

Ball player, think like a co-star
You are not a baller, you a flodger with a car note
Gucci got more drop tops- Mixtrap.com
Think I need to carpool, 'cause my cars are too hot
If I had a girl, I would buy my girl an anklet
But, since I don't, think I'll buy myself a bracelet
Just bought a Jacob, bought myself a [?]
Gave the J's to Juice, now Juice flexin' diamonds
When I was a quarter- Mixtraps.com, missalignment
Told you what I wanted and you bought me every diamond
Used to be my woman, call you Lucy Franklins
Half an ounce of kush, work ya lips and fingers
No one's in my bank, but Gucci Mane a banker
Smokin' like a chimney 'cause I'm really not a drinker
Tell me what's the billy, silly, don't I look real pretty, baby
Homie got his chain on, but his diamonds sayin' nothin'
What you doin' homie, I ain't really doin' nothin'
Just bought a Vega at the racetrack, bettin' that crazy money
Never had a job, so I call myself the lazy cat
Gucci Mane, you're crazy, yeah, bought myself a crazy Jag
Paper bag, paper tag, just to make a hater mad
If you wanna gamble with me, you gotta bring a hundred, cash
Louis bag, full of cash, Gucci bag, full of kush
Prada bag, poppin' tags, bought my bitch a juicy tag
And she got a juicy ass, and she call me daddy 'cause I treat her like
e my daughter, yeah, I spoil her, man
Seventy four O's, smoke, cost me a hundred, crack
Hummer truck, mounted up, put together hundred bands
Benz cost me sixty bands, rims cost my ten grand
Dually truck, paper tags, sittin' on 'em grown man
Right wrist, eighty bands, left wrist, a hundred bands
Pinky ring, twenty grand, ask, it cost two-hundred grand
Necklace, three-hundred grand, new piece, a hundred grand
Next piece comin', I finna spend seven-hundred bands
I don't give a damn if my album reached a hundred fans
Still got a hundred, gon' keep this shit a hundred, man
Still skrrt-skrrt like I'm cookin' with a hundred hands
If it don't jump over-over, cook it 'til its over man
Gucci!

What it do, dude
What's happenin'
I don't respect y'all niggas out here man
You got your workers, catchin' em on the bus to the trap, man
Get the nigga a Charger or something, an Avalanche, man
Its Gucci Mane La Flare, exotic, shorty
Pull up from another hemisphere, ya hear me
Thirty on my pinky, hundred and fifty on my left, eighty on my right,
a half a million on my neck, that's bout an M, cause