

Young Money f/ Birdman "Fuck Da Bullshit"

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[Birdman] Yeah - cut it up, gimme a light Yeah, and by the way nigga It's Young Moolah, first lady [Nicki Minaj] Ungh, yo, yo Let us begin with the bad little specimen Balenciagas only things I be steppin in Pucci bathing suits, only thing I'm dressin in Cause I get wetter than a navy seal veteran Got-got 'em writin 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 little wannabe [Birdman] Yeah fuck the bullshit, it's big money poppin Young Moolah! Yeah, just like that What up young nigga, let's go Gudda [Gudda Gudda] Okay we runnin this shit, when we walk in the buildin Got bitches from wall to wall, hoes hangin from the ceilin 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 powder, wit'cha bitch in the shower That pussy I'ma devour I beat it up 'til it's sour No need for you to even trip bitch I'll be done in a hour, let's go [Lil Wayne] Heyeah, that's more like it - Junior! They say the blacker the berry, the redder the cherry I say the sweeter it is, ya dig? Bury Then the bullshit varies, and it got me weary But I know two of the same, call it murdered and married Hustlin is so necessary, with no adversaries But ain't no love, like a calendar with no February's I'ma need four secretary, and four bloody mary's I'ma go eat me some pussy, and choke off the cherry I'm gone [Birdman] Yeah, fully loaded with it To the ceilin with it Mo' money than you ever seen nigga Aight, Drizzy, Drake [Drake] Look, kill the game no one recovers the murder weapon Young angel if you hate me tell me burn in heaven How'd ya sleep on me? The highest earnin freshmen Like your third infection, I hope you learned your 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, there ain't no cake in it And I'm cakin bitch so tell me why I take a break from it The mother of yo' child always tell you I'm her favorite

She call me her baby, not the one she was in labor with
She say "ooh you taste good," I say "ooh 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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