

# Throwed Off (feat. Gudda Gudda) [Prod. Mr Hanky]

Lil' Wayne

[Gudda Gudda:]

Yeah,

Ok, I walk up in the club Louie-Louies with the cherry bottoms  
Bad bitch on my arm with a Halle Berry body  
You know what I do, I, g-get straight to the moolah  
Wrist wear frigid and my watch is a Franck Muller  
I'm reppin' young moolah, Gudda [x2], I  
Remember when I used to stuff my paper in my shoe box  
Now I got two large accounts with money stacks and large amounts  
What the fuck you niggas talkin' bout, cause we ain't tryin' talk it out  
Pistol hangin' out my jeans, it ain't a thing, let's talk it out  
Let that chopper start to sing and let it ring and then I'm out  
Yeah, you know what I'm sippin', purple got me trippin'  
Scoop your chicken up and let her lick me like a lizard  
I'm on South Beach chillin' and I'm tryin' to fuck every hottie  
Get her to the crib and make her fuck everybody  
You know the team, it's Young Money over everybody  
In the rap game, so it's fuck everybody[Lil Wayne:]  
Married to the mob, bury you alive  
My girl pussy feel like heaven to a God  
And I came in this bitch with my niggas  
Kidnap the baby and the fuckin' babysitter, yeah  
I be doin' me, don't give a fuck bout what you doin'  
Blood gang bitch, big B's, Boston Bruins  
I could do this shit, eyes closed, nothin' to it  
Bullets fuck your body up, they ain't even tryna view it  
I go tough, I go stupid  
Murk your pussy ass and everyone you in cahoots with  
Fuck you with a pool stick  
Make you swallow two dicks  
Fuckin' right, we ruthless  
We done watched too many movies  
Then smoked too many doobies  
Murk you out, then deuces  
We don't know what truce is  
That bullet proof vest so useless  
Flag red like bruises  
Shoot ya head with them uzis  
I swear, your honor, I ain't a dealer, I'm a user, ya dig

I load up the sig, point it at ya wig  
Pull over on the highway, throw you off the bridge  
We don't give a fuck, and we ain't never did  
Shit, three words you never hear, let him live  
I'm in my own zone, it got me throwed off  
I break these bitches down, I break these hoes off  
Lil Tunechi is my name, I got Gudda on the tape  
Public apology, sorry for the wait  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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