Came from Scratch

Gucci Mane

I made a million off scratch (Scratch)
Then put the drip in the bag
Came for the modelin' bitches, no gnats
The lean by the bottle, no tax (Drank)
12 think the coupe was hijacked
Back in the day, I was into that
Now the bags come in by the max

Aye, aye, came from scratch
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Aye, aye, raise your racks
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Aye, aye, raise your racks, aye, aye

Nah, I'm not into pitty pat
Nah, I'm not into internet
Get it, young nigga, go scratch that
Comin' up on the Nawf, he won't last, yeah
My wrist, baguette-y blasted
My bitch fleek with the lashes
My gang, they put you in caskets (Gang)
We kill 'em with whips and fashion
Mclaren, the Benz, the Lambo I'm smashin'
Pullin' out of the mansion
In the Maybach, relaxin'
But the Demon, the 'Cat, are the fastest
You think it's a fantasy, the way that my salary cappin'
Me and Guwop, we be laughin', they wanna be partners again, they relapsin'

Man, I seen it from a mile away, they tryna get some clout
I know what you about, I know without a doubt
I dropped the top, I know it's one, no need to cut it out
The money what it's 'bout
My bitch bag cost a house
I shine too hard, offend folks without even openin' my mouth
I needed folks, they left me dead, they kicked me, I was down
Picked myself up off the ground, the blue cheese bailed me out
My bank roll is on gout right now, so sick, can't leave the house
Some leeches tried to ride my wave, but all of them wiped out
My house so big I got lost, couldn't even find my way around
Some haters played some games with me, but now they in the ground
Dirty money, Gucci Mane, no hundreds in the ground

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