

## 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