

Holdin' up Holdin' holdin' holdin' up...

My main bitch, her anklet
'Bout the same size of a ankle monitor
If a diva late one time I'mma put her ass on probation
I'mma give her two scratches
She's a fuckin' good woman, I'mma give her a life
I'mma walk by shinin' with a bitch
Aye, say I had enough in my life
I got 80 chains, I got 100 rings
And a nigga can't take my ice
Caught a murder charge, but I beat the shit
'Cause a nigga tried to take my life
I'm a millionaire, but I'm a country boy
And my right hand man got a Tonka toy
I sell, charge, I'm servin' boy
Major saver, I'm the golden boy
And I serve the pass like Lawyer Milloy
Poppin' and poppin' and poppin' the shit
Talkin' that shit, now you shot in the head
Brick Squad niggas don't shoot in the leg
Shouts to our fallen, I ball till I fall, and
The neighbors don't talk 'cause the neighbors are scared
A white girl, a black girl, a hell of a mix
Rollin' up kush while they suckin' my dick
On my chain is a tag team
All my niggas gettin' money
You can get tied, then tagged then me and your freak'll start fuckin'
Got two choppers, it's a tag team
Four bad bitches and it's all to me
Had to break into like ten houses to ride on these 9x17s
Oops, my fault, that's your team's line
I ain't have time, I was grindin' real hard
People goin' crazy, and my mama goin' crazy but believe it or not, bitch, I g
otta thank the Lord
Ballin' so hard when I came out of jail
Now I'mma get a scene and weigh the doja up
Sippin' on lean 'til I throw up
What you want to be when you grow up?

GuWop GuWop GuWop, nigga
All these hoes screamin' GuWop, nigga
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All these hoes screamin' GuWop, nigga

Young Scooter in my team
Flockaveli that's my shooter
R.I.P to my nigga Dunk
Think about your ass every day
Momma called, said she need some money
Sent her ten bands and it made her smile
Child nude, no shoes
Got to get him those new Trews

Mail your head to your mama
Hide your body in a restaurant
Nigga wasn't shit anyway
Playin' around with my awards
Gucci Mane is a cool dude
But a nigga might turn into a werewolf
Got a stash box and it's all hundreds
And your CEO ain't worth nothin'
Made a half a mil' in three weeks
Gucci Mane, I'm a blessed man
I'm a real man, you can't feel me, man
These fucked niggas keep tryin' to hold me back
Matter of fact, nigga slow down
When you drivin' in the 'Lac, you gon' spill my 'Gnac
Like Pinky, nigga, I'm big and black
Rock so many chains it gon hurt my neck

Trinidad and Gucci Mane
I said Trinidad and Gucci Mane
I'm turnt up, fuck off
Trinidad and Gucci Mane

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Them pussy nigga call me Trinidad
Them bad hoes call me TJ
I got a girlfriend in Magic City
And a side bitch in the Blue Flame
Her pussy bomb as Saddam Hussein, pussy nigga
Gucci needed me for a verse
Call me up, nigga tap me in
This verse here, a tragedy
Bad bitches they after me
Only buy molly from rich hoes
'Cause these broke hoes be taxin' me
Got a problem with it?
Do somethin' 'bout it
Bomb squad like "Hoorah!"
Real niggas call Gucci
But these hoes call "GuWop"

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