

Bombs

Gucci Mane

Since a youngin, I been runnin through a fuckin bomb
Place your order now, I'll drop it like a fuckin bomb
Get your bricks, they'll blow like some fuckin bombs
All about Benjamans, I'm thumbing through them bitches, boy
Big bankroll on my presidential Rolly, boy
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I got racks the long way, and my jeans start hurtin me
Peewee Longway, came straight out the trentches, nigga
OG, get to the cash, run through them
Groupie bitches, runnin through them, for real killed them
Can't no fake nigga get in my biz
Big faces on my hundreds, presidents
3 pieces mounted on the Coope and the Benz

Play with a nigga bitch
Hit up the plug [?]
Headshots what I call [?]
Jump out the whip [?]
Hundred rounds in the drum, bang that shit
Designer on my feet every time I step
Dropping bombs, tryna get some chips
Hood rich nigga like my nigga Rich
Trap house booming like some 808s
Ran through some motherfuckin major ways
Big faces got the Rolly overweight
1017 on the way to the bank

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I ain't really with the talkin, my homies marchin
Wrong side, where the small fries get hog tied
No Michael Vick, but all these hoes get in dog fights
Pull up in that foreign, watch the trafic get the frog eyes
Keep that money on my mind like it's a brain tumer
When they say MPA not up next, that's a strange rumer
Every state we land in, we in the latest fassion
Bombs, we running past them
I'll surve you in the Aston
Working out and moving weight, I'm tryna get a 6 pack
Time is money, I need a hundred bands just to chit chat
If you ain't talkin bout moving no bomb, you you need to get back
Saying you moving Coca Cola, nigga, where your wrist at?
Duke!

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