That's What They Call

Lil' Wayne

[** feat. Gudda Gudda:]
[Verse 1: ~Lil Wayne~]
Man, I aint got nothing but some pussy and some paper*
I keep a bad bitch like a muthafucking laker
I don't love them hoes, fuck that pussy till its aching
Pass a bitch like Troy Aikman
Man, gangsta's don't die, gangsta's go to Vegas
We don't need no navigation, we go where the money takes us
Muthafucking fools, like the first of fucking April
I aint never been a pussy, have you ever been in pussy
Thats so muthafucking good, feel like a treasure in a pussy
I'm a shovel in a pussy, or devil to them pussy
Spill the champagne on them pussies
Yeah, same shit different rest room
Stop playing, I turn ya chest into a flesh wound
Ha, you would never guess who in my guest room
Now they saying "just me Tune!"
[Hook:]
Tunechi, that what they call me man
Bitch dog muthafucker, you's a Pomeranian
They say fuck me, then Karma came
And since my case, I got my guns in my momma nameAnd since my case, I got my guns in my momma name in my momma name...guns in my momma name
And since my case, I got my guns in my momma name[Verse 2: ~Lil Wayne~]
I'm smoked out, I'm by myself
Bitch, I'm a king no matter how the cards are dealt
It's Young Money or it's take money
Long hair don't care, call me jake sully
Pay me or pay for me
I tell em hoes stay on ya toes, ballet for me
Momma pray for me
Goons spray for me
I have em bring me your head on a tray for me
Cut the brain raw, pussy ass nigga I'm at your chest like a training bra
Tune talk that shit that rip straight through the kevlar
Pull a bitch over, dump his ass in a reservour
Real nigga repertoire
Add five or six blunts to the head, it helps
Reportin' live from the top of the food chain

We eatin man, now what my name?
Tunchi, yep! That what they call me man
[Repeat Hook:][Gudda Gudda:]
Gudda Gudda, double G, it's all the same
The game aint never been the same since the Carter came
And I stay high bitch, fly like the largest plane
You Captain save a ho, cuffin like a sargeant man
Duck tap eon the handle of my pistol nigga
And I don't spit no more I drool like a retarded man
Shawty on my lap, watch me pump pump up the party man
Dont you hold a grudge cause your bitch chose me, I'm sorry man
Young nigga with old school, game like an Atari man
Thats your ho callin' man
I'm Gudda Gudda bitch, thats what they call me man[Repeat Hook:]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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