

# Hit

Gucci Mane

Thanks, Yakree

Uh?

Yeah, yeah

Count that dough, put that over there, let's get it right, you hear me? (Big Za)

I'm a shit talker, I'm a shit popper (Shit popper)

He got money problems, he ain't got a thousand dollars (Got a thousand dollars)

We some real trappers, we get real active (Real active)

Say your pockets smaller, she only fuck with ballers (Ballers)

Countin' blue hundreds, then I rubber band it, boy (Rubber band it, boy)

In the club throwin' ones left-handed, boy (Left-handed, boy)

Let me grab that ass, baby, so I know it's real (Come here, baby)

Aye, you broke, boy, you ain't got no business over here (Why you over here?)

Rich nigga preference, that's a great selection (Great selection)

Baby girl exhausted, she looking for the bosses (For the bosses)

Neck goin' stupid, wrist too icy, nigga (Bling)

Say she want Louis, say she tired of Nike, nigga (nigga)

Maybach cost a quarter, I'm eatin' steak and oyster (Yeah)

I like Rolls-Royces, got too many choices (Yeah)

You wanna win? Call us, wake up, fuck them all up (nigga)

Err' car fogged up and my pockets clogged up (Yeah)

I don't wanna rap wit' you, boy, I got shit to do (I got shit to do)

Dog shit in a two-seater, this a chicken coupe (This a chicken coupe)

Put a hundred in my mouth, I just left Johnny, huh (Bling, bling)

Big Za in the club, it's a damn tsunami (Big Za)

I'm a shit talker, I'm a shit popper (Shit popper)

He got money problems, he ain't got a thousand dollars (Got a thousand dollars)

We some real trappers, we get real active (Real active)

Say your pockets smaller, she only fuck with ballers (Ballers)

Countin' blue hundreds, then I rubber band it, boy (Rubber band it, boy)

In the club throwin' ones left-handed, boy (Left-handed, boy)

Let me grab that ass, baby, so I know it's real (Come here, baby)

Aye, you broke, boy, you ain't got no business over here (Go) (Why you over here?)

I got real paper, real tall paper

I hide my money in the wall, I call it wallpaper (Uh)

I only smoke flavors and all my suits tailored (Damn)

I got my neighbors mad 'cause my house bigger than my neighbors' (Facts)

I'm a rich nigga, I need a rich bitch

Shawty seen the Wop, she's tryna risk it (Mwah)

Drop-top Ferrari, so you know the top is off (Off)

She say she scared of spiders, so I had to drop her off (Go)

I ain't got no worries, I got rich-nigga problems (Problems)

And when it come to poppin', I'm like Orville Redenbacher (Poppin')

Part-time rapper, full-time shit talker

Can I touch, see if it's real, bae? 'Cause that shit wobblin' (It's Gucci)

I'm a shit talker, I'm a shit popper (Shit popper)

He got money problems, he ain't got a thousand dollars (Got a thousand dollars)

Well, damn

We some real trappers, we get real active (Real active)

Say your pockets smaller, she only fuck with ballers (Ballers)

Countin' blue hundreds, then I rubber band it, boy (Rubber band it, boy)

In the club throwin' ones left-handed, boy (Left-handed, boy)

Wop

Let me grab that ass, baby, so I know it's real (Come here, baby)

Aye, you broke, boy, you ain't got no business over here (Why you over here?

)

Go, go, go, go