

Confused

Gucci Mane

I get high 'til I'm confused
I don't know what else to do
Bentley Coupe or Porsche Coupe
Henny got me so confused
White girl black girl I'm confused
Molly kush I'm leanin on screw
I'm so geeked up I'm confused
Cash or check I'm too confused

Money got me too confused
These girls they got me too confused
Oxy got me too confused
I'm too confused I'm too confused
Future gucci too confused
Freeband gang we too consufed
Bricksquad put you on the news
Free billz got them too confused

Robin jeans or switch to Trues
I don't know, I'm so confused
How many girls? Three or two?
Beat that pussy black and blue
Damn, I like the way she look
But I don't like her attitude
Took her out and dicked her down
But she didn't show no gratitude
Cars, I got a lot of them
Forgiato tennis shoes
Trapper to the heart
But I still'll make a business move
I cannot go back to jail
Cause I got so much to lose
Don't leave home without my scale
Cause I got some work to move
Smash, smash,
No cuffin', pass her to the crew
Did what I did I'm finished with her
Then I turn her onto you
Discombobulated mane
I swear I don't know what to do
Gucci Mane I'm so confused
That I forgot to bring my roof

Drankin' lean and smoking kush
I'm in the kitchen like a cook
Lean and molly, ecstasy
I don't know what I done took
My black lawyer Abrahaim a Jew
Cash or Visa what I Do
Foreign, foreign, bad, bad
Bitches all the kid pursue
My iPad and my Metro
And I'm workin out the iPhone too
Future on the super booze
The Remy did what I should do
Turn up with' puff or fuck with' goose

The Panamera or my Coupe
I don't wanna drive no more
Get chauffeured 'round this fuckin' zoo
Paper got me a like monster
Turned me to a fucking bear
Poppin' bottles on the sofa
Feel like I'm inside the air
No security, gucci down
Future plug like everywhere
Free band gang bricksquad
Free bandz outta here

Solar system on a move
I Feel like a thousand goons

Me and Future smokin kush
We high as a hot air balloon

Future Jimi Hendrix
You might catch the kid eatin' them shrooms
I'm outer space I'm in there too
I'm in mars and pluto too

Bricksquad is a army nigga
Pistols for my whole platoon
If you ain't gettin' no money then
You might aswell leave the room

Freebands Freebands Freebands
We 'bout to give em hell

Free pillz free pillz free pillz
We got 'em vacuum sealed

I be drippin so much sauce
Got bitches ready to lick it off
I get so much money man
I swear I'm geeked up off the sauce

Gucci Mane yeah I'm a boss
I swear I have to make my point across
Bricks I got to get across
In my trap house getting off