

Informant

Gucci Mane

I sit around in the with my young niggas
Sellin' narcotics
Boys in the hood, wanna see a dead body?
Fuck 12, cause a nigga got a 12-gauge shotty
And I heard Vicky boy just shot somebody
Rude boy, tote a [?] with the bumbaclot
Rasclat better run, cause Im lookin sharp
Head shot, pop pop pop pop to your dreadlock
And I drop the informant who talk to the damn cops

I'm a soldier on the battlefield
I murk your ass for real
Got a young nigga who love to kill
More bodies than a Navy Seal
These young boys ain't got nothin' to do
But somethin' to prove and somethin' to shoot
Kill you on you birthday
Take you cake, and fuck your lady too
Shoot you in your dreads
Now, have a Rastafarian funeral
"[?] is a traitor" she said to his [?]
Hundred wawa's, all with woppers
Ain't no fucking breathing room
18 karat golden choppa my hollow tip got diamonds (burr)
Extended clip I dipped my clip in rose gold, so it match my jewelry, fool
"Gucci Mane got stupid money, but that boy ain't lyrical"
I'm Eazy-E, reincarnated, but without the Jheri curl (R.I.P.)
Without the Dre Beats on my ear
And ice cubes on my baby girl

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Here's you a little tip
Gucci Mane a miracle
Call me anything but lyrical
The shit gonna get physical
[?] on your bitch ass
I fucked her in the living room
She tried to get you to rob the wop now the bitch in critical
Short, fine
Big butt, with a fat purse
[?] nine, show time
Make that gat burst
I don't mind
But, don't touch it 'till you ask first
My new chick
She'll eat a dick like a bratwurst

I sip the lean

Pancake, Mrs. Butterworth
100K on three whips, that's a T-rex
100 pounds, I didn't pay
I got a weed debt

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