

# Hitting

Gucci Mane

Huh, 1017 Mafia  
TLE Cinco, it's Gucci  
Go

Ayy, two-hundred K ain't nothin', no cap, these cap-ass niggas be dissin'  
Hey, ayy, broad day, I'ma pull up hittin' (Hittin', hittin', hittin', hittin'  
)  
They say [?] ain't know, the fuck? He did know  
I did this shit for the hood and the trenches, ayy  
Flexin' these racks, need designer for fees  
You can't compare me to niggas, I'm different, ayy

Salute to [?], nigga, he fucked my bitch  
I was locked up, they like "Cinc", where the fuck you been?"  
I'm sippin' real codeine, no cup of [?]  
And if I fuck one time, I can fuck again (Ayy)  
I'm on that bullshit right now, eighty light, be singin', just poppin'  
I got a switch on the Glick, turn his shirt to a nightgown  
Ayy, all of a sudden, nigga dissin', they come up missin'  
Ayy, I get this shit, just as long as they printed  
Ayy, caught me an opp, he sprinted  
Hey, I'm mixin' drank with the drank and I feel like a chemist  
Fine lil' bitch wanna drank it, pourin'  
But I can't cuff no ho', I'm sorry (Hey, hey)  
I'm on the stay with a ratchet, mornin'  
That fire, these niggas knowin' the hardest, ayy  
Get paid for this shit, I'm a [?] artist  
It ain't fuck with the school, I'm retarded  
Hey, I'm in the front in the front, with a red dead [?]  
This codeine red, theirs purple like Barney (Ayy)  
Five-hundred shots in this motherfuckin' truck  
Nigga, I get the drop and I'm shootin' it off  
Soon as I get the number, I'm suin' the [?]  
Big boss Cinc', I'm cool as fuck  
Trapped out, I can't serve no rounds  
If I can't catch him, I'm whackin' that man  
She just slap him, blow like fan  
These niggas cappin', I know they a fan  
I told him take off, a fact, let 'em know you ain't chopstick  
Beat, I make him dance  
I don't really like that bitch, quit playin'  
I'm sayin', get to that check and I do it again

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Ice on my neck, ice on my wrist, all of my shit be hittin' (Brr)  
How you a rapper, ain't makin' no money?  
Boy, you should think about quittin' (Well, damn)  
I don't do shit for the love or the fun, I do this shit for the millions (Milli's)  
Rap nigga need to just stay in they bag, but they keep stayin' in they feelings (Bitch)  
Don't bring up my ex-ho's, I left them all in the trenches (Hoes)  
Opinions just like ass-hoes, everyone got an opinion (Opinion)  
Guwop teamed with Cinco, we star, just like Ringo  
Pull up and the kids scream "Bingo", bitch keep stealin' my lingo (Well, damn)  
Standin' on top of you, move like the mafia  
Who want fish scale, 'cause we keep them [?]? (Skrtrt)  
'Wop singin' rappers who trappers went popular  
If he weren't rappin', they probably be robbin' you (Wow)  
Say you want smoke with my crew, then [?] (Smoke)  
Know we keep two's, we tote hammers like [?]  
So Icy Boyz, we done broke the thermometers  
Stack off the winter, just dipped for the summer (It's Gucci)

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