

Dead Man

Gucci Mane

Call me Gucci Mane when I'm on the stage with you
They call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol
You can call me Gucci Goo out when I do the song with you
But don't walk up on me hoes, after the blow don't scroll with ya
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They call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol
You can call me Gucci Goo out when I do the song with you
But don't walk up on me hoes, after the blow don't scroll with ya
Got them young shooters with me, they don't get along with you
If you ain't get no money nigga what it is wrong with you?
And I can't tell your own niggas have the wrong picture
I take the real sippin lean with this very long swisha
I'll drink my milkers and the codeine, even this apple juice mixture
If you knew that you would do that I swear you would not kiss
You's a naked boy that's nigga tryin to tell em got fish
If a snitch was without the day I bet this hood would not miss

You's a dead man, playing games with that bread
You's a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man you're playing games with my bread
You hear the red man, fuck around and be a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

Five news, 4 tray, 6 A
8 watches, 4 chains, 6 rings
Pot Forbes don't add a high coast
From coast to coast, I said numbers on the dope
Remix it yo, you know I can sell you both 16 fine
Prices loaded, shawty load, when I drive
Got my seat leanin low, bricks inside
Got em stashed in the door, always road running
Me and Gucci getting money fast, keep it coming
Track the trailer in the morning, won't stop jiggling
Every month I make 4 hundred, I'm a street nigga
I got rich up for Jacky

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What the fuck is you thinking?
Dumb bitch, you must have been drinking
This top had got me feeling like holy
If I let you ride you bound to be stinking
I'm an asshole I do what I like to
Oh shit this made for you to fight too
I don't give a fuck bitch I don't like you
Got that fire bitch I might light you
Bitch I am the streets you just look tough

Call my bricks is low like I was on bluff
Call me the master like soon up
Bad boy for real, no puff
If a nigga pussy I don't pimp mine,
Just keep the distance don't play with mine
Stay in your place fall out of line,
Had them young niggas on me you're here to be fine
You can find me in the hood where a hood don't go
Bitch just somebody that the hood don't know,
If a nigga turned up tell him watch these shows
Money never since then so I meant don't blow
King of streets just call me sire
On my throne, ain't no one higher
TR, UT ace no liar
Real street nigga I won't retire.

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