

# 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\*tting  
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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