

# YM Banger (feat. Jae Millz, Gudda Gudda & Tyga)

Lil Wayne, Jae Millz, Gudda Gudda & Tyga

Gudda, yeah, okay  
I'm leaning to the left, flag in my right pocket  
Star track fly, unidentified flying object  
Extraterrestrial, I'm all about my decimals  
Retarded in the booth they say I got a special flow  
Sicker than your average, you rappers is ass backwards  
Gudda spit crack and you niggas is crack addicts  
The simple mathematics, you cut the check  
And I rake in the green like I'm rakin' the grass in  
Pretty bitches damn near faint when they passin'  
Call my whip Martin but the first name Aston  
Potato head niggas get mashed when I'm spazzin'  
Think you fucking with me put your cash in, nah I doubt it  
I was young and reckless when Pete say he was about it  
You niggas is Ducks, Howard's, cowards  
Kill the competition and shower niggas with flowers  
This rap shit is ours, Gudda bitch  
Uh, Uptown back in it  
Hollygrove black menace  
Black clothes, black tennis  
Black semi, I've never sat in a Hemi  
That would offend me  
Try Maybach on Maybach  
Bitch I got stacks  
Yeah, paychecks on paychecks  
And I still want payback  
And I still don't play that  
I kill on asap  
And we don't do shit but get money all day  
Put some shoes on my bullets now they running your way  
YM, Young Mula, Young Money all day  
Where the drugs so sweet like honey on yay  
Which one of y'all say you want drama I'm honored  
I blitz your ass like a motherfuckin' lineman  
Stack of paychecks with a whole bunch of comma's  
Still wear red like an old 49ner  
Fuck shittin' on ya, dump the whole toilet on ya  
Weezy F Baby bitch, I'm hotter than Uganda  
Ughh  
Lego

Mama ain't make me to make homies  
She made me to make history  
So doing that's my extra-curricular activity  
Bulldozer boy and my target is the industry  
Two things in the world I love, good head and victory  
You ain't doing it big, I'm grown stop kidding me  
Your whip ain't up to date and your hoes look like Mr. T  
This is misery, no Cathy Bates  
Come at me sideways, my money will slap ya straight  
Yeah, I'm a big joker so you know I smash your ace  
Leave the club with ya girl, send her home with an ashy face  
Love is a gamble but it's my casino  
And tonight your the loser, I hope she got Aveeno  
I hope the game got life insurance cause I'mma kill it  
And all you wack ass rap niggas dying with it  
I'm so Harlem, eating but still starving  
Pockets fat as fuck like all they do is eat margarine  
Millzy, legoSay, put the flow in the pot  
Crank up the notch  
Burn the song from a stove top  
It's finger licking hot  
His pitch flip cause the nigga flop  
My shit hit like the pitch was soft  
Niggas cotton balled  
She dropped drawers cause she pop it off  
Her pussy cross guard but I don't stop at all  
I smash in the car, like fuck the fucking law  
I made daddy gone, who wanna make it done  
That rocky shit that we up on  
Shttin' on 'em like hate in the barn  
Hey wait, they say money talks  
And man you don't speak at all  
You shop at mini malls  
My style two thumbs up like using analogues haha  
I wreck shit for the recognition bitch  
Jesus as my witness, Satan vision  
I bore you niggas, flame flicker  
I melt pictures, Tyga skin ain't drippin'  
Man you don't speak at all  
You shop at mini malls  
My style two thumbs up like using analogues  
I wreck shit for the recognition bitch  
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I bore you niggas flame flicker  
I melt pictures  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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