

Lil Wayne Ft Gudda Gudda

"Jet Lee Bruce Lee"

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Gudda Gudda

(Verse 1)

Body bag the beat toe tag the highs ? more bragging
rights if you ain't
acting right send you to after life im the action type
shoot mash and
fight I ball like Steve Nash and shoot pass the light and
jump all in a
freak ass she getting smashed to night ima vulture
nigga slicker than a
snake ima fool Ima ape and you food I am raping you
fools my dick on
the track i molest you rappers Wayne and Gudda who
wanna contest
the rappers nobody four shotty's get the job done no
problem I been a
beast since squad one my money running like sonic the
hedge hog and
for the bread dog im like Adolf Ha Hitler give me the
money or meet
the sizzler ima toaster like struddles ima burn these
niggas yeah

Lil Wayne

(Chorus)

And I don't wanna talk about it gangster shit right in
front you nigga
walk around it they can let me do me they know I kick it
like Jet Lii
Bruce Lee and I've done what they can't do me without
my gun up to
your aunt susey and blow out a dooby paint her ruby I
am a loony you
niggas puny

Lil Wayne

(Verse 2)

I puke on the beat I juke and never fumble man I spit
the dope like I

swallowed a bundle gotta spit the dope up cause the
old head said if
you don't it'll bust I heard if I sell it hard it'll rush but if
the people
come if its soft it'll flush hum certainly don't get caught
in a blind and
keep your curtains straight no I don't drink wine but I
smoke purple

grape some time I see purple stars I ain't talking purple
bapes I gets
paid early cause I be working late too many painful
memories shit hurt
to say crack flow no bake just stir and shake shooting
when we pull like
erkale waist sip syrup got me moving at a turtle pase
but quick draw
pop out like a turtle face (ha) paid and full you can't
murk the ace I kill
your beat then beat the murder case (yeah) that's right
ima kill this shit
and if the glove don't fit ima need a catchers mitt
cause im high like a
pitch yeah im high like a pitch like Mariah and shit I
guess im higher
than a bitch keep it dirty like im lying in a ditch like Eli
im from New
Orleans ima giant in this bitch move the G and add a S
and put the I
before the N and put the A in front of that and that's
what I am to the
end, that's a saint motherfucker simplify it for them
where your funeral
comes with a second line at end but you won't be
second lining with
them cause you would be in hearse that's behind all of
them (yeah) I
see your hommies dress in black like they funeral
(FUNER-AL) but that
fashion statement is telling a lie, im pelican fly, Mac 11
inside, my
bullets come with wings and your cerembella can fly
(yeah) fuck it right
all year young money we are sick as ganarea like
nausea heart burn
interjesture up set stomach and diareah get some
peptobismo hoe ha
ha ha young mula baby

