

## 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 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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