

Guilty

Gucci Mane

Holiday season!

Ricky Racks I See You!

If being filthy rich is a crime
I guess I'm guilty bitch
I guess I'm guilty bitch
I killed the rap and last night
I pleaded self-defense
I guess I'm guilty bitch
I guess I'm guilty bitch

These suckas talking nonsense
I killed your homeboy
Cause I don't have a conscience
I'm strapped like Bronson
Brick Squad, Trap House, beat bunking
I'm wild like Tarzan
I'm swinging through the Zone 6
In Ferraris. It's on again
I go to win, strap-for-strap
I go rap for rap, I rep the trap
Refuse the death but game to slap
My phone is tapped
I'm off the wall and off the scale
Came out of jail like
A bat out of hell
I refuse to pay up, gotta salute the myth
Got Clientele, I might as well
I'm moving weight from state-to-state
I gots to get my aconchelet [?]
I know the feds be watching me
But there ain't no way they stopping me

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Drop a pack off to my lawyer
Take these charges, overturn em
Roll the kush in my trial papers
And burn em - I'm not going
The fork in it and my Glock showing
If it don't shine then it's not glowing
Ain't mine if it's not foreign
Broke ho - bitch you not knowing!
They was rap touring I was behind the bus
With packs for em
Didn't plan on digging this up
But I need a shovel
Good looking, Gucci got me back
I'm trying to buy another
Pounds of mid and my college bitch's

House neighbors complaining about the smell
They got her kicked out
They popping down to the last pill
In Cashville
I'm getting it fast still, on the real
I feel it