Ym Banger

Lil' Wayne

(Gudda Gudda)
Gudda
Yeah, Ok Im leanin to the left, fla-flag in my right pocket
Star Treck fly, unidentified flying objects
Extraterrestrial I?m all about my decimals
Retarded in the booth, they say I got a special flow
Sicker than your average, you rappers is ass backwards
Gudda spit crack, and you niggas is crack addicts
The simple Mathematics
You cut the check and I rake in the green, like I?m rakin the grass in
Pretty bitches damn near feint when they passin
Call my whip Martin but the first name Aston
Potato head niggas get mashed when I?m spazzin?
Think you fucking with me put your cash in
Nah I doubt it
I was young and reckless when Pete say he was about it
You niggas is Ducks, Howards, Cowards
Kill the competition and shower niggas with flowers
This rap shit is ours
Gudda, Bitch!
(Lil Wayne)
Uh, Uptown back in it
Hollygrove Black menace
Black clothes, Black tennis
Black semi,
I?ve never sat in Hemi
That would offend me
Try Maybach or Maybach
Bitch I got stacks, yeah
Paychecks on Paychecks
And I still want payback
And I still don?t play that
I kill on ASAP
And you don?t do shit but get money all day
Put some shoes on my bullets now they runnin your way
YM Young Mula, Young Money all day
Where the drugs so sweet, like honey on yay
Which one of yall say, you want drama I?m honoured
I blitz your ass, like a muthaficking lineman

Stack of paychecks, with a whole bunch of comma?s
Still wear red, like a old 49er
Fuck shittin on ya, dump the whole toilet on ya
Wee-Weezy F Baby bitch, I'm hotter than Uganda
Ughhh!!!

(Jae Millz)
Ma-Mama aint make me to make homies
She made me to make history
So doing that?s my Extra-curicular activity
Bulldozer boy, and the Target is the Industry
Two things I Love in the World, Good Head and Victory
You aint doing it big and broke stop kidding me
Your whip aint up to date, and your hoes look like Mr. T
This is Misery, no Cathy Bates
Come at me sideways, my money'll slap ya straight
Yeah, I?m a Big Joker so you know I smash your ace
Leave the club with ya girl, send her home with an ashy face
Love is a gamble, but it?s my casino
Pretend that your the loser, I hope that she got aveno
I hope the game got life insurance cause Ima kill it
And all you wack ass rap niggas dying with it
I?m so harlem, eating but still starving
Pockets fat as fuck, like all they do is eat margarine
Millz!
(Tyga)
Say-Say-Say, Put the flow-fllllooooooow
Say,Put the flow in the pot
Crank up the notch
Burn the song from a Stove-Top
It?s finger licking hot
His pitch flip cause the nigga flop
My shit hit, like the pitch was soft
Niggas cotton balled
She dropped drawers cause she poppin off
Her pussy cross guard, but, I don?t stop at all
I smash in the car, like fuck the fucking law
I bet daddy gone, who wanna make it done
The rocky shit that we up on
Shittin on em like hay in the barn
Hey wait they say money talks
And, man you don?t speak at all
You shop at mini-malls
My style two thumbs up, like using analogues
I wreck shit, for the recognition bitch

Jesus as my witness, say envision
I bore you niggas flame flicker
I melt pictures
Tyga skin aint drippin?

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