

YM Banger (feat. Jae Millz, Gudda Gudda & Tyga)

Lil Wayne

Gudda, yeah, okay
I'm leaning to the left, flag in my right pocket
Star track fly, unidentified flying object
Extraterrestrial, I'm all about my decimals
Retarded in the booth they say I got a special flow
Sicker than your average, you rappers is ass backwards
Gudda spit crack and you niggas is crack addicts
The simple mathematics, you cut the check
And I rake in the green like I'm rakin' the grass in
Pretty bitches damn near faint when they passin'
Call my whip Martin but the first name Aston
Potato head niggas get mashed when I'm spazzin'
Think you fucking with me put your cash in, nah I doubt it
I was young and reckless when Pete say he was about it
You niggas is Ducks, Howard's, cowards
Kill the competition and shower niggas with flowers
This rap shit is ours, Gudda bitch
Uh, Uptown back in it
Hollygrove black menace
Black clothes, black tennis
Black semi, I've never sat in a Hemi
That would offend me
Try Maybach on Maybach
Bitch I got stacks
Yeah, paychecks on paychecks
And I still want payback
And I still don't play that
I kill on asap
And we don't do shit but get money all day
Put some shoes on my bullets now they running your way
YM, Young Mula, Young Money all day
Where the drugs so sweet like honey on yay
Which one of y'all say you want drama I'm honored
I blitz your ass like a motherfuckin' lineman
Stack of paychecks with a whole bunch of comma's
Still wear red like an old 49ner
Fuck shittin' on ya, dump the whole toilet on ya
Weezy F Baby bitch, I'm hotter than Uganda
Ughh
Lego

Mama ain't make me to make homies
 She made me to make history
 So doing that's my extra-curricular activity
 Bulldozer boy and my target is the industry
 Two things in the world I love, good head and victory
 You ain't doing it big, I'm grown stop kidding me
 Your whip ain't up to date and your hoes look like Mr. T
 This is misery, no Cathy Bates
 Come at me sideways, my money will slap ya straight
 Yeah, I'm a big joker so you know I smash your ace
 Leave the club with ya girl, send her home with an ashy face
 Love is a gamble but it's my casino
 And tonight your the loser, I hope she got Aveeno
 I hope the game got life insurance cause I'mma kill it
 And all you wack ass rap niggas dying with it
 I'm so Harlem, eating but still starving
 Pockets fat as fuck like all they do is eat margarine
 Millzy, legoSay, put the flow in the pot
 Crank up the notch
 Burn the song from a stove top
 It's finger licking hot
 His pitch flip cause the nigga flop
 My shit hit like the pitch was soft
 Niggas cotton balled
 She dropped drawers cause she pop it off
 Her pussy cross guard but I don't stop at all
 I smash in the car, like fuck the fucking law
 I made daddy gone, who wanna make it done
 That rocky shit that we up on
 Shttin' on 'em like hate in the barn
 Hey wait, they say money talks
 And man you don't speak at all
 You shop at mini malls
 My style two thumbs up like using analogues haha
 I wreck shit for the recognition bitch
 Jesus as my witness, Satan vision
 I bore you niggas, flame flicker
 I melt pictures, Tyga skin ain't drippin'
 Man you don't speak at all
 You shop at mini malls
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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