

Young Money "Fuck Da Bullshit"

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[Birdman]

Yeah

Cut it up gimme a light

Yeah and by the way nigga

Its Young Mula, first lady

[Nicki Minaj]

Uhhh yo yo

Let us begin with the bad lil' specimen

Ballenciago's is all these things I be steppin' in

Gucci bathing suits, only thing I'm dressin' in

Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteran

Got them writing love letters in they journal

Keep em on these toes like a midget at the urinal

B-b-b-bad as I wanna be

She ain't bad she a sad and a wannabe

[Birdman]

Yeah fuck the bullshit

It's big money poppin'

Young Mula!

Yeah

Just like that

What up young nigga

Lets go Gudda

[Gudda Gudda]

Okay we runnin' this shit, when we walk in the building

Got bitches from wall to wall, hoes hangin' from the ceiling

Young Money we 'bout to kill 'em, I promise I'll make a million

And if they didn't have no hands, I'll bet them bitches go feel 'em

I'm talkin' money and power, you gettin' money? I doubt it

Fresher than baby power, with your bitch in the shower

That pussy imma devour, I beat it up till it's sour

No need for you to even trip bitch I'll be done in a hour

Let's go!

[Birdman]
Junior

[Lil Wayne]
They say the blacker the berry, the redder the cherry
I say sweeter it is, ya dig..berry
Then the bullshit varies, and it got me weary

But I know two of the same, call it murdered and
married
Hustling is so necessary, with no avarices
But aint no love, like a calendar with no February's
Imma need four secretary, and four Bloody Mary's
Imma go eat me some pussy, and choke up the cherry
I'm gone

[Birdman]
Yeah
Fully loaded with it, to the ceiling with it
More money than you ever seen nigga
Aight, Drizzy, Drake

[Drake]
Look
Kill the game no one recovers the murder weapon
Young angel if ya hate me tell me burn in heaven
How'd you sleep on me, the highest earning freshmen
Like ya 3rd infection, I hope ya learned ya lesson
Yeah
I spit raw but I prefer protection
I own her heart and her mind, and the shirt she slept in
Bitch I got the answer, and still ain't heard the question
I shut ya club down, please reserve my section
Fuck a confrontation, they aint no cakin' it
And I'm cakin' bitch, so tell me why I take a break from
it
The mother of your child always tell you I'm her favorite
She call me her baby, not the one she was in labor with
She say 'oh you taste good', I say 'oh just savor it'
She know that she love a nigga, I be on that major shit
Cause I get paid to stand, and I get paid to sit
So I don't walk around with money, baby girl I'm made
of it

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