

Lil Wayne "Kings Of New Orleans"

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Uh, 2 braids and a red flag
Big stacks in my pants make my leg drag
I'm so N.O and these hoes love me
I'm too hot like the lord took cold from me
BM J.R that are what my name is
And since the sky's large, I like my plane big
I'm from the city of the brain less
Foreign old dog you can digest just like Kanye did
Young Money honey this my gang bitch
You talking money then you talking our language
I'm bumping Spitta as I roll the weed
I see your bad bitch riding thru the same diss
I'm on, my New Orleans same shit
represent number 17 (Wayne's street number in N.O)
like Mr. Jim Everett
Weezy F. Baby don't forget the F bitch
This is music to fly to like a jet bitch, I'm gone

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