

Hell Yeah

Gucci Mane

A hundred bales of that mid shit; hell yeah
This that shit that get your kids rich; hell yeah
Hundred bags of that kush shit; hell yeah
This that President Bush shit; hell yeah

This that arm on my kush shit
My girlfriend think she President Bush bitch; hell yeah
And I'm gone off that lean shit
My brother Duke keep on sendin me that green shit; fuck jail!
Gucci time, and I'm hood rich
I'm in that Zone 6, I throw it like the first pitch
My yellow 'Rari in the front and I parked it
A black chick in some heels match the carpet
I'm pullin up to the club like I own it
Ain't with that bullshit, Gucci don't condone it
My tolerance get low with the flexin
I woke up, bought my main chick a Lexus

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I be the Brick Squad young'un, leave you stankin like a Funion
All these other rap niggaz toed like a bunion
I'm B.S. and you BS, but I'm Brick Squad and you bullshit
Pistol like my chaperone, we goin on a school trip
Places that you never seen, blowin on that stupid green
Rollin on the stupid beam, hit the scene in limousine
Codeine, promethazine, diamonds in my pinky ring
Nigga what da fuck you mean? Brick Squad, dream team
I got (Money to Blow), naw I ain't Drizzy
Money make the world go 'round, that's why I'm dizzy
Standin behind Guc' and Flock, they like who is he?
Slim Dunkin in this muh'fucker; cut the chizzy

It's Big Gucci, excuse me while I ball
Until my release my nigga no lights out
Lights out, creep on in silence
Why do, I, pull more violence
We non-violent, while my tattoos smilin
To remind me, of the time they robbed me
With no problems, now my problems solved
And it's revolvin around all these guns yeah
And my condo, stretch from here to Compton
to Bouldercrest, Roberta who the same function{?}
That's somethin, to those who have nothin
No bluffin, Brick Squad no cuffin
It's Gucci!

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Uhhhhhhhhhhhh

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