

Bluffin

Gucci Mane

(Kutta, cut that shit up, man)

Switch the weather when I want, we at the other, other spot
Me and bro ain't swappin' out our jewels, this another watch
I get all types of bags in, I'm a different hot
Shroom sex on the private jet, this a different high
I'm with the clappers
Brodie changed his life but he an ex-kidnapper
Ain't tryna go there with you, weird-ass actors
Or rappers or whatever you call yourself
I got five cellphones, tell them niggas to call my bluff
That lit shit I don't post, I can't show them folks all of this
stuff
Tighten up the business, I done killed and been ballin' it up
Older niggas postin' motivation, they holdin' they nuts
Keep the windows clear, so them pussy niggas can see the guts
Cutlass, she thinkin' I'm stubborn
But, baby, I'm the catch, I catch up with you when I can
Need a camera crew, everything we do, it should be on film
We came through a hundred deep, I seen you with your boyfriend
Horse playin', I was in a 'Rari, I was with a barbie, I had on
Marni
I call her Lori, my new-new, yeah-yeah, my boo
Shit I rap 'bout be all facts, I'm livin' out my truth
He think he this 'cause he bought that, bruh, I copped bruh one
too
We havin' motions for real, plural, everybody gettin' money
I took off on niggas, real bad, everybody act funny
Life a hard pill to swallow, nigga, everybody gotta stomach
I tried to show niggas the right way, so everybody leave the wr
ong way

I tried to lead by example, helped everybody get money
I quit lean and stopped gamblin', I'm an ex-
codeine junkie (Lean)
Stayed in motels with my family and did pushups with my bunky
Used to work up off my brother 'nem, but I ain't never been no
flunky (No)
Some nigga tried me but couldn't call me, just a young nigga, t
hey jumped me
One nigga still think he got one up on me, but his day still co
min' (Wow)
I don't make threats, no, I promise, I just drop bands like com
mas
Don't even ask me 'bout dead folks, 'cause I ain't got no comme
nt (Yeah)
I want my M's up to one, two, three, four, five one-
hundred (Go)

I ain't arguin' on no internet, I'm not Wack100 (No)
Miami, no shirt just to show off the tats on my stomach (Man)
Niggas old and broke, and out of shape, it sick, make me vomit
It's been eighteen years later and my stock still ain't plummet
Had to bet on myself, and made somethin' from nothin' (Yeah)
Niggas sayin' they did this and that, for me, y'all ain't do no
thin'
Nigga gon' throw they hand in and stop all that bluffin' (It's
Gucci)