

# Finale

## Young Money

[Verse 1 - Gudda Gudda]

They call me Young Gudda,  
I'm all about the dough still,  
And anybody in my way, roadkill,  
Everything my hands touch turn to gold,  
Money, knots and jewels with no records sold, (Yeah)  
I'm manhandling rappers with no effort,  
So imagine what'll happen when I start applying pressure,  
Guillotine flow who ready to get severed nogga  
In or out the booth you could get leveled nigga

[Verse 2 - Jae Millz]

Yo, we are Young Money,  
Nigga you can't chocha,  
It's about to get real ugly, Amarosa,  
YM vultures, there ain't a family dooper,  
We done changed the way the game looks, Sammy Sosa, (Ha ha)  
This is life this ain't a job, Audemare and Shapor,  
Just symbolize I go hard,  
Navy on navy Camaro I did it all for the Yankees,  
Did it all for New York and this love no need to thank me, Millz [Verse 3 - Tyga]  
Uhh, fast money I don't slow dance,  
Young Money muthafucka till the world end,  
Money over weight, bitch, Rosanne,  
I don't listen to these kids, grown man,  
Skinny nigga dubbed up, Lohan,  
Lindsey the white Benz, same color Mike skin,  
Make ya soul spin when the ping load in,  
Au revoir, goodbye, now applaud

[Verse 4 - Lil' Chuckee]

Young money lil' G,  
Battle juice in my blood,  
Jumpin' at ya boy,  
Man, you better have ya bungee cord,  
Since Wayne took me off the leash,  
I ain't lose a fight yet,  
Now come drag ya dog out the ring how he love that,  
Yung wid a attitude, watch how ya talk to me,  
Keep playin' Freddy boi, I'll leak on ya Elm Street,  
Trouble is what you want dog, pain is what you gon' get,  
It's Young money till the bone grizzle, ya dig? [Verse 5 - Lil' Twist]

Young money good night,  
And yeah I'm gonna shine like an ultraviolet light,

Lil' Twist cold cellar like it's open tonight,  
31st nigga to write, You need a telescope sight,  
To try to see me, I'm so far gone,  
Even though I'm goin' out kids, I'm so far on  
I gotta house full of chicks like the Playboy home,  
Wrappin' up my lifestyle and I smash this song  
Twizzy[Verse 6 - Nicki Minaj]  
I'm in that cotton pink Bent',  
Puttin' mass on the guts,  
White on white whips,  
Kunta Kinte on the clutch,  
You at the bottom of the pole, Totem,  
Like Lamar Odom, I ball, scrotom,  
Flyer than a cricket so they call me Nicki Jim-any,  
And It's going down like Santa in a chimney,  
You don't ball break ya baby back ribs,  
You need more assist than the handicap kids (Oh shit)[Verse 7 - Shanell]  
Young Money we rockstars,  
So fuck wit' ya Magnum on,  
And hold on we go long,  
You feel that? We get that,  
We in that, we run that, we bus' back,  
We hit 'em when we see 'em comin' back for more,  
Back for more.[Verse 8 - Mack Maine]  
Michael Wade family in the building you can't hold us,  
Me, Taz and Wayne be the three new moguls,  
Buffet around here y'all boys scrape the plates,  
And we don't eat up in our whispa they got paper plates,  
Soon as we leave the club damn let the models go,  
One word I forgot to say on his album, Hollygrove!,  
This track the finale, nah this the genesis,  
Young Money murderers, we killin' shit,  
Forever[Verse 9 - Drake]  
Alright I got this, you can never get this  
I built it up from nuthin' you would think I'm playin' Tetris,  
Thousand dollar sweater on but I don't ever sweat shit,  
Swear the beats they give me got a mafuckin' death wish,  
Yeah, tell me who controls kings,  
I don't follow rules, stupid old things,  
I'm flying through the city in a coupe with those wings,  
And my team deserves some muthafuckin' Superbowl rings, Young Money[Verse 10 - Lil'  
Wayne]  
I'm so in this bitch, CEO in this bitch,  
Lil' Weezy stand tall, tippytoe in this bitch  
Blood gang muthafucka da da doe in this bitch,  
Make ya girl get Barry Manilow in this bitch,  
In the body of the World, money is the blood,  
And everyday I be back and forward to the blood bank,  
Uhh making deposits till I fuckin' faint,

New Orleans, nigga how about them fuckin' Saints,  
It's tight on our end call that Bubba Franks,  
Matter fact it's too tight add a couple links,  
I'm the bartender you a women drink,  
Yeah it's Young Money but the money ain't,  
Gudda tough, Nelly nice, Nick nasty,  
Streets bad, Tyga ill, Drake magic,  
Millz Harlem, Chuck wild, Twist Dallas,  
And Mack Maine rap, sing and manage,  
UhhhhIt's Young Moulah baby.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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