

## Gudda Gudda

### "Money Keep Calling"

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I woke up this morning, money on my mind,  
Bad bitches in my bed, trying to fuck, but I ain't got  
time.

So I had to pack a set, jump straight in the shower,  
Told my plug I'll meet him in McDonald's in an hour.  
So I jump right in my truck, cut that chord a foe,  
Stop the gravis right, gotta get right, it's time to poke  
up.

Wasting to the money, cell phone tripping,  
And a pistol on my lap while I'm riding and I'm working.

I'm straight from the New Orleans,  
These bitches know balling,  
Got a scope on the riffle,  
I ain't missing none of my targets.  
And your girl said she wants all of me,  
And when I leave she follow me,  
I gotta get straight to the money,  
Bitch, I hear that paper calling me.

Calling me, that money keep calling me,  
Calling me, that money, that money keep calling me.  
Calling me, that money keep calling me,  
Money keep calling, keep calling.

I'm talking big money, big paper,  
Big gun with a layer laser.  
Dump you in a river now,  
The pigs will find you here later.  
I'm a New Orleans, a fake cater,  
Peels bury, I'm a brand maker,  
Got a nine, I call on Nina Ross,  
Aka that head breaker.  
You niggers is dead fakers,  
See before, that's so tight.  
Niggers getting money, living lovely,  
Nigger, fuck your life.  
Drink cotton, I'm using mine,  
Every day is when I use the shine.  
They call me The Mechanic,  
'cause I'm walking 'round with this tool mine.

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Love my nervs back, gotta pass me the weed,  
I'm a cold hearted nigger, so I'm grabbing the heat,  
Throw some bullets at your ass, all my past is  
complete.  
I'll put a hole in your skull, Alexander McQueen.  
Man, motherfuck you and the name of your team,  
I'm laughing at you while I stab you, then I rape you and  
shit.  
I caught you by your girl's house, now you're bleeding  
on the lawn,  
I spit dope, I'm Cole Young, put this needle to your arm.  
I'm the hideous when it's cold, I be freezing when it's  
warm.  
Face it, I'm about to blow, like I'm sitting on a bomb,  
pause.  
Two wild bold niggers from the NOI, 6-6 douce parol,  
MOB.

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