

Mardi Gras

Juvenile

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