

## Gudda Gudda

### "Red Rum"

Visit "[Red Rum](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All red GT, dipping in that turning lane  
Red rum Gudda bitch, I come here to murder lames.  
YMCB, call that shit the murder game  
The booth is like a coffin, when I get in here  
I murder thangs I'm on one, where them hoes at  
They want a picture with me, call me Kodak  
Johnny cope nigga, I let them hole that  
Real nigga though, but you already know that

Lego,  
I'm on the paper chase and I ain't stopping for a  
second  
I was starving then I ate and now I'm back here for my  
seconds  
I am living out my dreams, chilling with your queen  
And her legs and her thighs is where I'm tryna get  
between  
Man, I'm trying get in loose, patron mixed with the juice  
Louisiana mood, nigger, coming straight from out the  
booth  
And I'm spitting on you bitches like I got a missing  
tooth.  
David Copperfield roof, hit the button nigga poof.  
I'm on fire, I'm on fire, pistol singing like the choir  
Get your girl in my bed, make her hit high notes like  
Mariah  
Man, my cup is still muddy, dirty sprite I love it.  
Hit the party, spike the punch man  
I be thuggin' it in public  
I'm a wild boy, strapped like a cowboy  
2 revolvers in the holster, click pow boy.  
Fuck next nigga, I got 9 boy  
Dope flow, have some coke and a smile, boy.

Red rum, nigga, red rum,  
I'm coming murder shit,  
Bitch here I come.  
Red rum nigga, red rum,  
I say I'm coming murda shit,  
Bitch, here I come.

Believe me when I tell you boy, ain't a soul stopping  
mine  
It's MOB but best believe, we throwing up them dollar  
signs  
Stop a slime, I make my young niggas turn shit to  
collabine  
Trench coat, yappers underneath forget you blocking  
line  
We popping 5 I'm on it, just stroll on my opponents  
Put a hole in the middle where your head is and call  
that a donut  
Young and reckless talking reckless, you don't respect  
it then you check it  
Scope on your thong, you check me, I don't check it.  
50 grand up in this duffle  
I don't need to double check it  
Shit I got it from the Birdman you might find something  
extra  
YMCB for business, God is my witness  
I'm the sickest nigga spitting, the flow is nasty like  
syphilis  
I'm a ted big gifted, you niggas is on my shit list  
5 thousands to the shooter, now niggas is on my hit list.  
Stacking dollar after dollar, boy, that's how to break  
'em.  
Murder 1, click clack, boy we call that red rum.

Red rum, nigga, red rum,  
I'm coming murder shit,  
Bitch here I come.

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