

## Gucci The Eskimo

Gucci Mane

What's up fuck nigga (what's up fuck)  
Keep my muh fuckin name out yo mouth ya bitch you (pussy)  
Pussy ass nigga always got (pussy) something to say (pussy)  
(Pussy) Lookin ass nigga  
(Pussy) Snack cake ass nigga  
(Pussy) What up Juice  
Zaytoven

Early in the morning I'm cooking a brick  
See I ain't really thinking bout you snitches n shit  
It's hot as a bitch but I gives a fuck  
I swag through the 6 with my pistol tucked  
Brick boy click put your pistols up  
So Icy on my tag nigga eat my dust  
I'm high as a plane and in God I trust  
A nigga try us then his head is bust  
I'm smarter than you nigga that's how I got my bucks  
Niggas sending threats like we gives a FUCK  
Nigga probably mad cause his budget cut  
And I'm in the 6 screaming "Bricks R' Us"  
Gucci

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with  
And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with  
And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch

I'm gangster like Al Capone or James Cady  
These rapper ain't really hard, they just actin'  
I sold bricks for real, them white dragons (true)  
16 to 22-5, I'm high taxin'  
Depends on what tax bracket or your package  
21-5 right now, and I'm happy (happy)  
It jump 23 and I'mma start clappin'  
Ya folks ain't workin, shit, my shop open  
I'm on deck  
Brick with no flex  
Get snowed in like Laguardia Airport  
Got 150 bricks with no, passport  
And I'm good fo' 400 I ask for it  
You got taxed for it  
I pay cash for it  
I send out for it  
Then bring back yorin  
You got taxed for it  
I pay cash for it  
I send out for it  
Then bring back yorin... chorin

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with

And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with  
And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch

Gucci frames shoes hat and wallet and bag  
In my gucci corvette, I know you like that swag  
Polar bear gucci chillin offa my igloo  
30 inch rims so deep you fit your kids through  
Keep your dick out my girl, Gucci forbids you  
Chopper leave holes imagine what that sig do  
Deuce duece botton then \*skirp\* I lose you  
So many whips lil momma confuse you  
Bart Simpson chain so strange it's cartoon dude  
Hummer fully loaded with the chrome and moon roof  
Gucci Mane and Juiceman BURR you bitch  
We'll drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with  
And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch

Gucci Mane the eskimo burr you (burr) bitch (burr)  
I drop 100 racks and won't miss the shit (naw)  
That fake shit, that fuck shit, just miss me with  
And if you baby-momma died I would miss the bitch