

## Dead End

Gucci Mane

I'm in a trap boy  
Matching for a dead end  
With them young nigga  
Gotta bust your end in  
A got a trap house matching  
And a fucking code a set  
And I'm peaking at the people AK  
With the shoulder scrap  
Had to fit in  
It's a dead end  
I heard the feds on me  
You can to  
A dead end  
They heard that Gucci nigga  
Bust that nigga head in  
And I ain't got no problem handcuffing a dead man

Lot of time I was seen in a red benz  
With a redbone bitch  
And her red friend  
And still don't want me nigga  
I go war with twenty nigga  
And all black, low cut  
Like a ninger nigga  
I'm in the butler bar  
Spot, by your mamma house  
I heard your mom was calling the cops  
So now I'm moving out  
The folks on me  
Imma turn into a hundred hoe  
I'm in the kitchen  
Whoppin a chicken  
Like you walk from home

RIP to Dunky, was a dear friend  
HOS for aero music  
That's a dead end  
Abort that mission  
If that shit don't bring no bread in  
I say I'm broke, cause when you stuck  
They bring the feds in  
The way I bawl  
I think I should pay for the redskins  
See in the streets  
Ain't no such thing as a best friend  
You shopping limits  
My niggas will be at the west end  
I'm outta space  
Like I'm related to the jet skis