

Back 2 Guddaville Intro

Gudda Gudda

I'm always up, man, I'm hardly ever sleeping,
Because I'm living now all the things I ever dreamed about.
They're sleeping on me like a mattress,
So I stripe 'em like matches, let 'em burn like ashes,
I define fire, verses I spit getting me all that I desire,
If purple my cup, purple my dodge, getting me higher,
The game changes, I still remain dog,
Wear chop tees in the hip hop, same color. Wayne, nigga, why do worry about the next man?
'Cause while you're writing these records I'm writing a check, man.
So all you pussies jump off my dick,
Before I pull that Glock40 and come off that click. No movies, it's all action, yeah, I talk that shit,
But where I'm from, when you talk you gotta walk that shit.
What you know about lighting the stove, the water boiling up,
Dropping world cold with the soda cooking the boarder up.
Ain't nothing changed but the date,
I'm sorry for the waiting, but I had to strategize for the ways.
I'm in the circles around niggas, I got the feel it was dinner time,
Then part two and I was almost at the finish line.
I took a break, now I'm back, Guddaville 3.
I could cut your hands off, I bet you still feel me.
Still hear back in the days and the Squad mixtape,
Just a light smart and shop on my mixtape.
I'm way harder than y'all rappers, all actors.
Gone store, popping like five crackers, that's y'all asses.
Hold passes, I ain't miss you enough,
'Cause these principles we're living by, I'm kicking you out.
Guddaville 3, I bet these motherfuckers feel me.
Gotta feel good, I bet these motherfuckers feel me.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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