

Finale

Tyga

What it do n****
This your n**** T-Streets bang bang
In the building
This young money
First up
My n****, Gudda Gudda
Double "G"
Blap, blap

They call me Young Gudda,
I'm all about the doe still,
And anybody in my way, Roadkill,
Everything my hands touch turn to gold,
Money, Knots and Jewels with no records sold, (Yeah)
I'm Manhandling rappers with no effort,
So imagine what'll happen when I start applying pressure,
Guillotine flow who ready to get severed n****
In or out the booth you could get leveled n****

Now we goin' take it to Harlem
Millz, let'go

Yo,
We are Young Money,
N**** you can't chocha,
It's bout to get real ugly, Amarosa,
Y-M vultures, there ain't a family dooper,
We done changed the way the game look, Sammie Sosa, (Ha ha)
This is life this ain't a job, Audemare and Shapor,
Just symbolize I go hard,
Navy on Navy Camero I did all for the Yankees,
Did it all for New York and this love no need to thank me

Now we goin' take this to the west coast
Tyga Tyga

Uh, fast money I don't slow dance,
Young Money muthaf***a' till the world end,
Money over weight, b****, Rosanne,
I don't listen to these kids, grown man,
Skinny n**** dubbed dough low hand,
Lindsey the white Benz, same color Mike skin,
Make ya soul spin when the pin loading,
Au revoir, goodbye, now applaud

Yeah, now its child's play n****
My lil' "G" Lil' Chuckee

Young money lil' G,
Battle juice in my blood,
Jumpin' at the boy,
Man, you better have ya bungee cord,
Since Wayne took me off the leash,
I ain't lose a fight yet,
Now come drag ya dog out the ring how he love that,
Young wit' a attitude, watch how ya talk to me,
Keep playin' freddy boi, I'll leak on ya elm street,

Trouble is what you want dog, pain is what you don't get,
It's Young money till the bone grizzle, ya dig

Now we got the hottest n**** on the internet
Lil' Twist Hefner

Young money good night,
And yeah I'm goin' shine like an ultra violet light,
Lil' Twist cold cellar like its opening tonight,
Going for the first n**** to write,
You need a telescope sight,
To try to see me, I'm so far gone,
Even though I'm goin' off kids, I'm so far on
I gotta house full of chicks like the playboy home,
Wrapping up my lifestyle and I smashed this song
Twizzy

Yeah next up
We got the best raptress alive
Nicki Minaj

I'm in that cotton pink Bent',
Put ma** on the guts,
White on white whips,
Kunta Kinte on the clutch,
You at the bottom of the pole, Totem,
Like Lamar Odom, I ball, scrotum,
Flier than a cricket so they call me Nicki Jim-any,
And it's going down like Santa in the chimney,
You don't ball break ya baby back ribs,
You need more a**istance than the handicap kids

Now the beautiful Ms. Shanell

Young money we rockstars,
So f*** wit' ya magnum on,
And hold on, we go long,
You feel that, we get that,
We in that, we run that, we bus back,
We hit 'em when we see 'em coming back for more,
Back for more

Next up my n**** Mack Maine
Stupid-Mack-Nupid
One Hundred

Michael, Wade family in the building you can't hold us,
Me, taz and Wayne we the three new moguls,
Buffet around here y'all boys scrape the plates,
And we don't eat up in our whispa' they got paper plates,
Soon as we leave the club damn let the models go,
One word I forgot to say on his album, Hollygrove!
This track different now they nod this the genesis,
Young money murderers, we killin' s***,
Forever

Toronto, Drizzy, get 'em

Alright I got this, you can never get this
I built it up from nothin' you would think I'm playin' Tetris,
Thousand dollar sweater on but I never sweat s***,
Swear the beats they give me got a mu'f***in' death wish,
Yeah, tell me who controls kings,

I don't follow rules, stupid old things,
I'm flying through the city in a coupe with those wings,
My team deserves some muthaf***in' supa'bow! rings,
Young Money

(Weezy, Weezy, Weezy, Weezy)

I'm so in this b****, C-E-O in this b****,
Lil' Weezy stand tall, Tippy-toe in this b****
Blood gang muthaf***a' da da doe in this b****,
Make ya girl get Barry Manilow in this b****,
In the body of the World, money is the blood,
And everyday I be back and forward to the blood bank,
Uh making deposits till I f***ing faint,
New Orleans, n**** how 'bout them f***ing saints,
Its tight on our end call that Bubba Franks,
Matter fact its too tight add a couple links,
I'm the bars-tender you a women drink,
Yeah its young money but the money ain't,
Gudda tough, Nelly nice, Nick nasty,
Streets bad, Tyga ill, Drake magic,
Millz Harlem, Chuck wild, Twist Dallas,
And Mack Maine rap, sing and manage,
Uh

It's young mula baby