

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 uзis

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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