

Young Money Hospital

Gudda Gudda

Young Money Hospital*
I'm so sick, kill you and your dogs,
You can call me Mike Vick,
I'm a get get silly, (silly)
Sick sick with it,
Foolish like shawty low and I'm a get get it,
Stick shift kitted,
Maserati large got my top let back,
With the Kamikazi doors,
Hoes all over me, crazy no control of me,
I hop up in the draws put that d-ck up in her ovaries,
Gudda b-tch you know it's me, I spit cooked coke,
So when I rap it comes out like a quarter key,
Conduct disorderly, 44 bulldogs barking start sparking
And rip out your arteries,
Uhh Umm,
Fresh out the Carter 3
Money ain't a thing muthf-cker it's the only thing,
Ha ha,
B-tch don't bother me,
My car so big, my license plate says "pardon me",
Yeh, Louie V looks on and my Jewelry just sang it like a slow song,
Young Mula b-tch,
You f-cking with some soldiers, who ra b-tch,
Hollygrove gangsta, mixtape mangler,
Wheels on the coupe, lips bigger than Tapanga's,
Two middle fingers, you don't want my anger,
Better call the rangers, but you gon need the angels,
Young money gettin money out the anus,
And I got the girls saying please Lil Wayne us,
Let me explain this,
I'm like Travis Barker I got stripes, I'm Strapped and I'm Famous,
I tell myself you ought to be shameless,
I pop a pill and now I feel painless,
And I'm a shoot that if I aim this,
And I ain't talking bout no muthf-cking sidekick,
Like, I f-ck that other side b-tch,
Eastside I ride around, you know who you ride with,
Then I'm at the hospital,
If you survive it,
Then I'm at your funeral just to see ya body,
P-ssy n-gga I'm a hitman,

And when it come to p-ssy n-gga I'm a a clit man,
Haha shit man, I got your girl on my arm like a wrist band,
And anything I do my clique can,
They can lean on me like a kick stand,
I'm a take us to the top,
And know it's not a rumour, it's the rock.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>