ABCGE

Gucci Mane

Jordan produced it

ABCGE, this how you start the alphabets, nigga
Scratch the serial off the Glock, we changed the alphabet, killer (Brrt)
How you talkin' like you tough, but you got buck for a pistol? (Ow)
And, nigga, you know it was us that put your man in the 'spital (Brrt, brrt)
Bitch, you fuckin' on the boss, I ain't no Malc' in the Middle (Nope)
Every time I was the suspect, I wasn't never the victim (Nope)
And if my shooter get too busy I'm gon' have to come get you (Fo' sho')
Now they screaming RIP and guns and posting yo' pictures (Let's go)

They beefin' on them social sites, we don't get into that (That shit a scam)
They know I'm gangster everywhere except the internet (Anywhere but the 'Gra
m)
I'm gon' keep sendin' shots every time I see a threat (Brrt)
I'm a still zip that lil' boy up, I just ain't seen him yet (Brrt, brrt, brr
t)
Bitch, yeah, now what they talking 'bout? (Huh?)
We were twenty deep with twenty choppas outside Waffle House (Facts)
If you keep on hidin' out we gon' go visit mama's house (Facts)
I'm somewhere in the trap with 20K worth of dope in the couch (Brrt, brrt)
Heard yo' ho tryna slide
I gotta hit from the back, introduce my demon side
Know when a bitch with me she doin' some shit she never tried (She never tri
ed)
Yeah, I been strapped since Trey Day died, it left me mesmerized (Brrt, brrt
)

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How you talkin' like you tough, but you got buck for a pistol? (How?)
And, nigga, you know it was us that put your man in the 'spital (Brrt, brrt)
Bitch, you fuckin' on the boss, I ain't no Malc in the Middle (Nope)
Every time I was the suspect, you was always the victim (Nope)
If my shooter get too busy, then I might come and get you (Fo' sho')
Now they screaming RIP and guns and posting yo' pictures (Let's go)

If he did see GB CEO, come after a nigga (They gotta come and get me)
Chopper gang until I die, and even after that, nigga
Hundred shooters at my show, I filled the club up with killers (Brrt, brrt,
brrt)
ABCGE, them members broke the balcony, nigga
I signed a deal and flipped some P's, now I got cake to play with (Now I got
 cake to play with)
Ain't no more Golden State, we knockin' shit out like the lightnin'
Been stuck with Shiesty in the Creek, I'm burnt up in the Haven
Went to my hood and copped 375 across the pavement (375 across the pavement)
Brr, bitch (Brr), now what they think we on?
I just sent some shots at what's-her-
name, now wait 'til Hank get home (Free Hank)
Grape Street in my cup, sippin' the set, how many pints we on? (Damn)
Pulled up on the block with disrespect, we had to blank on holme (Brrt, brrt
)

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