Small Thing To A Giant

Gudda Gudda

[Verse 1 - Gudda Gudda]I'm about that drama
You f*cking with the kind of n*gga that got a gangster grill
Yelling diamonds when I ramble n*gga
So don't cross me, got ammo like Rambo
N*gga likes to gamble, you crapped out
You bad gambling n*gga
N*ggas moving fast gotta pump the brakes on 'em
They better pump 'em fast before I beat the brakes off 'em
My goon's real hungry looking for a real break
And you's a real phony looking like a big steak
So get your sh*t straight before I grab the big eight
Hit you in your left eye, now you can't see sh*t straight
Ray Charles n*ggas blind to the fact
While you was in your class, I was grinding getting scratch
The night grind and you get scratched
Now you cryin' like a b*tch
You a bird, got wings I'ma fly you with the pack
These little n*ggas got the nerve, these n*ggas under me
I put you under my wing, n*ggas you's a son to me
[Hook - Gudda Gudda]Small thing to a giant [x4]
[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]Guess what? Streets all paper and me I'm praying for probation
Like my ancestors prayed for segregation
I'm a predator, when I prey I don't mean meditation
I mean vegetation, f*ck the Feds and f*ck the federation
And every agent; man I want that Asian, sexy like a Geisha
Get up in her stomach like Ignatia
I'ma stop; nah, let me keep going, C4ing, we blowing
Up you better be detouring if we're touring
And she's snoring cause he boring
Shawty need a refund -- bring her back; but when it comes to me
She pre-ordering, and re-ordering and re-ordering
I leap, ball and I free fall and I sleep out in that pussy
And when she calling I don't answer
But she keep calling and keep calling
And we balling like b-balling, as a matter of fact like street balling
We evolving, they dissolving
Cincinnati Reds hat, red black
Cops find your body but they don't know where your head at

I'm going in like wet pussy, no money that sounds like death to me

B*tch, I don't give a motherf*ck
Yeah I'm leaning, 'bout to pour me up another cup
Yeah I'm high, 'bout to roll me up another blunt
I roll a Biggie Small, now here's another one
I'm in love with Wayne
Long hair don't care, b*tch call me Rick James
Weezy that n*gga, and don't forget the baby you f*cking baby sitters
[Hook - Lil Wayne]Small thing to a giant [x4]
[Verse 3 - Gudda Gudda]I'm going in like I'm going home
20 thousand on my wrist and my neck that's my rolling stone
Went from being broke with not a pot to piss in
Now I've got a pocket full of dead politicians
Stop n*gga, listen, cause I'm about to break the game down
No toilet paper homie when I'm sh*ttin'
Fly boy, hover over n*ggas like a flying saucer
Y.M. roll deep, don't make me call the bosses
Y.M. gon' eat and run like break-fast
Been running for too long, it's time to take cash
And I'm gonna smother the game cause no air kills
And for the money I eat beats up like they're grilled
B*tches love me, when they stare I give them rare chills
But Money's over her, she can't see in a pair of heels
Young n*gga 'bout to bleed the game
Throw a stack at them hoes and tell 'em, "keep the change"
Gasoline flow, light the match, watch it spark
Fire jumping off my lips every time I talk
Living legend in the flesh, I'm the champ, yes
I'm serving n*ggas like my name was Pete Sampras
Get hyphy if you want and I'm a shake them dreads
And go dumb with the tool upside your head
Who want it? You get him, I taunt him
Take all his money then I take a sh*t on him
Your whole clique is phony: My Little Ponies
Gudda walk alone and sh*t my shadow is my army
Why I need a n*gga when I got my tool on me?
My lil' buddy got bullets like the army
Militant thoughts, like I train with Al-Qaeda
Raid a n*gga crib with a boxcutter razor
Look so bow down to the chief, the champ
Dictator in these streets n*gga, sign the stamp

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