

Small Thing To A Giant

Gudda Gudda

I'm bout that drama, You fucking with tha cannon nigga
Got a gangsta grill yellow diamonds when I rambo nigga
So don't cross we got ammo like Rambo nigga
Lifes a gamble you craped out you bad gambling nigga
Nigga moving fast gotta pump the brakes on em
They better pump em fast before I beat the brakes off em
My goons real hungry looking for a big break
And you's a real phony looking like a big steak
So get your shit straight, Before I grab this big ape
Hit you in your left eye now you can't see shit straight
Ray Charles nigga blind to the fact
While you was in your class, I was grinding and getting scratched
The knife grind you and you scratched
Now you crying like a bitch, You a bird got wings
I'm a fly you with the pack, Uh
These little niggas got the nerves
These niggas under me
I put you under my wing, nigga you's a son to me

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Yeah, Guess What?, Streets off paper
And me, I'm praying for probation
Like my ancestors prayed for segregation
I'm a predator when I pray, I don't mean meditation
I mean vegetation, Fuck the Feds and fuck the Federation
And every agent, Man I want an Asian, Sex her like a geisha
Get up in her stomach like Ignacio, Let me stop
Naa let me keep going, C4ing, We blowing
Up you better be detouring if we touring then she snoring cause he boring
Shorty need a refund bring it back
And when it comes to me she pre-ordering and reordering and reordering
And I be ballin and I'm free falling and I sleep out of that pussy
And when she calling I don't answer
But she keep calling and keep calling
And we ballin like we ballin
As a matter of fact like street ballin
We evolving, They dissolving
Cincinatti Reds hat, Red black
Cops find your body but they don't know where your head at
Uh, I'm goin in like wet pussy, No money, That sound like debt to me
Bitch I don't give a motherfuck
Yea I'm leanin, Bout to pour me up another cup
Yea I'm high, Bout to roll me up another blunt
I rolled a Biggie Smalls... Heres another one
I'm in love with Wayne, Long hair don't care
Bitch call me Rick James, Hahaha
Weezy that nigga, And don't forget da baby you fucking babysitter

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I'm goin in like I'm goin home
20 thousand on my wrist and my neck that's my rolling stone
Went from being broke to not a pot to piss in
Now I gotta pocket full of dead politicians
Stop nigga listen
Cause I'm a bout to rape the game down
No toilet paper on me while I'm shitting
Fly boy hover over niggas like a flying saucer
YMOB, Don't make me call the bosses
YM gon eat and run like break-fast
Been running for too long it's time to take cash
And I'm a smoke the game cause no air kills
And for the money I eat beats up like bear grylls
Bitches love me when they stare I give them rare chills
But money is over her, She can't see in a pair of heels
Young nigga bout to bleed the game
Throw a stack at dem hoes and tell em keep the change
Gasoline flow light the match, Watch it spark
Fire jumpin off my lips everytime I talk
Living legend in the flesh, I'm the champ yes
I'm serving niggas like my name is Pete Sampras
Get hyphy if you want and I'm a shake them dreads
And go dumb with the tool upside your head
Who want it? You get em, I taunt em
Take all his money then I take a shit on him
Your whole click is phony, My little ponys
Gudda walk alone and shit my shadow is my army
Why I need a nigga when I got my tool on me
My little buddy got bullets like the army
Military thoughts like I trained with Al-Qaida
Raid a niggas crib with a box cutter razor
Look, So bow down to the chief the the champ
Dictator in the streets nigga signed and stamped
Gudda!