I Don't Like The Look Of It

Lil' Wayne

[Verse 1 - Gudda Gudda]Okay I'm sipping on the syrup
Got a nigga moving slow
I'm all about the money
What the fuck you think I do it for?
Bitch don't act like you don't know
I'm killing all these rap niggas
Custom made casket for your motherfucking funeral
Keep the women with me
Shit I gotta keep like two or more
Party everyday ,like we won the fucking Superbowl
Chilling with my nigga Mack, he keep bitches handy
White girl on the table love them sniff the nose candy
When I'm walking by the women saying "Who is that nigga?"
I replied "Hi, I am Gudda Gudda that nigga."
I was raised in the home of the cap splitters
Whip on 24's watch it crawl like a caterpillar
I come with a toy, boy like a Happy Meal
And you's a motherfucking duck, Daffy Dill
I'm from the school of hard knocks, where we scrap and kill
Pick the knife or gunner, you can get the package deal
I'm hot nigga, burning everything around me
I was lost for a minute took a while but I found me
The streets say I'm king but the game will never crown me
Realest nigga doing it just ask the niggas around me
So you can't size me up or try to clown, a
Shark in the water jump in and I'ma drown you
New Orleans nigga, gun out, I'ma down you
Put niggas to sleep like a motherfucking downer
I'm a great white, you's a flounder
Fish and a bitch, I tuna eveything around you
U-Haul Gudda, moving everything around you
It's Young Money bitch

At the top is where they found us, nigga
[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]Uh, goons on deck
Marley don't shoot them
Silence on the gun
Watch a nigga mute them
The coach in the booth

Call me Jon Gruden
School these niggas, they all my students
All jokes aside, I ain't playing with your
The weed broke down, like a transmission
The chopper spin him around, like a ballerina
Bitch I'm still spitting like I ate a jalapena
I'm from uptown, my bitch from Argentina
My pockets on fat like Joey Cardigena
Stunt so hard, it's all y'all fault
And when it come to beef give me A1 sauce
I ain't worried about shit, everything paid out
You can catch me courtside at Dwayne Wade house
With a high yellow thick bitch, with her legs out
Cash Money president, but we in the red house
Who the fuck want it? Make my fucking day
I blow your candles out, now nigga cut the cake
I got to eat bitch, like a runaway
And y'all niggas ain't eating, stomach ache
Okay, all these bitches, and niggas still hating
I used to be balling, but now I'm Bill Gaten
Fucking with my iPhone, bumping Illmatic
I'm on the road to riches, there's just a little traffic
Hair still platted, thugging is a habit
Keep my guitar, hip-hop Lenny Kravitz
Bunch of bad bitches, and I fuck them like rabbits
Dope dick Weezy, your girlfriend an addict

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