

Red Rum Outro

Gudda Gudda

Yea, it go Young Money, Young Money, can't nobody see us
I come to bring the noise and the racket like Serena
Leaving rappers stranded in the water like FEMA
Cause they WWF, fake John Cenas
MCEemer, who got the keys to my Beamer?
Give em to my baby mama, let er ride cleaner
I don't call em rap niggas, I call em rap divas
Cause these niggas got legs with a pussy in-between em
Son I'm like Phoenix, charm was the meaning of a real killa with his nuts hangin to the ceiling
Holla if you see me, real niggas only
If you fake look the other way and walk straight homie
I ain't here to diss, I'm her to dismantle
Beats cut them more in, I'm a burn in like a candle
Too hot to handle, too cold to hold
I'm a stand up nigga, boy I'm too bold to fold
I'm a east side nigga, gun under my pillow
Pistol whip yo head, back and forth like Willow
Never been a soft boy, I'm rough like thriller
And I'm 10 times worse when I pop a cup of Skittles
I'm rollin, rollin, car not stolen
Light skinned it nigga but my neck look golden
Money I'm countin, haters keep doubtin
Rappin at my peak, at the peak of the mountain
That mean I'm on top and you'll never see me floppin
When my album drop I bet the fans go and cop it
Spittin straight classics, turn the tray to aces
Ball hard with the rock and I ain't never passin
Down south nigga with a east coast spirit
In the booth turn the mic on and I'm a get it loose
It's been a hard road but I'm a get through
Hard work pays off, baby I'm the living proof
No toilet in the studio, I'm shittin in the booth
And the raps that I'm writin got me sittin in the coup
Young Money Cash Money, name a better crew
Bow down to the team, that's what you bet I'm do
I'm a keep goin like the Energizer bunny
Like I told you on my first tape, I'm getting to the money
And I'm all about the dolla, if you not don't holler
And I got a couple problems but the money will solve it
I'm a east side nigga, New Orleans night boy
Livin like Bruce Willis, nigga I'm a die hard
You got hate in yo eyes, I can see it
And my young killas with me, wearin stripes like Adidas
And I'm a keep glowin, freestyle flowin
But I don't rap for free, it's a fee when I'm flowin
I'm back on my bullshit, extension with the full clip
To kick back from the click clack and make a full flip
I'm on the road to riches, it's a must now
But I'm still stuck up in the traffic like rush hour
All my niggas crazy, animals, hostile
We the red army, marching like Moscow