

Both Sides

Gucci Mane

(Rio)

Burr gang, leave a nigga cold
(What's happening, Chi Chi?)

It ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no side
Y'all got guns and we got guns, but we don't post ours
Lil' Q poppin' like a giant, he just 4'5''
Told him hit 'em in the leg and make them niggas your size
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides

They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties
They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties

I made it from the streets, it ain't no mercy on these streets (Nah)
It's hot as mercury, these boys'll murk you on these streets
These bitches double dutch, so quick to jump a nigga sheets
Got niggas slick competin' with niggas I ain't even competin' (Facts)
If you talk behind my back, no need to dap me when you see me (No)
'Cause I ain't gon' shed no tear when they pick you up off the cement
A real dope boy, I make it flood in any season
While rappers goin' broke and blame corona as the reason
I showed some niggas kindness, they mistook that I was weak (Weak)
I told them I was stackin', they just thought that I was cheap (Cheap)
If I took it, I was mad, I still ain't finna give it back
No, "Oops, sorry, my bad," consider that shit as a tax (Sorry)
So buy some Stacy Adams and a couple ties to match (Damn)
This MAC came with a shoulder strap, the only thing retract (Yup)
4PF and 1-0-1-7, four tires, we flat
And we ain't with that pitty-pat shit, we rat-ta-ta-tat (Tat)

It ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no side
Y'all got guns and we got guns, but we don't post ours
Lil' Q poppin' like a giant, he just 4'5''
Told him hit 'em in the leg and make them niggas your size
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides

They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties
They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties

Doin' songs for Gucci Mane, now I done ran them stupid bands up
Make Lil Stupid shoot your mans up, it's a robbery, put your hands up
They see me, they switch the channel, I'm the real deal Atlanta
Ain't no monkeys in the middle, play both sides, you get dismantled
Talk my shit, I got my hammer
Fuck that bitch, I ain't got no manners
Can't hit that shit, that's not my standard
She caught my drift, she like my grammar
I keep me a dirty Fanta, I'm ridin' 'round in this dirty Phantom
I'm 'bout gettin' business handled, I ain't sendin' no worries at 'em
I ain't with no chitter-chatter, keep a bad one
Her ass fatter than the last one
We be takin' shit, no askin', we be breakin' bricks out plastic
Everybody lit, go ask 'em, I be in the 'Vette, the fast one
And I got the C8, you don't wanna see Baby

It ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no side
Y'all got guns and we got guns, but we don't post ours
Lil' Q poppin' like a giant, he just 4'5''
Told him hit 'em in the leg and make them niggas your size
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides
These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides

They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties
They gon' need a lot of black suits, a bunch of bowties