

# Gamble

Gucci Mane

Because I'm grinding  
Got this shining  
Tell my cuz, [?]  
That I love him

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Well shoot the house apart  
Shit, burn it down and call it justice

So holla at the bustas if you looking for a sucker  
They [?] and the body [?]  
Gucci!

Cocaine white as dairy  
Provided by Dirty Harry  
I bet you call me dirty when I spun this for the Marys  
The pounds got me married to my negro for the cabbage  
I'm living lavish, gambling houses look like Caesar's Palace  
Gucci!

Driving to the hole, I'll pull up on your for the J  
I'm dirty when I play, I might boss over for the Tre  
Gucci going postal, coast to coast about my mail  
I break you playing CeeLo, then I buy your drawers- Chapelle  
I'm higher than Stone Mountain and my penguin like a fountain  
My boy down in [place name] will leave your heart somewhere, not pounding

Gucci gamble!  
I keep a pocket full of hundreds like I'm finna gamble  
My hundred-fifty in my duffel, finna buy a Lambo  
Your life ain't worth the shambles  
You'll try me? That's a gamble  
Ay, I'll beat your team, case a nigga want to gamble

I keep a pocket full of hundreds like I'm finna gamble  
My hundred-fifty in my duffel, 'bout to cop a Lambo  
Your life ain't worth the shambles  
You'll try me? That's a gamble  
Ay, I'll beat your team, case a nigga want to gamble

Nigga try fluids!  
My chick is well Jewish  
All white beads and the light shine blue-ish  
Money, money money. I'm making love to it  
A thousands pounds, a million. You know I'm gonna move it  
You know it in the summer. Raining in the club  
Fuck, I'm off to get your diamonds, I just spent a fucking load  
Drop a grand in six seconds. Tell a bitch to bounce  
She'll find out there I bought a ward that's thicker than a house

My closet like the Gucci store  
I am such a coochie whore  
Gucci glasses, Gucci bag, I gotta go and get some more  
I'm gonna roll the dice and hope that I don't crap out  
Can't through my hand in, I'm too low down

We can reconvene at a place that's more serene  
In [?] I'm a God. In Alabama I'm a king  
In Georgia I'm a boss. In Las Vegas I'm a baller  
And he's a ballerina, dodging bullets like a dodger  
Shout out to the bloggers. I know I'm a problem  
I'm scrubbed like Super Contra, so tell the fucking robbers  
I'm incontami-crazy, diamonds blinking out my pinkie  
I'm inky in the water, guess that's why the hoes' so kinky  
You're wrinkly, dinky stinky. Wrapping labels underneath me  
Now you being nasty. Dissing when you cannot beat me  
I'm still undefeated, and that's an honest statement  
But I speak it and I preach it, so fuck all of you leeches