

# Clash

Gucci Mane

Clash, all I do is clash  
Keep that lane and take your milage man  
I like my drapes to clash  
Clash, all I do is clash  
If you walking I'm gonna splash you  
And if I see you we gonna clash  
Clash, all I do is clash  
Mix the poochie with the gucci  
I don't like my clothes to match  
Clash, all my shit be clashing  
I hate hurdles with a passion  
I see it when we smashing

Clashing, clashing, all my niggas clashing  
Past around that trash man  
You know these niggas trashing  
Niggas got killed you use to  
I don't know what happened  
Playing card with Gucci  
Matched that chain, turned into fashion  
I just thought of rapping  
Now we start trapping  
Close to as fine nigga  
You can call me papi  
You can call me daddy  
Cause I use to sew your manhood  
Gucci Mane your ganster  
I got groceries to the grammys  
Run through some valleys  
And my cutlass super reckless  
Hold that crystal had to worries  
And my niggas set the damange  
Talk my niggas on  
And the hood couldn't even handle it  
These niggas I role with, will kill these niggas in your family

I mix the pimping with the rapping bitch  
Twin from robbery, know I'd slap you  
Know I done this shit  
Call Gucci cause he only want to spot this shit (spot this shit)  
The only real nigga first  
From Atlanta peak  
It's OGD, I bought this shit for real  
Ain't never have a motherfucking gangster real  
This 20k  
I got them white for real  
Call these motherfuckers  
They like keep it real  
OGD (OGD), don't follow me (don't follow me)  
You know I pack that steal  
Then I pop a nigga for real  
Don't violate me  
I ain't calling nobody  
I'm on my own nigga  
Ask the streets about me  
O.G.D

Put that money I be smashing  
Two hundred on the dash  
Pick that ass and smash  
Marley's got me clash hands  
Designers mix match things  
Haters with a passion  
Send me to hoe  
The way these diamonds be flashing  
Go out selling it  
They mean a ten clashing  
Choppers get the blast  
Pussy jump side like a rabbit  
Yea my bitch is classic  
Exotic but she nasty  
Money over bitches  
So the money I got to have it  
You think I'm gonna die  
The way these diamonds got these carrots  
The haters talk behind my back  
I think they need a parrot  
You think I'm in my zone  
The way you nigga be trapping  
I'll haunt you with these bullets  
When they gone to get the clappers