

# Bum Bum

Gucci Mane

Uh  
It's Gucci  
Livin' Legend  
I'm a legend

I'm glad that this game so easy to me  
Bu-Bum Bu-Bum Bum  
God thanks for sending this dope to me  
Bu-Bum Bu-Bum Bum  
Got his F&N in his car with me  
Bu-Bum Bu-Bum Bum  
God thank you for sending this bomb to me  
Bu-Bum Bu-Bum Bum

I'm rollin' and I'm gone off ecstasy  
Hoes keep saying I'm sexy man  
I don't believe nothin' I see or hear  
Cause half of that shit ain't real to me  
I got a nigga rollin' with me he'll kill for me  
I got another nigga like to do deals for me  
My daddy was a hustler apple don't fall far from the tree  
And I am Gucci Mane my son is gone be a G (Bu-Bum Bu-Bum Bum)  
Got that gun with me  
Got two hundred round drums in the car with me  
I'm bustin blunts got ten cigars with me  
I'm gettin' head got a Porno star car with me

Like MJ in Thriller man I dance with monsters  
Even right now it's a thief amongst us  
Sometimes I know that it's a snitch amongst us  
And they gone come out and then my goons gone hunt ya  
I got straps like super country  
White couch, headshot, decorate your fun-ture  
Oops I meant furniture but damn I fronted ya  
He ran off with the pack so I had to punish him  
Torture two days and I need some answers  
Chain so sick prolly got breast cancer  
Yellow diamond rollly time piece bananza  
I'm ballin' hard R. Kelly party fiesta  
R. Kelly numbers {when I ask my investors?}  
Sixteen year old white girls to stretch ya  
And you can't comprehend cause I'm too over your head bruh  
Seven days a week I'm gone pull up in a red car  
I'm super duper high and I'm super successful  
Hundred pounds I break it down Five pounds the extra  
Bullets go through ya head {who nexta, who nexta, nexta?}  
I'm talkin' to ya now but I don't like to lecture