

# Fo Sho

Gucci Mane

Fo' sho', oh, fo' sho', that's how we be

We got that hydro going for the low-low  
Fo' sho', fo' sho', fo' sho'  
We got that cocaine cookin' on the stove  
Fo' sho', fo' sho', fo' sho'  
We be pimpin' them hoes and be we be keepin' them bros  
Fo' sho', fo' sho', fo' sho'  
Straight drop records from that Bouldercrest Road  
Fo' sho', fo' sho', fo' sho'

I blow my nose with money, bitch I keep snot on my knot  
I keep my pistol cocked back and my fork in the pot  
My money fallin' out my safe, when I open my lock  
I bring a briefcase full of faces when I purchase them blocks  
I still got 'dro for the low, amigos growing them crops  
Convicted felons facing five 'cause they toting them Glocks  
See, I be selling to them niggas who be selling them walls  
I got employees working for me, like they punching the clock  
You heard Gucci fucked your bitch, and you ain't even shocked  
You told your buddy 'bout that shit, and he can't give you props  
You told him, "Gucci Fucked my chick, and I loved her a lot"  
And even though I filthy rich, I still don't pay for no cop  
And that's fo' sho'

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My scale is covered in snow, 'cause I be weighing the blow  
I bought a whole one yesterday, I got a baby to go  
Now you can catch at Glen' and we're chillin' and blowing the 'dro  
Or in Sun Valley with my niggas tryna get out the door  
And don't ask us 'bout no credit, bitch, you already know  
We shot a junkie yesterday for tryna sell some soap  
I caught a case at Texaco and I wasn't going to court  
My P.O. put out a warrant 'cause I failed to report  
You can call Gucci collect, but bitch, you can't call me fool  
And if you try to rob me, bitch, I'm gonna cut off your throat  
And if you try to stop my clique then black you gon' go  
I'm tyin' concrete to your brain so your body won't float  
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