

Red Rum

Gudda Gudda

All red GT, dipping in that turning lane
Red rum Gudda bitch, I come here to murder lames.
YMCB, call that shit the murder game
The booth is like a coffin, when I get in here
I murder thangs I'm on one, where them hoes at
They want a picture with me, call me Kodak
Johhny cope nigga, I let them hole that
Real nigga though, but you already know that

Lego,
I'm on the paper chase and I ain't stopping for a second
I was starving then I ate and now I'm back here for my seconds
I am living out my dreams, chilling with your queen
And her legs and her thighs is where I'm tryna get between
Man, I'm trying get in loose, patron mixed with the juice
Louisiana mood, nigga, coming straight from out the booth
And I'm spitting on you bitches like I got a missing tooth.
David Copperfield roof, hit the button nigga poof.
I'm on fire, I'm on fire, pistol singing like the choir
Get your girl in my bed, make her hit high notes like Mariah
Man, my cup is still muddy, dirty sprite I love it.
Hit the party, spike the punch man
I be thuggin' it in public
I'm a wild boy, strapped like a cowboy
2 revolvers in the holster, click pow boy.
Fuck next nigga, I got 9 boy
Dope flow, have some coke and a smile, boy.

Red rum, nigga, red rum,
I'm coming murder shit,
Bitch here I come.
Red rum nigga, red rum,
I say I'm coming murda shit,
Bitch, here I come.

Believe me when I tell you boy, ain't a soul stopping mine
It's MOB but best believe, we throwing up them dollar signs
Stop a slime, I make my young niggas turn shit to collabine
Trench coat, yappers underneath forget you blocking line
We popping 5 I'm on it, just stroll on my opponents
Put a hole in the middle where your head is and call that a donut
Young and reckless talking reckless, you don't respect it then you check it
Scope on your thong, you check me, I don't check it.
50 grand up in this duffle
I don't need to double check it
Shit I got it from the Birdman you might find something extra
YMCB for business, God is my witness
I'm the sickest nigga spitting, the flow is nasty like syphilis
I'm a ted big gifted, you niggas is on my shit list
5 thousands to the shooter, now niggas is on my hit list.
Stacking dollar after dollar, boy, that's how to break 'em.
Murder 1, click clack, boy we call that red rum.

Red rum, nigga, red rum,
I'm coming murder shit,
Bitch here I come.