

Gouda (Ft. B-Legit, Stressmatic)

E-40

Gouda, sick wid it records
BME, Warner Brothers, the machinery
Ooh, look out pimp
Heavy on the grindin' entertainment
Stovetop productions Ooh, hustlers are us
My game sharper than an elephant's tusk
Me, myself and I the only that I can trust
Sleep with one eye open finger on the pistol clutch I got my hands and everything, I'm real instrumental
I'm as real as they come and don't need no bitch potential
When I was comin' up there certain things we don't allow
Like long fingernails and men arching they eyebrows Here's another thing I don't condone and don't approve
How all of a sudden snitchin' became cool? I dunno
Gamed up I be chewin' on this mack granite
OG Jay be stomped that laced that niggas posted never can I brought the baddest broad in the whole facilitation
All by way of mouthpiece just by my manipulation
I can make it look like I'm at my best when I'm at my worst
Persuade the broad to put on the dress and break her for her purse Ten wraps and a rubber band
(Gouda)
Three or four more in my other hand
(Gouda)
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty
(Gouda)
Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty
(Chalupa) Gettin' money, I'm a stunna, man
(Gouda)
In a Lac shootin' box like a hundred grand
(Gouda)
Forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five
(Gouda)
Eighty-five, ninety-five, wait, what am I doing?
(Chalupa) A day in the life on the soil in caliscrillya
Take the wrong turn and these youngstas out here kill ya
Well, I ain't concerned, they love us hustlas and dealers
They wanna tear our houses down so they can build some ikeas Ooh, just tryna get my point across
Where I'm from it's pandemonium and chaos
Where I'm from the lights is off, we use matches
Where I'm from we do it bare-faced instead of ski masks Ooh, no more talking on them cells
I heard the federal went ahead and bought Nextels, what?
Ooh, over crowded jails

They got us sleepin' in the gym instead of our own cells
 Ooh, put our yeti together
 Me and my investors, we flippin' ten or better
 I got some Gouda, got a little bit of cheddar
 My medallion got more colors than a peacock feather
 Ten wraps and a rubber band
 (Gouda)
 Three or four more in my other hand
 (Gouda)
 Five, ten, fifteen, twenty
 (Gouda)
 Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty
 (Chalupa)Gettin' money, I'm a stunna, man
 (Gouda)
 In a Lac shootin' box like a hundred grand
 (Gouda)
 Forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five
 (Gouda)
 Eighty-five, ninety-five, wait, what am I doing?
 (Chalupa)Gettin' money, I'm a stunna man
 With bitch like I do little whips about the stunna van
 My advice she a runner man
 Off top, I'ma boss, shoe box full of rubber bands
 Contraband on the other hand
 Big girls, big quips, turn around, roll center man
 On the real, I'm a gentleman
 Put the scrilla, I'm a killa, man, hit it like a little man
 What you doin' with that?
 From the scratch, we can load up the Lac
 A 1, we can bring that back from day 1, we get them wraps
 Big stacks from the back of the shack
 I buy the weed man
 Hella turkey bags just to put my weed in
 Oh, we gettin' Chalupa
 Wrapped cheese in a rubber band and call it the Gouda
 Ten wraps and a rubber band
 (Gouda)
 Three or four more in my other hand
 (Gouda)
 Five, ten, fifteen, twenty
 (Gouda)
 Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty
 (Chalupa)Gettin' money, I'm a stunna, man
 (Gouda)
 In a Lac shootin' box like a hundred grand
 (Gouda)
 Forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five
 (Gouda)
 Eighty-five, ninety-five, wait, what am I doing?
 (Chalupa)Look out pimp, aight, what it do
 We gettin' it, so whatchu need?

(Gouda)
 Bay business, so whatchu need?
 (Gouda)
 We gettin' it, so whatchu need?
 (Gouda)
 Ice, pussy, so whatchu need?
 (Chalupa)We gettin' it, so whatchu need?
 (Gouda)
 Bay business, so whatchu need?
 (Gouda)
 We gettin' it, so whatchu need?
 (Gouda)
 Sick wid it, so whatchu need?
 (Chalupa)We doin' way too much
 (Gouda)
 We never watered down, we doin' way too much
 (Gouda)
 And you don't wanna stunt with us
 (Gouda)
 Hustlers are us, we doin' way too much
 (Chalupa)We doin' way too much
 (Gouda)
 We never watered down, we doin' way too much
 (Gouda)
 And you don't wanna stunt with us
 (Gouda)
 Hustlers are us, we doin' way too much
 (Chalupa)Ten wraps and a rubber band
 Three or four more in my other hand
 Five, ten, fifteen, twenty
 Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, fortyGettin' money, I'm a stunna, man
 In a Lac shootin' box like a hundred grand
 Forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy-five
 Eighty-five, ninety-five, wait, what am I doing?The definition of Gouda, what's the definition?
 Chalupa, scrilla, scratch, paper, yaper, capital
 The definition, Gouda means cheese and cheese
 Means yaper you square ass square butts, biatch
 Let's get back to what we'se talkin' about earlier
 What was we talkin' about earlier, pimp?
 Hustlers, hustlers are us, look out, look out, pimp

Songwriters

STEVENS, EARL / THOMAS, RICARDO / JACKSON, THOMAS / BAILEY, RICHARDPublished by
 Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Ultra Tunes Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
 Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>