

## **Lil Wayne f/ Gudda Gudda**

### **"New Orleans Maniac"**

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This is the archetypal rock sound [Lil Wayne] Ok this really ain't no rock shit But um, let go Hollygrove monster New Orleans maniac Shoot a nigga up until his whole body ain't attached Hi, my name is best rapper alive And your mouth is the best crapper alive Cause you talk shit, I get hit and walk it off Like fuck that, then I just spit like barking dogs Call it bust back Attitude like fuck em all And I'm greasy And your boyfriend is a butterball What's geezy I mean what's good, bitch is you blind Check my watch bet it be money all the time Sunny on the side where I stay at Where M.I.A. at I get pussy every time I say that In the game room, I don't play that Bitch nigga get laid down where he lay at AK at your front door Young Zo You can ask Brisco Shoot til my wrist so Coupe with a bitch low Who put the slick pull I'm tired of the south, so in your mouth is where the dick go Yeah They like it when I say yeah huh? And your boyfriend's a tampon And I don't own land baby I own a land mine So step on my land and catch a bomb like Anquan Weezy F. and the F is for franchise You lookin at me is like you're lookin through ant eyes Young Money can't die Bitch we like Hancock Yeah I'm a Martian what you saying Spock I turn your beef into a ham hot Then I put it in a pan pot Shoot 'til my hand hot I can't hear you saying stop I hear nina sayin pop I hear choppers sayin chop I hear niggas screamin and shit Like I said holla at ya boy bitch But holla at ya boy bitch I'm the boy bitch Not ya boy bitch Cause ya boy a bitch Yeah Young Moola Crazy [Gudda Gudda] Eastside Loco You're sweet like cocoa And you can get your ass beat fast like go-go Mask on my face, low pro that a no show Shoot a rapper when his album drop give 'em promo You clown like bozo They ask him bout the group shit It's time to get the loot bitch I had to go solo Your bitch all on me, you better watch your hoe though She wanna come kick it like a dojo, uh-oh Slick nigga fuck 'em then I drop 'em like a low low Bitch want money like mils no, no-no Nigga if you hating suck a dick no homo Boy I keep it gutter like bo-bos Yeah I'm doin what I do so nigga just do you And my gun nicknamed mÃ©nage, she do two Nigga welcome to the Young

Money age zoo crew We starvin and you could get ate  
like zoo-zoos Niggas boo-hoo cry motherfucker I'm  
heartless I'll break bones and cartilage You are just a  
mark muthafucker I'm a marksman And I'm all about  
the green like Boston Pardon me nigga I'm talkin  
reckless You walk into a gun fight Knife, no vest, bitch  
you crazy Just like the ice you wearin you fugaze Put  
'em in the dirt Make 'em push a few daisies 80's baby  
Soon to be rich nigga King Kong beatin on my chest on  
you bitch niggas Paper I'm after So I'm on your ass now  
Young Money mothafucking cash cow Gudda

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