

# Let Me In

## Gudda Gudda

Zombies!(Gudda Gudda)Uh, im goin in  
Nobody cold as him  
I got them hoes on gin  
I knock em down like bowling pins, yeah  
Im chasin paper, while i chase my dreams  
while im on codeine mixed with that promethazine  
cargo shorts, white tee on me  
Morgan Freeman in my cup pull up that lean on me  
I need cash on delivery, C.O.D  
Young Money in this motherfucker, we gon' eat  
now watch me O.D, controlled substance  
in my raps every time i speak, this time i preach, yeah  
and let these lil' niggas know who the god is  
I son rappers, let them know who they father is  
I wouldnt bother him, cuz i will slaughter them  
then hang a nigga from a tree like a ornament  
yea im on my shit, full content  
its a filthy game and im dirty like a ?? (wine-back?)  
yeah nigga im back, now who gon' stop that  
Murcielago, with the top back  
all red round me  
no feds round me  
killers wit me too, they bust your head proudly  
go head and doubt me  
bitch i got money pilin' (piling)  
and i got white movin', call it snow-plowin  
when the beef on, Young Money rite here  
Yeah i smell fear, your worst nightmare  
im in your dreams, while im livin mine  
I got a sick flow, yeah i spit that swine  
threw cough up a virus when i spit a line  
yeah im gettin' mine, bitch its dinner time  
and you are starvin artists  
and we taking over, yeah we bout' to starve you artist  
but imma eat regardless  
i got your freakin goddess  
in my bed giving head, and she take freakin orders  
man this freak is gorgeous  
im so better than

these other rookie niggas  
come and meet the veteran  
i got that medicine  
knock knock, let me in  
or i'll be in your living room, late night  
like let em in  
bitch nigga let me in

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