

Muffuga

T-Pain

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Teddy, uh, uh
Listen up

All you gotta do is call 1-9 hunned (hunned)
Son I'm stunnin' (stunnin')
You just a miscarriage (what?)
Son not coming (With what?)
With nothing, bitch I'm sweet now
This nigga's big enough to make a stucked-
up cheeck sound (goddamn!)
Teddy Propane (pain)
Lyrical cocaine
Custom made outfit (yeah)
Flyer than four planes (woah!)
How could you deny the genius of my work ethic (damn)
Cause all you crazy ass niggas that need to work edit (yeah)
I need to take my medication on the daily basis
I got some shit inside of me and I can't wait to say this
Cause I'm a lose a lot of friends in the process
But this the ones that been fucking up all my progress
But I digress and you die slow
I ain't ate enough rappers, I need 'bout five mo'
But before I style on 'em, let me cover up
Cause I don't want no rap stains on my button-up (Yeah)