Decapitated

Gucci Mane

I wanna thank God
For opportunity, success
Wealth and health

My daddy name Gucci, he the Gucci Mane
Honestly he turned me on to the ice game
He fed the fame with 3 tops, that's cunt game [?]
Well fuck you, who are you?
You ain't God mane
I fell out with my right hand man, he tried to top on me
I guess it's clear we ain't homies like I think we homies
I'm at the top and I swear to God, it's really lonely
But I'm not coming down, no stoopin' down, I keep it movin'
These young nigga's got no respect who make music
Broke ass nigga never can get used to it
And the bottom of [?] don't do it like the top do it
Roll the crisp we hear AK's more than church music

In this car, horse on the car, with the top off it
Topless broads drivin, Gucci chargin' with no problem
Hit shot dead in the bushes with his head off

Decapitated (Huh?)
Decapitated
Decapitated (Bang), bow down
Decapitated (It's Gucci)

I know African's that cut off legs
Jamaican's that cut off heads (What's up bumbaclot)
This millionare still in the feds
You in the county and you can't get outta jail nigga?
Damn, that's so sad
That's so bad
You played out, [?]
Mob ties put a head in your bed (horse head)
You touch Guwop and they goin' mine and wrap yo head
I got so much overhead, I gave him diamond bricks instead
And I chumm without a charm, diamond chain and watch instead
My grandad in house and I stay next door to Ned
Cooking dope instead of eggs
Hundred PT's in my fridge

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