Lately

Gucci Mane

So Icey, boy
CEO
(SpiffoMadeIt, bitch, aha)
(Go)

Lately they been comin' at me fakin', it's been hard to dodge
I just copped two Trackhawks and two Chargers, we in love with Dodge (What)
All these diamonds on me hittin' me hard like I've been fightin' with Floyd (Burr)
Put your hands on Gucci Mane, on God, I'm sendin' your ass to God
Don't talk about my enemies, they dead to me, why bring 'em up?
This .223 gon' end the beef (Grrra), they slept on me, I woke 'em up (Ooh)
AR with the shoulder strap, what that sound like? The NOLA clap
Money so retarded, might park my Phantom in a handicap

My lil' jit just like shootin' up shit, they don't even really like t o rap (Huh?)
Ran off on ya, owe you one, the coke was color Doja Cat (It's cream)
Guess he thought that Gucci was a ho, I wonder who told him that?
Playin' with my backend on the road, got the promoter whacked (Baow)
Lately all my new signees got me thinkin' my phone tapped (Well damn)
So Icey write they own raps, my artists tote they own straps (Baow)
Brand new F8 'Rari, drive that bitch like it got handlebars (Skrrt)
Lil' bitch, she a cannibal, ate my dick like an animal (Muah)

Lately they been comin' at me fakin', it's been hard to dodge
I just copped two Trackhawks and two Chargers, we in love with Dodge (What)
All these diamonds on me hittin' me hard like I've been fightin' with Floyd (Burr)
Put your hands on Gucci Mane, on God, I'm sendin' your ass to God
Don't talk about my enemies, they dead to me, why bring 'em up?
This .223 gon' end the beef (Grrra), they slept on me, I woke 'em up (Ooh)
AR with the shoulder strap, what that sound like? The NOLA clap
Money so retarded, might park my Phantom in a handicap

Niggas hang with me, known to push a stick like a janitor (What?)
My niggas some predators, a lot of niggas scared of us
Beef ain't really shit to me, a nigga ain't did shit to me (No)
I'm not Billy Batts, but a nigga ain't takin' shit from me (Nah)
Niggas talkin' down on me like they ain't bought no bricks from me
Suckers tryna clown me like they never hit no licks with me (Ha)
Ran my M's up, left the streets, now that's a flawless victory (Well damn)
Lace my cleats and fed the streets, yeah, everybody eats with me (It' s Gucci)

Lately they been comin' at me fakin', it's been hard to dodge
I just copped two Trackhawks and two Chargers, we in love with Dodge

(What)
All these diamonds on me hittin' me hard like I've been fightin' with Floyd (Burr)
Put your hands on Gucci Mane, on God, I'm sendin' your ass to God
Don't talk about my enemies, they dead to me, why bring 'em up?
This .223 gon' end the beef (Grrra), they slept on me, I woke 'em up
(Ooh)
AR with the shoulder strap, what that sound like? The NOLA clap
Money so retarded, might park my Phantom in a handicap

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!