

# Mardi Gras

Juvenile

You got a problem with me?  
Fuck you too, all of ya  
I've come to set the party up nigga  
Mardi Gras  
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Who put this shit together?  
Me, Mr. Mardi Gras  
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Who put this shit together?  
Me, Mr. Mardi Gras

Drew Brees my yard up  
Uptown my wards up  
I'm amped up and I'm chosed up  
I stunt too, my car's up  
Got plenty hoes, my broad's up  
Champagne on my dog's uh  
A snot nose I bossed up  
I staged rap and my car's up  
Bring it back  
Drew Brees my yard up  
Uptown my wards up  
I'm amped up and I'm chosed up  
I stunt too, my car's up  
Got plenty hoes, my broad's up  
Champagne on my dog's uh  
A snot nose I bossed up  
I staged rap and my car's up  
I lose some and I win some  
You cock-blocking my income  
Don't howl a lot in my ear drum  
Cause rules break, I bent some  
Seen threats, I meant 'em  
No stress no tension  
Chest up no flitching  
Old dog no pension  
I move work at jet speed  
This rap shit my pet peeve  
I smoke sum of the best weed  
Your bitch on my testies  
The fan choose their best leads  
Won't lock me, won't X me  
It's more of y'all and less of me  
I bash it don't threat me  
Benjamin's in my pockets  
Credit card in my wallet  
Every day I make a little profit  
It's not tricking the hoes if I got it  
I bounce back hydraulic  
Make noise sole in my body  
I keep my hand on my shottie

Run up on you boys  
You get bide it

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Fuck which that ain't no kids  
Cause my team can't coach me  
My bank account my trophies  
That brown shit no opies  
My root's strong like oak trees  
I'm sky high like nose bleeds  
Now get away from my doe please  
Just go please  
No, go please  
Bed time, no wonder  
If it catch me, that's my shit  
They keep a real with no hoe shit  
They can't chew that show shit  
That's up town, that's down town  
That's Z spank, that's what spank  
At sea side, that's what side  
It's going on nigga let's drink  
Slow it down I can't do  
I'm old school like chateaus  
I'm cracked up in my plamo  
You looking broke in them chair clothes  
Your name shot, no game shot  
Now what the hell you gonna tell hoes?  
You dirty like a motel floor  
You need to lotion those elbows  
I'm Mardi Gras official  
All these women acting like strippers  
They want to show me their tities  
They like throw me something please mister  
Benjamin's in my pockets  
Credit card in my wallet  
I bounce back hydraulic  
Run up on you boys  
You get bide it

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