

YM Banger (feat. Jae Millz, Gudda Gudda & Tyga)

Lil Wayne

(Gudda Gudda)Gudda

Yeah, Ok Im leanin to the left, fla-flag in my right pocket

Star Trek fly, unidentified flying objects

Extraterrestrial Im 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 Im rakin the grass in

Pretty bitches damn near faint when they passin

Call my whip Martin but the first name Aston

Potato head niggas get mashed when Im 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,

Ive 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 dont play that

I kill on ASAP

And you dont 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 Im honoured

I blitz your ass, like a muthafucking lineman

Stack of paychecks, with a whole bunch of commas

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 thats my Extra-curricular 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, Im 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 its 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
Im 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-flllloooooow
Say,Put the flow in the pot
Crank up the notch
Burn the song from a Stove-Top
Its 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 dont 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 dont 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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