

# I Get the Bag

Gucci Mane

Hah  
It's Gucci  
Drop Top  
Wizop  
Hoo (Skrrt)  
Yuh (Skrrt)  
Ayy (Go)

You get the bag and fumble it  
I get the bag and flip it and tumble it (Yeah)  
Straight out the lot, three hundred cash (Cash)  
And a car came with a blunt in it (Yeah)  
Lil mama a thot, and she got ass (Thot)  
And she gon' fuck up a bag (Yeah)  
Pull up to the spot, livin' too fast (Yeah)  
Droppin' the dope in the stash (Yah)  
In Italy  
Got two foreign hoes, they DM me (Brr, ayy)  
Drop the top when it's cold (Drop top)  
But you feel the heat (Skrrt, yah, ayy)  
Be real with me, keep it one hundred (Whoa)  
Just be real with me (Ayy)  
Eat it up like it's a feast (Eat it up)  
They say the dope on fleek (Yep)

Percocet pill on me (Percocet)  
Ice on my neck, baby, chill with me (Ice)  
Them niggas that flex in the back don't say nothin'  
Them niggas will kill for me  
Back ends I count 'em asleep, on fleek  
Hundred K spent on a Patek Phillippe (Phillippe)  
Bitch, I'm a dog, you're my treat (Hrr)  
Hop out the frog and leap (Leap)  
I put them bricks in the fender  
My bitch, she walk around like she Kris Jenner (Kris Jenner)  
I used to break and then enter  
Then Takeoff run 'em like the game of temple (Whew)  
It's simple, I play with the mental  
Momma said she saw me on Jimmy Kimmel (Mama)  
Canada, cause I'm a money symbol  
Walkin' with the racks, I'm lookin' crippled (Money)  
Fuck on that bitch then I tip her (Tip her)  
A nickel for me to take pictures (Nickel)  
Not from L.A. but I clip her (Brr)  
Double my cup, pour a triple (Actavis)  
Fox on my body, no Vivica (Fox on my)  
I'm not your average or typical (I'm not your)  
Look at my wrist and it's critical (Look at the)  
Hold it up, droppin' the temperature (Droppin' the)  
I get that bag on the regular (Bag)  
I got a bag on my cellular (Brr)  
Backin' up, baggin' up vegetables (Bag)  
Baggin' up cookies, it's medical (Cookies)  
Cocaine, codeine, et cetera (White)  
Cocaine and lean, it's federal (White)  
I take off, landin' on Nebula  
As of now twenty M's on my schedule (Takeoff)

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Just be real with me (It's Gucci, ayy)  
Eat it up like it's a feast (Hah, eat it up)  
They say the dope on fleek (Yep)

I know that these niggas gettin' sick of me  
These chains on my neck cost a mil' a piece  
I won't even like to freestyle for free  
I put in the key and I ride the beat  
I won't even come out the house for free  
I pay a nigga to drive for me  
JAY-Z couldn't even co-sign for me  
I do what I want, cause I'm signed to me (Damn)  
I get the, I get the, I get the bag  
They get the bag, had to cut it in half  
Stop the comparin', y'all makin' me laugh  
Need the rehab, I'm addicted to cash (Gucci)  
Convertible Wop, convertible top  
My dope got a vertical, look at it hop  
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, and it jump out the pot  
Came out of jail and went straight to the top  
Take it easy, baby  
Middle of summer, I'm freezin', baby  
Don't leave me, baby  
Just drop to your knees and please me, baby  
I'm fascinated  
Two bitches so fine that I masturbated  
Congratulations  
She brain me so good that I graduated (Wow)  
They had to hate it  
I don't fuck with them niggas, they plastic, baby  
I trap a baby  
I rap but I own all of my masters, baby  
It's tragic, baby  
I pull up and fuck up the traffic, baby  
A savage, baby  
I'm killin' these niggas, closed casket, baby

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