

## Lil Wayne f/ Curren\$y "President"

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[Curren\$y]

Uh, yeah, yeah

Hot Spitta, Spitta, south residing

Young Money y'all, Young Money y'all

Yeah

Figured it's time that I step back from the game

And peep it from a coach's point of view

So I can see how niggas went wrong and how the  
players was wrong

And I can do it how a pro supposed to do

No mistakes allowed, you get caskets for that shit

The line of scrimmage is waiting

Niggas is blitzing, you could get sacked quick

Drop back like an all star QB

Or the top on that high-end sports car with two seats

You niggas don't comb the pages of the duPont  
Registry

Looking for vehicles and accessories

Like I do, and every representor of my crew

I get love from cuz and the Pyru

Slide through the drive through of a fast food  
restaurant

Turn the music down and tell the broad what kind of  
sauce I want

Scratch off quickly to a main street, intentions to make  
cheese

Let the windows down and let the purp sing perfectly

The police is peeping me and they don't think that I can  
see

I know they gon' pull me over and make me get out

But I'm onto 'em, spray the crime

Then kill it and talk calm to 'em

Good day officer, what's the problem?

You looking for answers? I don't got none

I'm from New Orleans and New Orleans don't raise no  
rats

You know the consequences of your acts, I'm getting  
money nigga

[Lil Wayne]

Hahaa, I know that's right  
Hello world, yeah  
Yeah, uh huh, music to fly to coming soon y'all

You can see me on the eastside of New Orleans with a  
red bitch  
Fuck the world, make you walk with a leg twitch  
Flow retarded, I'm on some special ed shit  
The magnificent, twist it like a dread bitch  
And I can get up in the car and drive  
And if the record is a smash I can still survive  
Yeah, money ain't a thang but everythang to me  
Shit I gotta make 'em see no sang to me  
Yeah, higher than all of the angels be  
And, no I never choke but I strangle beats  
And, I am just a player in this game we be  
So go blame the referee, don't complain to me  
And I used to have a cutlass on stainless feet  
Passing all day up Latoya Street  
Back when Scarface used to sang to me  
Had me feeling like a G was the thang to be  
Back when I was peddling my ten-speed bike  
Who knew I'd be peddling the six-speed white?  
Big dog through the door where the little dogs bite  
So if you are female dog, you don't fight  
Bitch ass nigga, I ain't got no master  
Rich ass nigga, I got all my masters  
Bitch ass nigga, I ain't got no master  
Rich ass nigga...

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