

Lawnmower Man

Gucci Mane

Don't let yo' mouth write a check that yo' ass can't cash
I'm the lawnmower man and yo' ass is grass

Gucci Mane make a nigga wear a shit bag
Actin bad like a kid at Six Flags
I'll send some slugs at yo' bitch ass
In my hood ain't no love for yo' bitch ass
Fifty pounds in the trash bag
Anybody move then that nigga gettin blast at
Hit a lick for 'bout fifty stacks
Niggaz trippin talkin 'bout Gucci bring the money back
Half a brick and I'm breakin that
I'm in the trap where the junkies at
I'm gettin fat, fuck a jumpin jack
Zay' drop a track the whole industry be jockin that
I'll put a hole in your stocking cap
Work ya like a bitch at the Body Tap
I stay strapped, blow you off the map
Niggaz hate behind my back, but when they see me give me dap

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Uhhhh...
I'm from the hood I'll punch your lights out
I took your jewelry, now I'm iced out (icy icy)
Gucci Mane got that 'caine in
I swear I never tuck my chain in
You just a thug gettin traded
I'm a thug entertainin
Really I'm a street nigga
That chopper on the seat, nigga
All ready for that beef, nigga
Yo, Gucci gotta eat, nigga
I guess I'll see you when I see you nigga
I wouldn't wanna be you nigga
Now ain't that like a nigga
Tryin to sound like a nigga
A lover not a fighter nigga
But let me see yo' lighter nigga

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You see the bracelet on my arm, my necklace, my charm
I'm dangerous and armed with grenades and bombs
Y'all done slumped out with tons of ones
In tha club puttin on like "I'm Dapper Don"
Yours truly, young Gucci all I do is hustle hard
Never had credit but used my 2000 Mastercard
Grimy and gritty, hotter than cookin with lard
Gucci Mane on the block again and I'm cookin ya boys
It's that grown man shit, nigga bring all the toys
When I snap they'll have to call the lieutenant and sarge
Bring the whole entourage, see she thinkin you hard
And watch how quick I load the chopper bullets you gotta dodge
Uhhh... Gucci Mane on the track nigga

Zaytoven on the track nigga
Big Cat, Laflare nigga
I'm the lawnmower man, nigga

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