

Draggin

Gucci Mane

Make this shit nigga just spaz out, fly
Burr!

OK. See your Gucci checking in
Time to go hard or go home

Riding round the city in a two-seater
Got enough ice on for two people
Kush, near my two liter
No shirt on just a wife-beater
Quicker on the draw than an art teacher
Talking out loud like proud preachers
Pistol in my arm-reacher
King-sized switcher with some nice reefer
Hood are a-smashing the white people
We on your track, that's a nice feature
Test on my face like nine needles
Scratch like a nigga got nine heaters
No national, the Grand National
Bitches sucking me like Dracula
Flipping these hoes like spatulas
Coming down the hill, it's spectacular
Control the rock and unload the crop
And get it out soon as you hit the loading dock
Barbershop, cause of the shady boss
Bitch I'm back so good you couldn't tell or not
You can smell the knot, you can tell I'm hot
Snitching-ass niggas running to the feds a lot
Pardon, man, cause the hoes give head a lot
But if a nigga find out, he getting read about

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Niggas on the outside, looking. They trying to peep in
Me I'm on the inside, cooking or trying to sleep in
Kitchen full of raw ass chickens, like it was Church's
Hood full of clown-ass niggas, this shit's a circus
Who thinking Macs not hot? I be the leader
Park my shit in front of the school like I'm the teacher
Trying make this dope get hard, that's an erection
Only thing a nigga need now is a connection
West on the mean "You Gucci? I'm cooking fishes."
"Pounds in the trashbag. Gucci, go do the dishes."
Money on my mind, that summer job shit was petty
I'm thinking this summer what color I'll paint the Chevy