

John Dillenger

Gucci Mane

Longway Jim serving catching
Pasting gotta get benz on the run up
Clicking pow fierce and pay
Serving all broads feel all your dinner
Fat dough I tie you up and take it
Got the same brick back off in the winter
Clicks for kilometers dear fish stake
Take your land out the prick
I'm a boss big ass, kissing on the kid
I ain't trying to lay up I'm a swear I'm gonna kill 'em
ATL love in my city cost my friend nigga my attendance
Keep talking out loud I see you a sprinter
Ya'll nigga 13 then I come kill 'em
The padre got the same box of vision
Rest in the bar, step to the ceiling
I heard you got the thing wrapped in the kitchen
Southern calls born coming I ain't chilling
I'm the handy man puppy don Dillenger
I advise you give a thank to me
Y'all niggas ain't sweet no more than bunkin
Changing your color what you banging buddy
Got a band roll on me full of dough
F in hold the coupe on me

I'm out here dealin'
I'm out here dealin'
You got a bank
I'm on to get it
John Dillinger
I'm out here dealin'
I'm out here dealin'
I'm out here dealin'
You thought you were safe
I'm moving your safe
I come to get it
John Dillinger,
I'm on that bank
I'm coming to get it
John Dillinger
Dillinger
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I'm out here getting it dealin' it
45 diamond down your duffles full of benjies
Sit the gap back player when did you get plague get her through
I'm at the bank John Dillinger bring me that sack back
You fool, that's swoll I got his racks and my gas back
In and out the hashback on the forge the smash that
Down for Longway nasty watch your ped again
Don't let that dude fool for those shoes
Fallin Christian Lou
Effin' in still tucked on due, put that file on you
Channel 5 2 action lube toss the breakin Lou
Longway trappin main passin again
Bitch down tiss again

Beat beat beat the red back again
We unload bells again
Snuck the tread in seen get caught again
My swiffer than brian lou

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Blood or creep you can foo fight
I let her suck a dick and get his feather plucked
Down right nigga dated out the drink for
Don't get your John wind up about the devil cup
I got bricks and OG gas, plus them bands in
Fucked your bitch and your pad again
Now you scream your Longway beef
Uncle Sam kept your taxes
'Cause you looking like you damn sure made them
That molly long on my ass again
All thrown up in my beamer

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