

How

Gucci Mane

(HoodWithAnotha1)

Hey

BigWalkDog

Uh

Hey

Look, my Mama told me stay away from snakes and watch them rats and mouse

We couldn't get them bowl, but now we can, so bitch, we taxin' out

I say, "How the hell he walk up in the club with his ratchet out?"

Say, how he get that shit up out the mud, he living lavish now

They asking, "How?"

Like (How the hell he get that new car?)

They keep asking now, like (How he go from there to a star?)

They keep asking now, like (How he know the plug where we are?)

They keep asking now

They just keep asking, "How?"

This what they asking 'bout

They asking this and that, but they can't get no conversation (Nope)

They're watching how I move, they wanna know up out the paper

They wanna know about the plug that I had met, I indicated

When were turning flips and stacking bricks all on the table

Bentley Bent remixed the flavor, Project Pat told me, "Don't save us" (Don't change up)

Streets so dried up look like razors, they hope 'WalkDog come and save 'em

I only care about that bagel, that's that bread, that cheese, alfredo

Mix the brick down like it's Playdoh, mix a full volume in Faygo

Jason did stick, he go play broke, show that money now your face gone (Boom)

I ain't worried 'bout no bank loan, I go broke, bitch, I'm gon' take some

Hellcat, Track Hawk, I might race one, buy my city like I'm Akon

Trap was making more than Avon

Look, my Mama told me stay away from snakes and watch them rats and mouse

We couldn't get them bowl, but now we can, so bitch, we taxin' out

I say, "How the hell he walk up in the club with his ratchet out?"

Say, how he get that shit up out the mud, he living lavish now

They asking, "How?"

Like (How the hell he get that new car?)

They keep asking now, like (How he go from there to a star?)

They keep asking now, like (How he know the plug where we are?)

They keep asking now

They just keep asking, "How?"

This what they asking 'bout

I was taught to break a hoe, bitch, I got money on the floor

Money long, I can't broke, I open bag and throw some more

I see the streets through telescope, I really give the trenches hope

Re-

mix the pot and shut the door, you never made that move before then (Nope)

They ask me this, I tell 'em, "No" (No)

They say a gram, I say a bowl

I'm in control, I tote remotes, I press a button it's a dough

I feel like Gucci in his coat, got baby Dracs' and Gucci totes (Uh-huh)

All of a sudden I'm gettin' dough, I never felt like this before

They pull away, just cut the rope, they start to hate turn up some more

You stack up three then you make four, then five, go fall in line for sure

You make a purchase, not no more, that pack gets sent right to your door

I popped my shit at Texaco, we drove the Dun through grass and rolls

Look, my Mama told me stay away from snakes and watch them rats and mouse
We couldn't get them bowl, but now we can, so bitch, we taxin' out
I say, "How the hell he walk up in the club with his ratchet out?"
Say, how he get that shit up out the mud, he living lavish now
They asking, "How?"
Like (How the hell he get that new car?)
They keep asking now, like (How he go from there to a star?)
They keep asking now, like (How he know the plug where we are?)
They keep asking now
They just keep asking, "How?"
This what they asking 'bout