

Cutters

Gucci Mane

Y'all niggas
It's some peep squeeze P weeze
Little league JV
We ball, B ball
Your small ball T ball
Pissy yellow jewelry pussy don't piss me off
Sever a nigga head, I'll cover nigga feet off
I'm rolled on like a dictionary when I take my shirt off
Down with the 18 mister TM Murtaugh
I'm the owner and stop playing nigga don't make me pull the hole out
I'm the MVP in new LeBron's
They told em, bring the mo out
Well champion this yo pinky ring and this fire here won't go out
Grab my shotgun, all you hoods pink
You think I'm doing it to get out
Run with my little bad bitch in my Bentley with my dick out
RIP to double D but try Gucci, I'll pull the stick out

2 AK's - that's a hundred shots (cutters cutters)
See me roll drums, they shoot hundred buns (cutters cutters)
My AR - it got my connects (cutters cutters)
Man 4-5 - that's her Berkin clutch (cutters cutters)
Man this mack man it could flip a truck (cutters cutters)
Five crystal fingers and they blow you up (cutters cutters)
We gonna be OG's when we's growing up (cutters cutters)
Now them OG's ain't even tough as us (cutters cutters)

I'm fucking RnB hoes nigga the rest of these year
And I ain't wrong none of them hoe 'cause they ain't nothing on shit
It ain't a nigga I ain't done shot, a nigga that ain't hit
It ain't a nigga that done lived to say took my shit.
I'm tired of the motherfuckers askin why I ain't at the awards
'Cause I ain't trying to be around that many pussies at once
Plus they searchin at the do' which means that I ain't gone
In fact done get it with the Glock homie that I ain't Sean
Guwop hit me and he told me that he need me on a song
I told if he putting a fuck nigga on it don't send me the song
Everybody playin real until the weapons in drawn
And when them cutters come out that when the bitch go to Sean

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