

It's Young Money (feat. Gudda Gudda)

Lil Wayne

I gets it in all day
In the studio all work, no play
I could pay a visit to your block broad day
Fuck what ya'll say I spit raw hard yay
Millz twisting up the sticky not that barnyard hay
We just getting to the money then get on our way
Yep, 3 whips back to back
Followed by a Cadillac truck
Sluts with us, fake tits and they asses fat
Gudda ain't ya average cat, I'm something like a savage gat
Came up in the jungle and adjusted to this habitat
I'm sick of niggas garbage raps
I ain't bout to battle rap
Grab the gat, hit em in his chest make a cabbage patch
I'm after that cheddar cheese nigga
Where the cabbage at?
Gudda Gudda muthafucker there'll be nothin' after that
I'm bout to go HAM on this muthafucking track
In fact I'm better than a lot of niggas better get yo raps intact
See me on that big screen and think shits sweet
Diarrhea music when I let this hot shit leak
Uhh, take heed and listen when a real nigga speak
Or slide down a razor blade up shits creek, nigga
Uhh, I'm screaming MOB
Money Over Bullshit
Don't Bullshit meHello World it's Little full clip me
Got that wake yo ass up can't let the bullshit sleep
It's Young Money(It's Young Money)It's Young Money
We take money
It's Young Money
(It's Young Money)It's Young Money
We make money
Biatch
I'm talking big money bitch
Hammer stay cocked like Alfred the Hitch
Take money like a pimp make money like a mint?
Gettin money is the only time life make sense
People like me, but people like spiders
And spiders eat flies and you know what flies eat
And kids are the only ones that really blush
I'm real as fuck
I pull that thing and hit em up

That bullet travel hit a gut
Then hit ya fitted up
Hit ya whole city up
Hit ya while ya laying down
Shots leave ya sittin up
Run in the bathroom on ya girl and get a titty fuck
Right after I buss a nut I buss the gun get rid of her
Ya bunch of pussy's having a pity party
My guns look like they in kindergarten
I'm the dirtiest seed in any garden
Got more stripes on my sleeve than any sergeant
The paralysed feel me, the blind see me
And the deaf can hear me
And the smart fear me
Wh-which side you on?
Hi-highway to heaven, I would drive you home
UhhUhh, I'm screaming MOB
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BiatchEagle street where them twenty's go for 25
Bitch I'm a boss I got ya hoe in my assembly line
Here's Weezy F and the F is for Finish line
I saved us from hip hop genocide
Medication in my cup because my flow sick
Got a syringe in my draws, call it dope dick
And my girls say you niggas can't fuck with me
Check my footsteps look like there was couple me's
We ain't promised tomorrow but I feel immortal
Bullets beat yo ass up like Miguel Cotto
I'm the real Zorro, Rest in peace Torro
And when I die, bury me in all Polo
Kanyeezy's on my feet with two pony tails
Bitch I'm hotter than going to hell
Oh well and the money is my only mail
And I'm the God sippin' syrup out the Holy Grail
Oh well
And you ain't on shit, nigga you ain't on shit
Its Young Mula baby lose ya mind on every song bitch
I'm in that cherry tone six
I'm with a cherry tone bitch
And she got very strong lips
She got baritone lips so I tell her carry on bitch

And when you in my home bitch
You are coming out of your house of Dereon shit
Twitter Wayne at the top of every song list
I'm spittin like a long kiss
Live from the throne bitchUhh, I'm screaming MOB
Money Over Bullshit
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