

Mona Lisa (feat. Kendrick Lamar)

Lil Wayne

[Intro: Kendrick Lamar]

I got a story to tell, you know that I cherish thee
Hope it ain't too many feelings involved [Verse 1: Lil Wayne]
I see niggas in this bitch, stuntin', popping bottles
Getting 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 'im"
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 feeling so silly
I smoke color purple, I'm up in here feeling like Celie (ooh)
Nappy ass dreads, what's that you say?
Watch your mouth, Milli Vanilli (ooh)
You can get snaked, you can get faced
I'll buy the bitch that you feeling
'Cause you thought that she was an angel
That bitch ain't no angel, I treat her halo like a frisbee
And you telling your business, she tell me your business
You tell that bitch what you're feeling
All of the beans you be spilling
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'll 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 guessing
She say, "What's wrong?"
He say, "Nothing, keep resting"
She say, "What's missing?" "How you know something missing?"
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', popping bottles
Getting drunk with these bitches and when they leave, they get followed
I be with bitches that know the bitches that's with the niggas we following
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 'im, "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 kissing 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 cloud

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 fucking 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 something 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 looking down a barrel though, nigga

Now she looking for her pantyhose, nigga

We just looking for the casserole, nigga

But she gon' show us where you stash it though, nigga
[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar & Lil Wayne]
Ah, everyday she wake up with a different color make up
And I promise to go take her to the movie and the mall
Chilling with the Laker, on the floor, fourth quarter, four minute on the clock, Black Mamba
with the ball
Paparazzi looking at them both popping up and take a picture, uh
Probably on a Internet blog
In a minute, he gon' be admitting that he love her on his mother
Man, he want to meet her mother by tomorrow
Mona Lisa
Pussy good enough, it got 'em sending into wars
And he digging in it like he living 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 more 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 motherfucking 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 fucking with Wayne? (No)
Bitch, gimme your phone
(No, let me take this call real quick)
...lick me like a lollipop
He on your fucking ringtone?
Is that the shit that you do?
Touching yourself, looking at Kendrick videos
Jump on the internet, watching 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 get buck, let me go get my gun, I got one in the chamber
I'm plannin' on aimin', God dammit, 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 killing that pussy I'm killing myself

[Outro: Lil Wayne]

She say, ooh, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa

Ooh, fake smile, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa

She say, ooh, Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa

Now he get the picture Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>