

# Mo Murda

## Gudda Gudda

Let's go  
Millz  
Gudda, what up, my G?  
Vado, what's poppin, slime?  
Young Money, most hated

OK it's nothing on TV, so I'm spaced out getting fried  
Tryna find a way to fuck one of the Basketball Wives  
These niggas all lies, all pies  
Hard around the edges but soft as fuck inside  
I'm on some new shit, you got out on some fluke shit  
Back to Guddaville, bitch, this that part 2 shit  
Free Weezy, free Rem  
Free Lil Boosie, free C-Gudda and free Sims  
Young Money Cash money champs, check the sells  
Disrespect us, well pound key, epic fail  
Rich nigga engine, V sixteen  
I'm happy as a motherfucker but my whip mean  
Money never lie, only a fool would threaten I  
You ever saw Casino, think about how Pesci die?  
It's Millz, bitch, super fly and extra high  
'Bout to go to the moon, soon as she say, "Hi", I tell her, "Bye"

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I got my "Free Lil Wayne" T on (Yes)  
Name Vado, only my mother can call me Teyon  
'Nough work to break down and put my team on  
Shit wriggled, grip the iron to get my seam on (Huh)  
Get straightened out when you lean wrong  
I walk with a band, every hero should have a theme song (Yes)  
Chef with it, my swag passed gimmick  
Splash critics, admit it or get admitted  
niggas ain't spitting, y'all ad libbing  
watch son pass like  
Once you finish, leave the rest on the plate  
And the fiends a few samples, now the rest want a taste  
From being stand up to sitting at the desk with the jake  
Act up, make a movie out 'em then edit his face, wow  
Slow your role, start pressing your brakes  
Rub you down to the ground's how I'm addressing the hate  
Vado

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Yeah I gets busy, Chuck Taylors stay crispy  
Hit the stage, then I leave, and your bitch coming with me (Yeah)  
Homie, you can't clone me (Nope), purple shit, I'm on it (Po' up)  
I am in the zone and I'm ripping up all opponents  
I don't save hoes, and I would never condone it  
Hit her with the bone and I'm gone early in the morning  
I'm sick, ho, sick flow, I'm catching pneumonia  
Cough up the beat and I spit on the microphone  
I'm a beast, I'm a dawg, ain't nothing you can do with me  
Styrofoam got the Pimp C in the Screw in it  
I'm from New Orleans, nigga, home of the bodybags  
Where the fiends'll kill a nigga for a powder bag  
My money looking right, nigga, I ain't gotta brag  
Got my girl every Louis purse, now she want Prada bags  
No problem, love, Im'a grab them for ya  
'Cause you was here when I was broke, them other bitches wasn't  
Too G and I ain't talking Gucci  
I'm talking Gudda Gudda, paper stack like loose leaf, uh  
Rocket in my pocket, kick like Bruce Lee  
Or I can slap you in your mouth, have a couple lose teeth, nigga murda

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