

Bussdown

Gucci Mane

Wop

D-O-G

Yeah (Burr)

I just spent like seven million on rings (Seven, seven)

I got like eight Rolls Royces in my house right now

Shit gettin' outrageous

Damn

I see you copycats out there

Yeah, I'm feeling myself, uh (Burr, burr)

Ain't no way I'm squashing my beefs like Drake and Meek (Nah)

'Cause blood done got spilled on the street, that shit was deep

Survival of the fittest, the weakest, they gettin' eaten

Department of corrections, civilians, they gettin' treated

Sorry to the mamas and papas I made weep (Mama)

God, thank you for the mama and papa that made me (Pop)

I don't like makin' no promise, I can't keep it (Nope)

I don't fuck with none of these niggas, that's no secret (Nah)

I don't fuck with holmes, and holmes don't like me (Who, me?)

You could never cancel the gang, we too deep (It's Gucci)

I killed the parking lot, I been wanted for ten weeks (Alright)

I pray 'fore I sleep, then sleep with my heat

Predators nothing but prey, you ask me (Huh?)

Niggas get shot every day on GP (Gresham)

So fly, I touch down, I still ain't touch ground (Ground)

Since I'm the emperor, rock emerald cuts now (Emerald cuts)

Count so much money, got paper cuts now

All kind of plain janes, all bustdowns (Bling)

Same nigga wouldn't even trust your born round

Home invader hunt like we huntin' Saddam down

Room raider, traitors can't put they guns down (Boom)

Don't let this shit go over your head, I dumb it down

Finesse town, he paid for a bale, he got a pound (Fuck)

Like 8Ball said, y'all pussies all lay it down (Pussy)

Haha, yeah

It's Wop, burr

I'm richer, more handsome, more healthy, more cocky

Wrist more rocky, yeah

Money longer, bread stronger

My bitch badder, I got more stamina

My stash done got bananas, damn

I need to stop it, man

I'm getting delusional, bipolar, schizophrenic with the money

Wop

Bustdown, bustdown

Bustdown, bustdowns, bustdowns

Bustdowns, bustdowns, bustdowns

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