

New Born

Gudda Gudda

Ok, if you ain't getting money who the fuck are you to judge me?
Mama think I'm handsome but the flow is so ugly
Trust me, cash rules everything around me
New Orleans east side, streets is where they find me
Real nigga, fake niggas get the fuck from round me
The choppas start to turn your brain into some ground meat
I'll be hustling until the day my clock stops
I'm pelican fly, looking down from the top
I can't stop, won't stop, haters wonder why
Whenever land, I tell the man they ain't seein I
My feet got the fliest kicks you prolly ever seen
And a fresh low T, Levi's as my jeans

Ok, I'm fresher than a new born
All black shades on
Polo T snapback,
Fresh pair of J's on

I'm tryina take Alice to Wonderland
And make that ass pop like a rubber band
I got the upper hand, I'm going up her skirt
Young Hugh Hefner, I'm a fucking flirt
Let's get it, talking money then I'm with it
No, I'm not the best rapper but I bet I am the realest
From New Orleans to Philly, I get bread in every city
I get head in every city, my bitches got ass and titties
I got dimes that's my work, cause I'm fly like a bird
Stickin dip my hands on chickens, I could fly em till you curve
When I spit it's like a pistol with a red dot
Lyrical homicide, red rum, headshot

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Bein fly is my hobby, my closet like a mall
And it takes me like an hour, just to see what I be rocking
Got a million options, no matter what I wear
The bitches gotta stop and stare
Cause I'm fly like a robin
Young money motherfucker, all you dummy motherfuckers
Stop hating and go and get you some money motherfucker
Double G bitch, that's my name hoe
Got the club jumping, bitch you know who they came for

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