

## **Lil Wayne f/ Juelz Santana**

### **"Black Republicans"**

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[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

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