

Mona Lisa

Lil' Wayne

I got a story to tell
You know that I cherish these
Hope it ain't too many feelings involved

I see niggas in this bitch, stuntin', poppin' bottles
Gettin' drunk with these bitches
And when they leave they get followed
Fall asleep with that bitch and really don't know much about her
Then she let us in, we take all of your shit
And when you wake up, she help you try to find it, I love it

I be with bitches that be with bitches
That be with niggas with riches
I tell her, "Get 'em," she say, "I got you"
I say, "No, bitch, I say get 'em"
And they so pretty and they hair lengthy
He hit it and sleep on her titties
And she give us the word, we come through with AKs
It's a stick up, she scream like a victim
Now you feelin' so silly
I smoke color purple, I'm up in here feelin' like Celie (ooh)
Nappy-ass dreads, what's that you say?
Watch your mouth, Milli Vanilli (ooh)
You can get snakes, you can get face
I'll buy the bitch that you feelin'
'Cause you thought that she was an angel
That bitch ain't no angel, I treat her halo like a frisbee
And you tellin' your business, she tell me your business
You tell that bitch what you feelin'
All of the beans you be spillin'
To you she lie through her teeth cavities, fillings
She know where you hide to tell me where it's hidden
She know when you're gone, tell me when to visit
We break in your home and take the specifics
And meanwhile the bitch is on vacation with him
So she don't get blamed, we don't snatch chains
We find out addresses and we don't leave messes
You only know that it's gone when you check it
Then your first thought is to start second guessin'
She say, "What's wrong?", he say, "Nothin', keep restin'"
She say, "What's missin'?", "How you know somethin' missin'?"
He scratch his head, she say get back in bed
And she gave him some head
Boy, you can't trust them bitches, and then she say ooh

I see niggas in this bitch stuntin', poppin' bottles
Gettin' drunk with these bitches
Then when they leave they get followed
I be with bitches that know the bitches
That's with the niggas we followin'
Get them on the line, stay two cars behind
And tell them hoes, "Don't be so obvious!"
Mona Lisa, long hair, don't care
She handle the business and don't ever tell
She bite the bullet and cough up the shells
She tell 'em, "Ooh, daddy, let's go to your place!"
And if he say yeah, then we meet him there

She feed him lies with his silverware
She don't want love, she just want her share

I know a bitch named Liz
This nigga think she his 'cause she tell him that it is
So he tell her all his secrets, he tell her all his fears
And then she tell me, and I be all ears
And then I go and tell my people and they already know him
And then I call Liz and she say he comin' over
I say, "Good girl, just remember what I told you"
She gave me the salute, I say, "Girl, you're a soldier"
We're waitin' outside, watch him pull up
Walk up to the door and right before he knock
She open the door naked, she left it unlocked
They started French kissin' so he didn't see moi
And then she let him in, they stopped on the couch
Music up loud with his head in the clouds
Turn that shit down and I scared the piss out of him
Piss a nigga off, put a gun to his frown
Nigga, turn around, I ain't here to fuck around
I ain't here to fuck around, caught you wit' your pants down
You know what it is, put your fuckin' hands up
Liz, that's enough, you can put your hands down
And then he looked dead at her and he shook his head at her
She a good actress and you a dead actor
You'll be dead after we get what we're after
If Liz call you daddy, she about to be a bastard, oh
I got way too many bitches that do anything for me, nigga
But think for me, nigga
Send her to you like she ain't for me, nigga
I hope you alone like bankruptcy, nigga
She pour you a drink, that drink on me, nigga
She slip somethin' in it, now thank for me, nigga
Mona Lisa, I done painted the picture
Mo-mona Lisa, out the frame on these niggas
Pussy got you out of character, nigga
You fall for these hoes off your ladder, my nigga
Take everything that you have 'til you don't even have an opinion
We have your attention
And now you're lookin' down a barrel though, nigga
Now she lookin' for her pantyhose, nigga
We just lookin' for the casserole, nigga
But she gon' show us where you stash it though, nigga

Ah, everyday she wake up with a different color make up
And I promise to go take her to the movie and the mall
Chillin' with the Laker, on the floor, fourth quarter
Four minute on the clock, Black Mamba with the ball
Paparazzi lookin' at 'em both poppin' up and take a picture, uh
Probably on a Internet blog
In a minute, he gon' be admittin' that he love her on his mother
Man, he want to meet her mother by tomorrow
Mona Lisa
Pussy good enough, it got 'em sendin' into wars
And he diggin' in it like he livin' in it
Make a new religion with it, man a nigga 'bout to go against God
Poetry in a pear tree
Sweet tone like a hummingbird, when she asked him
Did he want to make love in a yellow taxi
Never gave two fuck, jumped in the backseat
Woke up in the morning to The Great Gatsby
Then he dogged it again like the bitch Lassie
I'm a dog in the wind, I'm a pit laughing

I'ma call up again like I did last week
Make good with the friend and I'm all jazzy
Britney with the twin and the girl Ashley
Found out that I fucked, he was unhappy
Bitch, I never let the bullshit get past me
Better yet, I wanna break up, don't you ask me
'Bout a motherfuckin' double standard, acting
Fucking on another nigga, that's a negative alone
But you sucked this dick, that's just nasty
Matter of fact, bitch, gimme your phone! (No)
You fuckin' with Wayne? (No)
Bitch, gimme your phone!
No, let me, let me take this call real quick
(...lick me like a lollipop) He on your fuckin' ringtone?
Is that the shit that you do?
Touchin' yourself, lookin' at Kendrick videos
Jump on the internet, watchin' his interviews
I don't know what the fuck lately gotten into you
Tell me who love you, I bet I love harder
Forgot all the shit that I did for your daughter?
The pampers, the Pedialyte and my momma
Daycare after school and she never did charge her
You scandalous as fuck and I hope you blow up
You know what, I give up, let me go get my gun
I got one in the chamber I'm plannin' on aimin'
Goddamn it, you know that the damage is done
Bitch I'm emotional 'cause I'm in stress
I'm not supposed to go through this, I guess
So in conclusion, since you like rappers that's killin' that pussy
I'm killin' myself

She say, ooh Daddy ooh, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
Ooh, fake smile, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
She say, ooh, no emotion, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
Now he get the picture, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, yeah