

Gangs

Gucci Mane

Gangs

GEAH, GEAH, GEAH, GEAH

Gangs, let's start a gang
E'rybody say they wanna join the gang
These thangs, let's start again
E'rybody say they wanna join the gang
So Icey boy, that's the thang
E'rybody say they wanna join the gang
This gang - wanna join the gang
So Ice boy nigga that's the thang
This gang

'Fore you join the gang gotta change your name (yeahhh)
Sound is So Icey, change your slang
Hot boys, hot girls, blaze ya {?}
Crip greens rice, law enforcement treys
Simple plain shorty I'll bang ya brain (POW!)
Don't get it twisted shorty I'll cock and aim
Gucci got guns with beams and thangs (huh)
The runners got stupid had dreams of thangs (yeahhh)
Black Chuck Taylors with the screens and thangs
Cause everybody say they wanna join the gang
Black Chuck Taylors, red shoestrings and thangs
Cause e'rybody say they wanna join my gang
It's Gucci

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Shouts out to the red and the blue gangs
And them boys with the black flags gettin money mane
I get that pepperjack cheese, boy that's hot money
Kinda similar to what you boys call block money (yessir)
It's kinda funny, cause the money come in blocks son
I got a Forrest Gump trap house - it stay runnin
Say e'rybody wanna join the So Icey fam
Well get your money right Miller (why?) Cause we goin ham
Threwed off cause the gang I rep that e'ryday
We get it with the So Icey boy, the long way
Ben Frank's my right hand man, but I need him mo' and mo'
So add in nine others butter now I got a Grand Hustle

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Nigga it's a gang thang, gang plan, gang bang
Here to give it Sunday, every day is gang day
Red rag, blue rag, black rag, green
Don't put it on your body 'less you know what that mean
The team tote infrared beams, knahmean?
We'll bust you bullets goin in your spleen, knahmean?
Baby feelin good cause she on the dream team
Cause every bad bitch wanna join a real gang (YEAHHH)
His lady feelin good, cause she got a real lame
Cause one track mind never made the out train
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GANGS