

F*** Da Bulls***

Young Money

Yeah

Cut it up gimme a light
Yeah and by the way n****
Its Young Mula, first lady

Uh yo yo

Let us begin with the bad lil' specimen
Balenciaga's is all these things I be steppin' in
Gucci bathing suits, only thing I'm dressin' in
Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteran
Got them writing love letters in they journal
Keep 'em on these toes like a midget at the urinal
B-b-b-bad as I wanna be
She ain't bad she a sad little wannabe

Yeah f*** the bulls***

It's big money poppin'

Young Mula!

Yeah

Just like that

What up young n****

Lets go Gudda, brat

Okay we runnin' this s***, when we walk in the building
Got b****es from wall to wall, hoes hangin' from the ceiling
Young Money we 'bout to kill 'em, I promise I'll make a million
And if they didn't have no hands, I'll bet them b****es go feel 'em
I'm talkin' money and power, you gettin' money? I doubt it
Fresher than baby powder, with your b**** in the shower
That p**** I'm a devour, I beat it up till it's sour
No need for you to even trip b**** I'll be done in a hour
Let's go!

Yeah,

That's more like it

Junior

They say the blacker the berry, the redder the cherry
I say sweeter it is, ya dig, buried
Then the bulls*** varies, and it got me weary

But I know two of the same, call it murdered and married
Hustlin' is so necessary, with no adversaries
But ain't no love, like a calendar with no February's
I'm a need four secretary, and four bloody Mary's
I'm a go eat me some p****, and choke up the cherry
I'm gone

Yeah
Fully loaded with it, to the ceiling with it
More money than you ever seen n****
Aight, Drizzy, Drake

Look
Kill the game no one recovers the murder weapon
Young angel if ya hate me tell me burn in heaven
How'd you sleep on me, the highest earning freshmen
Like ya third infection, I hope ya learned ya lesson
Yeah
I spit raw but I prefer protection
I own her heart and her mind, and the shirt she slept in
B**** I got the answer, and still ain't heard the question
I shut ya club down, please reserve my section
F*** a confrontation, there ain't no cakin' it
And I'm cakin' b****, so tell me why I take a break from it
The mother of your child always tell you I'm her favorite
She call me her baby, not the one she was in labor with
She say 'oh you taste good', I say 'oh just savor it'
She know that she love a n****, I be on that major s***
Cause I get paid to stand, and I get paid to sit
So I don't walk around with money, baby girl I'm made of it

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