Finale

Turiddu

[Gudda Gudda]
They call me Young Gudda,
I'm all about the doe still,
And anybody in my way, Roadkill,
Everything my hands touch turn to gold,
Money, Knots and Jewels with no records sold, (Yeah)
I'm Manhandling rappers with no effort,
So imagine what'll happen when I start applying pressure,
Guillotine flow who ready to get severed nigga
In or out the booth you could get leveled nigga

[T-Streetz]
Now we gone take it to Harlem.
Millz-y. Leggo!

[Jae Millz]
Yo, We are Young Money,
Nigga you can't chocha,
It's bout to get real ugly, Amarosa,
YM vultures, there ain't a family doper,
We done changed the way the game look, Sammy Sosa, (Ha Ha)
This is life this ain't a job, Audemare and Shapor,
Just symbolize I go hard,
Navy on Navy Camero I did all for the Yankees,
Did it all for New York and this love no need to thank me
Millz

[T-Streetz]
Now we gone take it to the West Coast.
Tyga-Tyga.

[Tyga]
Uh, fast money I don't slow dance,
Young Money motherfucker till the world end,
Money over weight, Bitch, Rosanne,
I don't listen to these kids, Grown man,
Skinny nigga dubbed up, Low hand,
Lindsey the white Benz, same colour mike skin,
Make ya soul spin when the ping loading,

Au revoir, goodbye, now applaud

[T-Streetz]
Yea now it's Child's Play nigga.
My little G, Lil' Chuckee

[Lil Chuckee]
Young money little G,
Battle juice in my blood,
Jumping at the boy,
Man, you better have ya bungee cord,
Since Wayne took me off the leash,
I ain't lose a fight yet,
Now come drag ya dog out the ring how he love that,
Young with a attitude, watch how ya talk to me,
Keep playing Freddy boy, I'll leak on ya elm street,
Trouble is what you want dog, pain is what you don't get,
It's Young money till the bone grizzle

[T-Streetz]
Now we got the hottest nigga on the internet.
Lil Twist Hefner. What it do?

[Lil Twist]
Young money good night,
And yeah I'm gonna shine like an Ultra Violet light,
Lil twist cold cellar like its opening tonight,
31'st nigga to write, You need a telescope sight,
To try to see me, I'm so far gone,
Even though I'm going out kids, I'm so far on
I gotta house full of cheques like the playboy home,
Wrapping up my lifestyle and I smashed this song
Twizzy

[T-Streetz]
Ya next up we got the best raptress alive.
Nicki Minaj

[Nicki Minaj]
I'm in that cotton pink bent,
Put mass on the guts,
White on white whips,
Kunta Kinte on the clutch,
You at the bottom of the pole, Totem,
Like Lamar Odom, I ball, scrotom,
Flyer than a cricket so they call me Nicki Jimany,

And Its going down like Santa in the chimney,
You don't ball break ya baby back ribs,
You need more assist than the handicap kids

[T-Streetz]
And now the beautiful,
Miss Shanell.

[Shanell]
Young money we rockstars,
So fuck wit ya magnum on,
And hold on we go long,
You feel that, We get that,
We in that, we run that, we bus back,
We hit em when we see em coming back for more,
Back for more..

[T-Streetz]
Next up, my nigga Mack Maine.
Stupid Mack Nupid.
100.

[Mack Maine]
Michael wade family in the building you can't hold us,
Me, taz and Wayne we the 3 new moguls,
Buffet around here ya'll boys scrape the plates,
And we don't eat up in our whisper they got paper plates,
Soon as we leave the club damn let the models go,
One word I forgot to say on his album, Hollygrove!,
This track different now they nod this the genesis,
Young money murderers, We Killing shit,
Forever...

[T-Streetz]
Toronto, Drizzy.
Get em.

[Drake]
Alright I got this, you can never get this
I built it up from nothing you would think I'm playing tetris,
Thousand dollar sweater on but I never sweat shit,
Swear the beats they give me got a motherfucking death wish,
Yeah, tell me who controls kings, I don't follow rules, stupid old things,
I'm flying through the city in a coupe with those wings,
My team deserves some motherfucking Superbowl rings, Young Money

[Lil Wayne]
I'm so in this bitch, CEO in this bitch,
Lil Weezy stand tall, Tippytoe in this bitch
Blood gang motherfucker da da doe in this bitch,
Make ya girl get Barry Manilow in this bitch,
In the body of the World, money is the blood,
And everyday I be back and forward to the blood bank,
Uh making deposits till I fucking faint,
New Orleans, nigga how about no fucking saints,
Its tight on our end call that bubbafranks,
Matter fact its too tight add a couple links,
I'm the barstender you a women drink,
Yeah its young money but the money ain't,
Gudda tough, Nelly nice, Nick nasty,
Streets bad, Tyga Ill, Drake magic,
Millz Harlem, Chuck wild, Twist Dallas,
And mack maine rap, sing and manage,
Uh

It's Young Mulah Baby...

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