

Internet Chatter

Gucci Mane

Had to take a breath of fresh air
Murda, Guwop
(Murda on the beat, so it's not nice)

Only two choices you got, dead or in prison (Huh?)
That's what my folks told me, but I still didn't listen
Everything gravy 'til them folks start snitchin'
You can't stand the heat, then get your ass out the kitchen
These rappers go broke and have to do a dummy mission
Don't be a crash dummy and go out like Frenchie (Well, damn)
Every day ain't promised, the trap ain't got no pension
It must be fentanyl because he can't stop twitchin' (Wow)
She talk too much, the bitch won't stop bitchin' (Bitch)
I seen a nigga in Terry hood and the boy turned Christian (Well, damn
)
These niggas be hoes and get treated just like some bitches
How niggas gettin' extorted when y'all niggas got switches? (How?)

I'm not bothered by the internet chatter (No)
I'ma make the haters get madder (Get mad)
Lately, my pockets gettin' fatter and fatter (Gettin' fat, fat, fat)
And lately, to me, that's all that matter (All that)
I'm not bothered by the internet chatter (Naw)
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Lately, my pockets gettin' fatter and fatter (Gettin' fat, fat, fat)
And lately, to me, that's all that matter (Go)

Y'all remember Gucci with the big ol' gut? (Huh?)
Down bad, Rice Street, 901 (Well, damn)
Some niggas tried to jump me five-on-one
You gotta stand on your ten in there, ain't got no gun (Nah)
Free my nigga Shiesty, I know it ain't no fun (Free him)
Locked down, rich, still ain't got no bond
Hateful comments, act like I don't see it
Gucci got long money, that's no secret (No)
Big booty rich bitch who I sleep with (Huh?)
Niggas think they slick, they wanna be me, I peep it
My bank account's obese and it keep gettin' fatter (Fat, fat)
And lately, to me, that's all that matters (Wop)

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