

Left Hand

Gucci Mane

I don't have an ego but my money do (my money do)
And I don't have a big mouth but my money do (my money do)
And I don't like to show out but my money do (my money do)
I got so many zeros I can bury you (bury you)

Call that ballin I call dat hopscotch
Nigga got a lil cash but he ain't' got what I got
No twenties in my bankroll one fifty on my watch
Like Dikembe Mutombo get a lot of them big blocks
Gucci brought them bands out
You brought a lil cash out
Offsets they poke out
Interior smoked out
Homie you a peon
I'm riding European
Emmitt Smith on the back tier but the front tires are Deion
Get the shit for the 17 bout to sell the shit for Keyshawn
My wrist colder than freon that bullshit I be on
In the club I'm wasted better yet I'm faded
Got home don't know how I made it but the shit all gravy

When I'm pickin up weight I need a personal trainer
My money got it's on fuckin personal trainer
I'm in the club throwin hun done's
Smokin outta onions
Garlic bread inside paint like lasagna
Gucci be fresh like first day of school
Diamonds drippin wet it's like they pushed me in the pool
Makin paper airplanes outta hunnids what i do
[?] Ace of Spades like it bottled water to the crew
Excuse me let me introduce myself they call me Gucci
And all my kicks they be the flyest call me Bruce Lee
And I don't talk my money do the talkin usually
I'm super chillin but my money be the rudest