

## Down on That

Gucci Mane

Re, re, re, remix  
I know a rich nigga with them bricks and [?]  
I know ya'll ain't gon' catch up for my whole clique  
I buy all the verse, I bust 'em down, and I remix  
Thugger, Thugger, make a nigga bitch say it

Down on that, down on that, get down on that  
Down on that, down on that, get down on that  
Down on that, down on that

Alka-Seltzer plus of junkies  
I don't mean to brag but I can purchase [?]  
Bitch I got a tummy, not my fuckin' stomach  
Bitch I drink that lean until I'm fuckin' vomit  
I got a closet full of that R money  
I just copped a foreign ho, I think she's from London  
You know I'm gonna eat her yeah, she's my fuckin' lunches  
I'm on molly and lean, I'mma have lil momma runnin'  
I'mma catch it and beat it, now she leanin' on me  
I'm super cray if I catch a bitch cheatin' on me  
I love the the money dirt free and licks and shit shit  
Too many racks spent for you to be bleachin' shit

I got the money in the bed with me  
A money counter on my dresser  
I thank God money there for me  
I hope we always be together  
A nigga told me he was scared for me  
I told him, "Get your shit together"  
I walk around with big hands on me  
I went to sleep with the bread on me  
I get money every day of the week  
You know it's dog on dog, these niggas'll kill the dog to eat  
I got that .44 bulldog on me and I blast for free  
I got them young niggas who'll kill you for an ounce a week