

# I Don't Like the Look of It (feat. Gudda Gudda)

Lil Wayne

Gudda! Okay, I'm sippin on the syrup  
Got a nigga moving slow  
I'm all about the money  
What the fuck you think I do it for?  
Bitch don't act like you don't know  
I'm killing all these rap niggas  
Custom made casket for your motherfuckin' funerals  
Keep the women with me  
Shit I gotta keep like two or more  
Party everyday like we won the fucking Superbowl  
Chillin wit my nigga Mack, he keep bitches handy  
White girl on the table, let 'em sniff the nose candy  
When I'm walking by the women say "Who is that nigga?"  
I reply: "Hi, I am Gudda Gudda, that nigga"  
I was raised in the home of the Cap Splitters  
Whip on 24's, watch it crawl like a caterpillar  
I come with a toy boy like a Happy Meal  
And you's a motherfuckin' duck, Daffy Dill  
I'm from the school of Hard Knocks, where we scrap and kill  
Pick the knife or gun and you can get the package deal  
I'm hot nigga, burning everything around me  
I was lost for a minute, took a while but I found me  
The streets say I'm King, but the game will never crown me  
Realist nigga doin' it, just ask the niggas around me  
So you can't size me up or try to clown uh  
Shark in the water, jump in and I'mma drown ya  
New Orleans nigga, gun out, I'mma down ya  
Put niggas to sleep like a motherfuckin' downer  
I'm a Great White, you's a flounder  
Fish and a bitch, I tuna everything around ya  
U-Haul Gudda, moving everything around ya  
It's Young Money bitch  
At the top is where they found us nigga  
Uhh, goons on deck  
Marley don't shoot 'em  
Silence on the gun  
Watch a nigga mute 'em  
The coach in the booth  
Call me Jon Gruden  
School these niggas, they all my students

All jokes aside, I ain't playin' witcha  
The weed broke down, like a transmission  
The Choppa spin him round, like a ballerina  
Bitch I'm still spittin' like I ate a Jalapeno  
I'm from Uptown, my bitch from Argentina  
My pockets on fat like Joey Cartagena  
Stunt so hard, it's all y'all fault  
And when it come to beef, give me A1 Sauce  
I ain't worryin' 'bout shit, everything paid out  
You could catch me courtside in Dwayne Wade's house  
With a high yellow thick bitch, with her legs out  
Cash Money President but we in a red house  
Who the fuck want it? Make my fuckin' day  
I blow your candles out, now nigga cut the cake  
I gotta eat bitch, like a run-away  
Y'all niggas ain't eatin', stomach ache  
Okay, all these bitches and niggas still hatin'  
I used to be ballin', but now I'm Bill Gatein'  
Fuckin' with my iPhone, bumpin' Illmatic  
I'm on the road to riches, there's just a lil traffic  
Hair still platted, thuggin' is a habit  
Keep my guitar, Hip Hop Lenny Kravitz  
Bunch of bad bitches and I fuck 'em like rabbits  
Dope dick Weezy, ya girlfriend an addict  
Uhhh  
Haha

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>