

Fuck Da Bullshit (feat. Birdman)

Young Money

Yeah, cut me up, gimme a light
Yeah, and by the way nigga it's Young Mula, first ladyUh, yo, yo, let us begin with a bad lil' specimen
Ballenciaga's is all these things I be steppin' in
Pucci baby suits, only thing I'm dressin' in
'Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteranGot 'em writin' love letters in they journal
Keep 'em in these toes like a midget at the urinal
Bad as I wanna be
She ain't bad, she a sad and a wanna beYeah, fuck da bullshit, it's big money poppin'
Young Mula, yeah, just like that
What up young nigga?
Let's go, GuddaOkay, we runnin' this shit when we walk in the buildin'
Got bitches from wall to wall, hoes hangin' from the ceilin'
Young Money, we 'bout to kill 'em, I promise I'll make a million
And if they didn't have no hands I'll bet 'em bitches gon' feel 'emI'm talkin' money and power, you getting'
money? I doubt it
Fresher than baby powder with your bitch in the shower
That pussy I'ma devour, I beat it up 'til it's sour
No need for you to even trip, bitch, I'll be done in an hour, let's goThey say the blacker the berry, the redder the
cherry
I say the sweeter it is ya dig bury
Then the bullshit varies and it got me wary
But I know two of the same, call it murdered and marriedHustlin' is so necessary with no avisaries
But it ain't no love like a calendar with no February
I'ma need four secretaries and 4 Bloody Mary's
I'ma go eat me sum pussy and choke up the cherry, I'm goneYeah, fully loaded with it, to the ceilin' with it
More money than ya ever seen nigga, aight, Drizzy DrakeKill the game, no one recovers the murder weapon
Young angel, if you hate me tell me, burn in heaven
How'd you sleep on me, the highest earning freshmen
Like ya third infection, I hope you learned ya lessonYeah, I spit raw but I prefer protection
I own a heart and a mind and a shirt she slept in
Bitch, I got the answer and still ain't heard the question
I shut ya club down, please reserve my sectionFuck a confrontation, they ain't no cakin' it
And I'm cakin' bitch so tell me why I take a break from it
The mother of your child always tell you I'm her favorite
She call me her baby, not the one she was in labor withShe say, "Oh, you taste good", I say, "Oh, just savor it"
She know that she love a nigga, I be on that major shit
'Cause I get paid to stand and I get paid to sit
So I don't walk around with money, baby girl, I'm made of it

Songwriters

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