

F*** Da Bulls***

Young Money

[Birdman]

Yeah

Cut it up gimme a light
Yeah and by the way nigga
Its Young Mula, first lady

[Nicki Minaj]

Uhhh yo yo

Let us begin with the bad lil' specimen
Ballenciago's is all these things I be steppin' in
Gucci bathing suits, only thing I'm dressin' in
Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteran
Got them writing love letters in they journal
Keep em on these toes like a midget at the urinal
B-b-b-bad as I wanna be
She ain't bad she a sad and a wannabe

[Birdman]

Yeah fuck the bullshit
It's big money poppin'
Young Mula!
Yeah
Just like that
What up young nigga
Lets go Gudda

[Gudda Gudda]

Okay we runnin' this shit, when we walk in the building
Got bitches from wall to wall, hoes hangin' from the ceiling
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 them bitches go feel 'em
I'm talkin' money and power, you gettin' money? I doubt it
Fresher than baby power, with your bitch in the shower

That pussy imma devour, I beat it up till it's sour
No need for you to even trip bitch I'll be done in a hour
Let's go!

[Birdman]

Junior

[Lil Wayne]

They say the blacker the berry, the redder the cherry
I say sweeter it is, ya dig..berry
Then the bullshit varies, and it got me weary
But I know two of the same, call it murdered and married
Hustling is so necessary, with no avisaries
But aint no love, like a calendar with no February's
Imma need four secretary, and four Bloody Mary's
Imma go eat me some pussy, and choke up the cherry
I'm gone

[Birdman]

Yeah

Fully loaded with it, to the ceiling with it
More money than you ever seen nigga
Aiight, Drizzy, Drake

[Drake]

Look

Kill the game no one recovers the murder weapon
Young angel if ya hate me tell me burn in heaven
How'd you sleep on me, the highest earning freshmen
Like ya 3rd infection, I hope ya learned ya lesson
Yeah
I spit raw but I prefer protection
I own her heart and her mind, and the shirt she slept in
Bitch I got the answer, and still ain't heard the question
I shut ya club down, please reserve my section
Fuck a confrontation, they aint 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 with
She 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

Lyrics submitted by sonny.

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