

# Cold Day

Gucci Mane

It's Gucci  
OK  
It's Gucci  
We're Going In

It's a Cold Day  
I need somebody to lay with  
I already got a lot of money to play with

It's a Cold Day  
And this old brother crazy  
I got all these bricks in my lil mama basement  
It's a Cold Day

I'm a Gucci Mane, gotta get them  
Got me rapping to a whole 'nother rhythm  
It's side-tipping, fat Gucci gotta struggle  
But I ain't finna say who did him  
Imma put a little change on hitting him  
Got Rottweiler goons, I'll sip 'em  
I'll split 'em, we can get another victim  
In a room with a Boa Constrictor  
I ripped your ex before I picked her  
My mental, my pistol  
My sticker is sicker  
My mixtape go get 'em  
Got badass hoes, I pick 'em  
Put all my change on shitting 'em  
Imma drive without the lights  
Talking like it's hype  
Get wheels and a new system  
If a nigga hating on me, kiss 'em  
Cause I ain't got time now to diss 'em  
Imma pull up to The Chi  
Get in the parking lot  
But none of my fans gonna miss him  
Imma tell a nigga playing to sipper  
I bust a nigga head, no pimper  
I shoot a bullet in the temple  
This a day he won't remember

You see, this is a train crash  
How long will the fame last?  
Who cares? Teacher came to class  
"Gucci" on my name-tag  
I'm snatching the game back  
You might get your chain snatched  
You try me, get aimed at  
Zone 6, you can blame that  
And death is the penalty  
There's so many men in these  
I'm smoking my enemies  
Like our sales are, visibly  
The GB I hunt  
Think I'm laundered with money  
Cause I got twenties and fifties

And I got plenty of hundreds  
If I lose on the gamble  
Then that ain't nothing to me  
I could stand alone  
Cause I'm the boss of the streets  
I'm a cold-blooded veteran  
Yeses to a freshman. Test me  
You might end up serving me refreshments