Bucking the System

Gucci Mane

Trappin' all day on the goddamn skreets
I don't even have no where to goddamn sleep
I remember recordin' in Zay mama basement
Way, way, way before he ever had a placement
Dead bodies in the bando, we called it a vacant
Smokin', drinkin', sellin' dope but I was on probation
Turned into a killer soon as I left my Cecilia
I don't think they feel ya till the ghetto try to kill ya
Free my niggas and the system motherfucker still strong
If you a snitch, fuck you and who snitchin' with ya
Loan money walk, let the lady take a picture
Not every day the bitch see a million dollar nigga
High killers with me now I can't be a victim
Choppa close by all the time, I'm buckin' the system
Diamonds precious but nothin's more precious than wisdom
The fresh is in the buildin'
Bless the ghetto children
Fronted me to pack, I ain't pound em' back I'm buckin'
Been known to buck the system, call the plug and tell them fuck em'
Pockets wove for parole I feel in an injustice
For me to be broke and strugglin' I can't be out hustlin'

I'm buckin', I'm buckin', I'm buckin'
I'm buckin', I'm buckin', I'm buckin the system
I'm buckin' on niggas on buckin' up pistols, I'm takin' up pistols and kill em'
I'm buckin', I'm buckin', I'm buckin'
I'm buckin', I'm buckin', I'm buckin the system
Don't fuck with these niggas
Don't ride with these niggas
They try me on buckin' the system

Real one I'm fly and I'm goin' out gangsta
Gold mouth dog and your homeboy fakin'
Brew on the landlord, need another favor
Pay the bill, eighteen wheeler with the reefer trailer
I don't get a load in, I'ma send a low bitch
Shot the strong arm to the judge up in court bitch
Ding-dong, push button bricks front door shit
Ten seventeen nigga bread winner, pray squad
I control a fork lift, yeah they just sent four
Hundred round discharge writin' on the clipboard
Put you in the coffin, I bought a new fit for
Ride a nigga out, bought Mac Book laptop
Drop top, make a left and right with the strap out
Got my own blueprint, guess I got it mapped out
It was on Carolina standin' in the traphouse
Said I wouldn't be shit, think I didn't hear about
Nine nigga collect calls, bigger than your real house
I could don a helicopter blindfold to Mexico
You pull up and meet a middle man at a Texaco
Where I wanna safeguard, run off on hold
You gotta send the money for the load come through
Like a peewee league, payroll peewee cheese
I be overseas I'ma met a ying with it
For takin' my lick, like I feelin' these nigga
Livin' like that when I fell in these systems

Real Hermès, what we sell in these trenches
Deal cocaine, but the recipe different
And it's Le Louvres if I'm cut like that
Real street nigga, but the pedigree different
Pillow talk 'bout me you a jelly B nigga
I slam on your fam if you tell on me nigga
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