

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/>