

## Lil Wayne "Georgia ... Bush"

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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.....

Nooooowww

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 sitting on top they roofs  
Hurricane Katrina, we shoulda called it Hurricane  
(Geeoorrggiaa) Bush  
Then they telling y'all lies on the news  
The white people smiling like everything 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 going on  
Make it look like a lotta stealing going 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 trying to eat  
Man fuck the police and president (Geeoorrggiaa)  
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 telling me they heard the explosions  
Same shit happened back in Hurricane Betsy  
1965, I ain't too young to know this  
That was President Johnson but now  
but it's president (Geeoorrggiaa) Bush

*[Chorus - 2X]*

We from a town where (Georgia)  
Everybody drowned, and  
Everybody died, but baby I'm still praying which ya  
Everybody crying but (Georgia)  
Ain't nobody tried, there's no doubt on my mind it was  
(Georgia) Bush

Noooowwww

I was born in the boot at the bottom of the map  
New Orleans baby, now the white house hating, trying  
to wash away like we not on the map  
Wait, have you heard the latest, they saying you gotta  
have paper if you trying to come back  
Niggas thinking 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 don't worry 'bout it  
And the children have been scarred, no one's here to  
care 'bout 'em  
And fash out, to all the rappers that helped out  
Yea we like it they calling 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 cuz he died in the storm, fuck president  
(Geeoorrggiaa) Bush  
See us in ya city man, give us a pound  
Cuz if a nigga still moving then he holding it down  
I had two Jags, but I lost both them bi-tch-es  
I'm from N.O. the N.O. Yea!

*[Chorus]*

*[(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 muthafucking trip  
I'ma trip to Japan and buy some brand new shit  
Nine hundred to a grand, get you twenty eight grams  
If you talking '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, trying 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 everything and you looking like a bargain  
Purple weed, purple drink, purple heart sergeant  
I'm the best rapper in the game no arguing (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 balling  
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 beat a boy diva, not even  
There's a 305 dime I wanted ever since I seen her  
Got a topic of this evening, hotter than a tub steaming  
Gotcha girlfriend dreaming of one day being Trina  
Notta sim seemer, ten ki's in the Beamer  
Got a white girl driving, 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 living  
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 blown  
Got me copy rock star, Weezy Baby fuck these hos  
Gotta pay me now for me to even take these hos  
Price sizing 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

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