

G Season

T.I.

Okay, aye man, I'm sucka-free, sucka duckin'
Tell all them suckas get the fuck outta my way MAN
You understand?
G Season

Told you motherfuckas once, prison ain't change me
All it did was make a nigga crazy deranged see
Psycho, nuts so, what I give a fuck for?
All I know now is to get out and go for the gusto
So, fuck niggas fuck hoes, he said, she said, nigga and what so?
Fuck what they say bout my cases, fuck what they say bout my lady
Fuck what they say we were doing on that day of visitation
All I care 'bout is my out date and this nature of probation
How much dough I'm set to make and where I'm gon' go on vacation
Wait, damn, okay that's way too far ahead of me
So I'm just tryna take it day to day if they would let a G, breath
Cop cars by the three's, Bitches call me papa Johns 'cause I keep that extra
cheese
Overseas in the sun, livin' for the fun in Milan with some bad bitches
Probably wanna yawn, when will it dawn on 'em I'm a Don
Ridin' foreign, curtains drawn, gettin' blown by a blond, I'm the bomb
Terrorist, hella rich, wreckin' shit
Nigga ask about me homie I suggest you tell 'em this

I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me
You sucka niggas out of style G season
You sucka niggas out of style G season

Meek Milly
Paper plates on my Aston Martin bitch I'm ballin
Killin' all my haters tell yo mama pick your coffin
Hundred rounds shawty I just gotta pick a target
Put my name on that flyer, watch the party get retarded
And I go crazy in that bitch, stunt like Baby in that bitch
Got yo lady on my dick, 'cause I got like 80 on my wrist
KOD, I make it rain, I know they hate me in that bitch
So I be there just throwin' money like they paid me for that shit, hold up!
Started in the back now I'm that nigga in the front
Shorty want the real and I'mma give her what she want
OG nigga you can put it in the blunt
Fuckin' all the baddest bitches, I'm a hit 'em from the front
Just to see the faces on her, when a nigga lay it on her
Every time she ride that dick, I tell her go Jamaican on it
Lord have mercy, these bitches thirsty
I'm in a Merci she kissin' on me Hershey's
We in this bitch!
I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
That's yo main bitch? She fuckin' me
I don't fuck with niggas, I'm a fuckin' G
It's Meek Milly, T.I. fuckin' P!

I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
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Them sucka niggas out of style G season
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My best flow too cold to just bring it out
But go and talkin' crazy tho' you get yourself singled out
Half a million bucks a pack a whole arena out
Bein' a sucka I don't know the first thing about
You get the seen about cummin' out yo face
Like a volcano have lava runnin' out yo face
Hey, if yo ass out of place
You'll find the weapons they took away I'll replace
What can I say? Another year, another case
Another sentence completed, I'm confident and conceited
I'm sucker free, sucker ducking, so tell them suckers to beat it
Don't fuck with me busta, trust me your future will be deleted
Such a G, ain't no touching me, luckily I defeated the odd
Without my tool, Allah and glory to God, and I ain't even Islamic
So sick, whenever I vomit just throw me a mill or 2
And that oughta settle my stomach
Bout some money he done it, call me Mr. He Run It
These niggas ain't really bout it, they just be speaking Ebonics
I'm nothing short of iconic, promise you, you don't want it
Strong as gin and tonic, my left you won't see it coming
My right you'll be running from it, I catch you with it, you done
I'm a keep it a 100, you better get you a gun
Word bond real talk, do my dirt all by my lonely
'Cause them suckas will talk

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