

Bullet Wound

Gucci Mane

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Tote my pistol anywhere, go to war with a grizzly bear
Burn your house with your kids in there
Call the folks how? I have been in there
AK in my ceiling there □ drop top V, 12 cylinders...
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Your girl never had Christian Louboutins so I bought her a pair
Really it's not an affair, 'cause she fucked a millionaire
Mack 10 with a cooler, fool
These fuck niggas with bullet wounds
Stitchin' hangin out my britches, you can see this from a distance
I've got Bloods and Crips with 30 clips
Fresh ass nigga with a dirty pistol
I'm the same nigga that fucked your sister
You so broke, can't buy no pistol
I'll buy your bitch, I'll buy your life
Don't know when, but your mom'll miss you
Every day I'm on driver, nigga □ never catch me in neutral
I ain't doin nothin' in reverse
Well lose you, nigga, now converse
See the concert of my convert
Got the right plan but the wrong purse
I've got yellow gold, I've got rose gold
I've got pink diamonds like Starburst
I don't rehearse, I don't plan first
That nigga strong, hook, I called the right person
Yellow bone, butt naked
If the pussy wack, eject it
Man all my hoes be actin' like detectives
But I don't give a fuck, and if I did I would give it to you
That rainbow has two colors