

# 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

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