

King Snipe

Gucci Mane

Shit, I love Guwop though, Zuwop, 'cause I'm a big Z
You heard me?
Know what I'm sayin'?
Shoutout to Gucci, I think that's my dad, you know, I was just jerkin'
(I just told Richie we rich)
(Boy)

Bitch said, "Whoopsy-woop, whoopsy-
woop," I was like, "Bet," know that was lyin'
When them bullets had came my way, I say, "I bet Kodak ain't dyin'"
We pour murder backwards after, we turned red rum to wine
I'm the nigga that smack all the smackers, so I am the biggest stepper, 5'5
I'm a hot boy, my bitch the coldest, yeah, opposite attract
You got one time to raise your voice in here, then I'ma get the strap
I've been chasin' that boy like a fly 'round the house, but eventually, I'll
get him clapped
All I ever had was the trap, I ain't have me no dad, so I got off my dick, y
eah, I jacked

I've been true to this from the jump
When I do it, consider it done (Mm-hmm)
Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one
On point like I'm a dot
I'll swap me a body for a swap
Put a bag right on his top
I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart
Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope
Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke
I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho
I'm a Z, but I'm P, for sure
I bet low-key, she a swoop
Need codeine with the boot
And I know she cheatin' too
But I ain't finna look for proof (Boy)

I triple crossed them 'cause I seen it was planted
Tried count me out, must didn't know how to count (What?)
Total ring up, it didn't know the amount
Expensive new fabrics, I couldn't even pronounce (It's Gucci)
No gun policy, stick in the party (Grrah)
Hope nobody gets out of they body
Got his self hurt, he was full of that molly (Damn)
We ain't even wanna have to kill nobody (Woah)
Ridin' down Ocean like Fast and the Furious (Gucci)
Caught me red-handed, couldn't crack up the jury (Damn)
Your boss is a pussy, your artists are scary (Pussy)
Just a matter of time 'fore they take all your jewelry (Burr)
These young niggas, they done made killin' a sport
They brazen, they'll take a switch to New York (Grrah)
So crazy, kill a pig, turn him to pork
I hope they don't try to use my lyrics in court (It's Gucci)

I've been true to this from the jump
When I do it, consider it done
Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one
On point like I'm a dot
I'll swap me a body for a swap

Put a bag right on his top
I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart
Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope
Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke
I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho
I'm a Z, but I'm P, for sure
I bet low-key, she a swoop
Need codeine with the boot
And I know she cheatin' too
But I ain't finna look for proof

And I got juice when I wanna lean
I'm smokin' deuce, I pour a three
And I got boot, been down on my feet
What did I do? Caresha, please, baby
Bought you a Ring Pop to be funny
I'll take you to Kay's now if you lucky
My Pomeranian puppy a Russian
I brought this lil' beautiful bitch to the ugly (Boy)
And I'm King Snipe and I'm King Tut
Yeah, I came tight, you ain't gettin' nothin'
Miami nights, fuckin' in the club
Shakin' with the dice, it don't really bluff
I made a way, it's only us
Niggas hatin', don't mean much
All I did was run it up

I've been true to this from the jump (Uh-huh)
When I do it, consider it done (It done)
Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one (I'm one)
On point like I'm a dot
I'll swap me a body for a swap (Uh-huh)
Put a bag right on his top (Your head)
I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart (It's ther
e)
Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope
Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke
I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho
I'm a Z, but I'm P, for sure (Uh-huh)
I bet low-key, she a swoop (A swoop)
Need codeine with the boot (And boot, and boot)
And I know she cheatin' too
But I ain't finna look for proof