

# 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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