

Gudda Gudda

"Let Me In"

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Zombies!

(Gudda Gudda)

Uh, im goin in
Nobody cold as him
I got them hoes on gin
I knock em down like bowling pins, yeah
Im chasin paper, while i chase my dreams
while im on codeine mixed with that promethazine
cargo shorts, white tee on me
Morgan Freeman in my cup pull up that lean on me
I need cash on delivery, C.O.D
Young Money in this motherfucker, we gon' eat
now watch me O.D, controlled substance
in my raps every time i speak, this time i preach, yeah
and let these lil' niggas know who the god is
I son rappers, let them know who they father is
I wouldnt bother him, cuz i will slaughter them
then hang a nigga from a tree like a ornament
yea im on my shit, full content
its a filthy game and im dirty like a ?? (wine-back?)
yeah nigga im back, now who gon' stop that
Murcielago, with the top back
all red round me

no feds round me
killers wit me too, they bust your head proudly
go head and doubt me
bitch i got money pilin' (piling)
and i got white movin', call it snow-plowin
when the beef on, Young Money rite here
Yeah i smell fear, your worst nightmare
im in your dreams, while im livin mine
I got a sick flow, yeah i spit that swine
threw cough up a virus when i spit a line
yeah im gettin' mine, bitch its dinner time
and you are starvin artists
and we taking over, yeah we bout' to starve you artist
but imma eat regardless
i got your freakin goddess
in my bed giving head, and she take freakin orders

man this freak is gorgeous
im so better than
these other rookie niggas
come and meet the veteran
i got that medicine
knock knock, let me in
or i'll be in your living room, late night
like let em in
bitch nigga let me in

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