Free Foo

Gucci Mane

Diamonds hitting like Mayweather
Big bank like Mayweather (Ice)
Broke, now I'm doing way better
(Authentic or nothing)
Pussy boy, I'm doing way better
(Spiffo made it, bitch)

Diamonds hitting like Mayweather (Ice)
Big bank like Mayweather
Was broke, now I'm doing way better (Foo)
I see more money than a bank teller (Huh?)
Pussy nigga, check the record (Check the record)
50-0 like Mayweather
Wanna lose? Let me check my schedule (Huh?)
But I ain't dealing with him if he a broke nigga hating without a bezel (You 're broke)
Yeah, bitch, we the clan (Clan)
We'll spin a nigga like a fan (Spin)
I ain't need a helping hand
Got it out the mud, I ain't play with sand (I ain't play with sand)
They call me the man (Man)
And I'm dirty like that nigga Dan (Huh?)
They tryna put me in the can (Ho)
I guess I'm on the run again

Huh? (What?), well (Huh?), I guess I'm on the run again (Again)
I ain't wanna do it, but I told them crackers gotta catch me if you can (If you can)
I just gave 'em fifty thousand cash, now they tryna take me again (Again?)
Well, I ain't going to the pen' (Hell nah)
Bitch, I'm going for the win (Unh)
Uh, and I'm on the run (The run)
Bitch, I'm Usain Bolt, uh (Usain)
Used to do this for fun (For fun)
Can teach a pussy boy the ropes, yeah
Kayla just had my son (Junior)
They tried to make me miss his birth, uh (What?)
And I'm on the run (Huh?)
But I was in there chilling with the nurse (Damn, damn)
And don't be a fool (Fool)
They call me Foo, I ain't no fool (Nope, never)
Yeah, they tryna get me (Why?)
They put me all up on the news, why? (Lame)
Just for a pistol (What?)
Please don't get this shit confused (Huh?)
And the bitch had a license (Yup)

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Damn
Should I go or should I run?
I just wanna see my son
Crackers call my phone, tell me that I'm done
I ain't did shit to nobody, all this bullshit for a gun
And I'm the king on these boys
These crackers out here tryna treat me like a pawn
Uh, and I'm on the run, but I keep good smoke, yeah
'Za in my lung, and that Wock' down my throat, yeah
And I'm on the run, but I still make that dough (Ah)
Crackers thought they was smart
Yeah, they tried to fuck up my dough (Ah)
My bitch, she the baddest
The biggest and we drive the fastest (Yeah)
They thought that they had me
But I'm swifter, nigga, than a rabbit
And I got the cabbage
You don't believe a nigga? Check my carats
Fifty thousand dollar cash bond, that shit there ain't do no damage

(This is Authentic)

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