

# Fuck Da Bullshit

## Young Money

Yeah, cut me up, gimme a light  
Yeah, and by the way nigga it's Young Mula, first ladyUh, yo, yo, let us begin with a bad lil' specimen  
Ballenciaga's is all these things I be steppin' in  
Pucci baby suits, only thing I'm dressin' in  
'Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteranGot 'em writin' love letters in they journal  
Keep 'em in these toes like a midget at the urinal  
Bad as I wanna be  
She ain't bad, she a sad and a wanna beYeah, fuck da bullshit, it's big money poppin'  
Young Mula, yeah, just like that  
What up young nigga?  
Let's go, GuddaOkay, we runnin' this shit when we walk in the buildin'  
Got bitches from wall to wall, hoes hangin' from the ceilin'  
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 'em bitches gon' feel 'emI'm talkin' money and power, you getting'  
money? I doubt it  
Fresher than baby powder with your bitch in the shower  
That pussy I'ma devour, I beat it up 'til it's sour  
No need for you to even trip, bitch, I'll be done in an hour, let's goThey say the blacker the berry, the redder the  
cherry  
I say the sweeter it is ya dig bury  
Then the bullshit varies and it got me wary  
But I know two of the same, call it murdered and marriedHustlin' is so necessary with no avisaries  
But it ain't no love like a calendar with no February  
I'ma need four secretaries and 4 Bloody Mary's  
I'ma go eat me sum pussy and choke up the cherry, I'm goneYeah, fully loaded with it, to the ceilin' with it  
More money than ya ever seen nigga, aight, Drizzy DrakeKill the game, no one recovers the murder weapon  
Young angel, if you hate me tell me, burn in heaven  
How'd you sleep on me, the highest earning freshmen  
Like ya third infection, I hope you learned ya lessonYeah, I spit raw but I prefer protection  
I own a heart and a mind and a shirt she slept in  
Bitch, I got the answer and still ain't heard the question  
I shut ya club down, please reserve my sectionFuck a confrontation, they ain't no cakin' it  
And I'm cakin' bitch 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 withShe say, "Oh, you taste good", I say, "Oh, just savor it"  
She know that she love a nigga, I be on that major shit  
'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

Songwriters

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9401941. Other patents pending.

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