

# Break Up (feat. Lil Chuckee & Gudda Gudda)

## Lil' Wayne

Nice tires on da ghini,  
You should wanna king me  
Brain dead flow, vegetable zukini  
I live on the beach,  
She walk around in her bikini  
Girls are like school,  
And I cut em like seniors  
Im here to distinguish,  
The bears from the penguins  
Life is just a gap,  
Get some money in between it  
Glocs like police,  
Pumps like fenas  
This beat gettin totaled,  
Pam,Keisha,Kema  
Sittin on da World,  
Thinkin bout a girl  
Pistol on my side,  
Paint you like mural  
Digged in my pocket, pulled out the party  
Be cool before you get stomped and pulled out the party  
Ha Ha Hollygrove shit, im on my Hollygrove shit  
Lookin for a bad bitch, I give her dinosaur dick  
Lyrics courtesy of killerhiphop.com  
Big bad flow Weezy, fuck the polices  
Church like a choir and a couple of old priests  
Elevator in my crib cause its five floors  
Im not expectin you to have one inside yours hahe  
Vince Young, suicide doors, haha,  
Life's a bitch, now die for her.I have the type of flow n-ggas don't have to like,  
My rhymes is ambidextrous so I don't have to write,  
The way I'm eating n-ggas wish they had my appetite,  
Straight up out of Texas and I'm major like apple white,  
I pour four then hit the exit door,  
Take a trip to Macy's cop the whole second floor,  
Hood smell the scent of money coming out my pours,  
Yeah my pockets full of dead people like a morgue, bore,  
I made it from a flyer to the forbes, (see me)  
Young Elvis Freshly, yes he flyer than the store,

Dropping babys out and your chicks cheek, kicks neat,  
Got your son looking up to me like I'm 6 feet,  
Lyrics courtesy of killerhiphop.com  
Your daughter need someone to save her, not me,  
I'm knocking hoes down like Laila Ali,  
Try he and imma put the toaster to ya kidney,  
Then I pull off in a Bentley top open like a chimney,  
Damn, its no ceilings like a Colosseum,  
Candy slab, paint dripping like gonorrhea,  
The way Im leaning Ima nod if I stand still  
Flow harder than an anvil,  
Short (short)Ok, its Gudda hoe,  
All about my bills like buffalo,  
Your b-tch under my sheets,  
I heard she was an undercover hoe,  
Purple got me moving slow,  
Like I'm in a snail race,  
Pop pop pop 3 shots to the head,  
Then I pick up my shell case,  
Leave em with a pale face,  
Yes, I am a young money goon,  
Your girl like a motion picture she gon be coming soon,  
I do a certain rule, I pop her like balloons,  
I pass her off to Mills then drop her off the tune,  
Couple screws lose, you wanna play with him,  
This is No Ceilings b-tch, roofless like a stadium,  
We shut down every f-cking spot these b-tches see us in,  
You want us in your club well n-gga pay us then,  
All grey BM, Im getting from my baby M,  
She told me get the money and count it for me when I rake it in,  
Don't play no games hoe,  
You know my name hoe,  
G-U-D-D-A propane flow

Songwriters

JACOBS, GREGORY E. / , Y / CLINTON, DONNA LYNN / DUNBAR, RONALD / STERLING, DONNIE RAY / COLLINS, WILLIAM EARL / CLINTON, GEORGE JR. / MORRISON, WALTER JR. Published by Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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