

Devils In My Section

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven)

This is not a diss, it's just the truth
('Wop, go)

Middle of November, it ain't even December
Nigga brought my name up, I guess they don't remember (Brr)
Avondale to [?] to 'Crest to [?] (Huh?)
You play with Gucci Mane, I'm sendin' your ass to Donald Trump
(Damn)
I can still remember (Yeah), I popped him like a pimple (Ooh)
I read the autopsy, bullets went straight through his dimple (P
ew, pew)
My gunners, they got gunners, my runners, they got runners
I'm low-ballin' the number when I front him, please don't fumble (Skrtrt)
They say I was too thugged out, wouldn't let me meet Obama ('Bama)
They just said I'm a problem, said it right in front of my mama
(Mama)
I'm thinkin' to myself, what would you have done, your honor? (Honor)
Pistol-whip that bitch who set me up out her pyjama's (Bitch)
Fuckin' mulignanes tried to test Gucci cajones (Mula, yeah)
Last thing I heard that in the woods, that's a rumor
See, I'm the type that pull up too deep in a rental (Skrtrt)
Who wanna go to hell? 'Cause Gucci tryna send you
It's a lot of demons in my section, please remember (Yeah)
If you ain't bustin' five, then you can't be a member (Go)
It's a lot of devils in my section, please remember
If you ain't got no bodies, then you can't be a member ('Wop)