

Fifty Large

Gucci Mane

Fifty Large in a rubber band
Gucci cook the dope with his left hand
Fifty straps in a fucking van
We let them fuckas blahm
When we pull up, goin ham

Smoke a hundred grams, throw a hundred grand
Pour a half a pint in the ocean [?] (mud)
Heinz 57, niggas wanna [?]
The dope so good the salsa make you wanna lick ya hand

In the trap house, I'm with big Gucci
Fifty scraps in the bag, we got ten uzi's
I got three cellphones, all my lines ringin
I got 4 chains on, vvs's blingin
In the kitchen water whippin, pourin up the syrup
Hundred bags of the midget, comin on the 3rd
Audemars Piguet, had to flood it out
Rich nigga, but I still got a gold mouth
Racks on top of racks, nigga I'm talkin M's
Got them young niggas with straps, they shoot [?]
Yeah a country boy, tell em wait in line
Get that cash by any means, juggin all the time

Ball so hard my friends say I shouldn't have done it
Spent a million last year, yeah on some dumb shit
Spent two million last week yeah having fun bitch
Spent two million last year, icin out my whole clique
Spent, 20 million in my life, im a rich dude
If i get it to ya on the Greyhound, that's logistics
Got ya girlfriend shittin dog food, real [?]
Got a half a pint of lean in the cup, yeah I pissed it
Niggas say that they tryinna stop the wop, got me twisted
Lil Darrell got retarded ass watch, like he's gifted
And that [?] that you seen in the troop, yeah I flipped it
Red with the red forgies, nigga shoulda peeped it
Got this [?] on me homey, fuck it I can't keep a secret
Im on designer all type of day, but yeah I'm sellin cheap shit
Cheap worker, a re-rocker all day, I got them cheap bricks
Louis shoes on when I run up on em, check my feet bitch
Bally boots soon as I pull up on em, on that street shit
All my belts are horseshoe Ferragamo, you should listen
Gucci pull up, paddle shiftin on em, pole position