

# The 1st Lady

Eric Bellinger

Some niggas don't wanna hold hands  
Some niggas don't want no one to know  
Some don't wanna claim to be your man  
Some would rather keep it on the low

But with a face like that, and a body like that  
And a smile like that, with an ass so fat  
Beauty like that with some brains to match

Why wouldn't I wanna tell the world about you, about you, about you?  
Why wouldn't I wanna tell the world about you, about you, about you?  
Why wouldn't I wanna tell the world about what I got at the crib holding me  
down,  
Having my back when no one is around?  
Baby girl, you're my queen. Come get your crown  
All I wanna do is tell the world:

That's my baby!  
Something like the same way Jay be repping for Beyoncé  
That's my baby!  
Something like the same way Barack be repping for Michelle though  
You're my girl though.  
I'm 'a tell the world though  
This love is presidential  
You're my first lady!  
My first lady!

Baby, you're my number one  
I don't put you second to none  
Girl, I worship the rain  
That waters the grass  
That grows on the ground you walk on

Baby, you're my number one  
I don't put you second to none  
You make me so ashamed of the girls in my past (and)

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