

Gudda Gudda "Demolition Part 2"

Visit "[Demolition Part 2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Gudda Gudda]

More money, More bitches,
More work, More haters, Equals more snitches,
More digits? No. More commas,
Me affiliated with trend setters equals more drama,
Weezy Obama, th-that's my co-signer,
You see Osama, in my persona,
Steamin' like a sauna,
Sick I need a doctor,
Stap you before I drown you,
Now you just another Red Lobster,
Where the bitches at?
I need a head doctor, nice thick and red,
Bitch you fuckin' with a top-shotta,
T-t-top dolla'
Nigga young money,
We got old money,
Don't play dumb money,
All black whips,
All red Flags,
Put that red dot on yo head, Play head tag,
Real niggas missin, When I'm preachin' to 'em,
Now we all know money talks cause' I'm speakin to 'em.

[Verse 2: Lil'Wayne]

But I ain't speakin' to 'em,
I call my guns jumpers, Cause' my bullets just leapin' to
'em,
All you boys busters,
So soft, Bet the wind blew 'em,
I claim flame, I am just rekindlin'
My intuition is get paid,
But this glock will knock you back to 5th grade,
I... School you nigga, but none you's get A's,
Got a bitch who won't stop, til' everyone of us get laid,
All you niggas is son-of-a-bitch made,
And if ya girlfriend utta, I cut her like switch blades,
(Yeah)
We ride like roller blades,
Now gone give me head til' it fall off of you shoulder
babe,
I smoke all day, that's why I'm so away,

Mentally mind blow, now gone and blow away,
Yaw niggas just super fake,
I put you niggas on mute, Then I mutilate,
(Yeah)
I mac like the computer say,
My hoess coop-er-ate, I mean cooperate,
I don't know how to say,
Oh but I gotta say,
I just 4, 5 away to ain't no one alive to say,
That I 4, 5'ed away,
Then I drive away,
Paper chasin' money runnin like ondalay,
Better find a way,
Better not be M.I-way,
I take it farther than zembabway,
I make it harder for the wimps,
I stay on they necks no lettin up,
And I tote that can opener, Make me bust yo 7-up,
Heaven up,
Hell down,
Man down,
Gayle down,
And I keep that hammer, Do you wanna get nailed
down?
Better kneal down,
Cause' I am the god,
I am the harder mu'fucka to try and before,
My diet is shaw,
I ryer than wall,
Fightin' 'em all,
Bitin' 'em all,
Giant or small,
I am a dog,
I can smile at dumb bitches and brighten 'em all,
I am a hog,
Rightin' all,
I just lay that pipe and I'm off,
Call me plumber,
And give your girl my number,
Humbra,
I am a bumble... bee on the humble,
Your girlfriend want my pickle and my cucumber,
Tell yo boy-frann I'll turn him to a vegatable,
Break a nigga down like a decimal,
I'm tellin' you,
I'm very cool,
Non-less a fool,
Fuckin' up my revenue,
I tote that whatever dude,
I shoot at whatever dude,
Just bought a lambrogini mar-cee-el-lo-goo,

And my guuuuh' from the bay say it's hella cool,
Where's the heli-pad? My helicopter land,
I shot the man, If I'm not the man,
Do I go in? Or I go in?
I'm not yo friend, I'm not yo kin,
I'll make your brain come out your chin,
Been in the game since the beginning,
I'm all about winning,
I look down I see them, When I look up I don't see any,
You pooh like winnie,
Do I diddy?
I just left, But your boo right with me,
And I'm from never do right city,
But don't get me wrong, Young money I'm gone

Visit [Gudda Gudda](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.