, no emotion, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
Now he get the picture, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, yeah