

# Raw

## Gudda Gudda

Hey, yo I heard your coach scream we can't stop em, we gotta injure em  
Nigga off top I goes in like I'm entering  
Young Money  
red devils all we do is win and then  
Michael Phelps  
on with these bitches yeah we swim in them  
Showing off this man enjoy, scrubs can't stand this boy  
If they don't leave they hood then I'm coast to coast like Brandon Roy  
And that internet dissin I ain't got the energy  
Cuz niggas is tough talkers with queer tendencies  
Fuck the kid shit im grown and bout my dollars  
So Ima play Sabathia and you go play Posada  
Catch this fuckin heat I'm throwing at your fuckin collar  
And tell Big L I got em once we reach the heavenly father  
Nigga I rep that up-town, call me Mr. harlem  
My flow monumental like Madison Square Garden  
My bitch will air your squadrant, nigga I beg your pardon  
Don't get the rest of your motherfuckin kids darkened, Millz!  
I grab the mic and O.D. like I'm free basing  
And we control shit, like free masons  
Oh you a bold bitch, a lot of  
E  
I pita roll shit, a lot of teeth aching  
Leave the scene vacant,  
Young Money cavemen  
Ice on the rims, so we leave skatin  
Neck full of gold, wrist full of glitter and  
When we leave all the hoes follow like twitter  
Flow sour type bitter, I'm a different type nigga  
Stomp niggas out yeah we typewrite a nigga, then  
Put em to bed yeah we night night a nigga, I'm  
Over your head like the zyguise nigga, I could  
Get you brain for the right price nigga  
Cuz these boys is pussy like pie spice nigga, I  
Steam and cook em like hot rice nigga  
Misery with the gullotine chop dice niggas, uh  
Bitch I'm Mack Maine, uh  
You are now tuned in to one of realist to do this shit  
I spit proverbs, they spit foolishness  
I spit the truth and shit, they spittin tall tales  
If life's a test, I pass and yall all fail  
I bring you all hell, my words should be written in red

A psychic came up to me one day and this what he said  
He said "Jermaine, on the mic, I can tell you nice  
You touch hearts, you might be the second coming of Christ."  
I said "No Blasphemy" and proceeded to some other shit  
Like put my rubber on and holla "Fuck the government!"  
Respect my mind motherfucka, I'm a rider  
As long as I'm alive ain't no law that I abide by  
Fuck a drive, by we walk up and squeeze to get paid  
This game ain't the same, Pac turning in his grave  
If I dont make it to the top I know Gudda will  
And I'mma help him call the shots,  
welcome to guddaville

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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