

Lesson

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven)
Yeah, nigga
Ho, ho, Mob, nigga
Tellin' you (1017)
The Mayor, nigga, trouble (Glacier)
1017 (Glacier), So Icy (Glacier)
I can't speak on, I can't speak on that shit, can't fuck with them Patrick-
ass niggas
I'm on the block with this shit, in the trap, nigga
Huh? Huh? Ho, ho

I don't know shit about a murder, I can't speak on (I can't speak on)
I fill that Backwood up with VLONE, sound like speakerphone (Zaza)
I fucked that ho, then blocked her phone, she say, "You dead wrong" (Goddamn
)
I pull off in that AMG, ain't black, it's two-tone (Skrtrt, skrrt)
They tried to cross me out, I tell 'em I can't get crossed (Triple cross)
I'm rich as hell, my pockets fat as hell like ham hocks (Ham hocks)
Yeah, it's the Mayor and the Mob and we don't take losses (It's the Mob)
He talk that shit, but I make one call, get that pussy nigga off (Off)

It's the boss
Make one false move, I'ma get that nigga crossed
Money talk
And guess what? I got a hundred in my mouth
Boy, your snout
I smoke big Backwoods of zaza every hour
Not the same
Boy, you broke as hell, your mama is to blame
Ain't raise you right
Mama Mayor raised me to grow up with stripes
I kept a pipe
'Cause I seen a nigga get killed on my bike
It changed my life
Promised myself I wouldn't let them take my life
So I move right
Kickin' doors every mornin', trap at night
Give you a lesson
'Bout this street shit, I'm a motherfuckin' veteran
I got respect
Ain't nobody more hood than my nigga TEC
Was movin' bad
Country nigga, serve a city boy with swag
Now that's his ass
If he want smoke, say how hell he do the dash?
Ice is cold
Fifteen on my wrist, eighteen in my earlobe
We got the globe (Mob)
1017, we up, bankroll hood, it can't fold
Wipe his nose (Glacier)
Bitch got mad because his slutty-ass bitch chose
I did her cold
Made her suck me with my ice on, she was cold

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Ayy, Foogi, you ain't got to make no calls to get them pussies whacked
Just catch him comin' out his sneaky link and stretch him with this MAC
Two hundred shots up in this Optima, one-fifty in this MAC
The chopper kick, got .308s, no .556s in my mag
Got bitches pullin' out my dick, I went and got my bands up
Could be the pilot on the plane and your ass still wouldn't pass us
We blessed his block up with a carbon, go and pick your mans up
They done got a criminal rich, now it's shots out the Lam' truck
I do too much, my pockets stuffed, done got my rubber bands stuck
Done poured a ten up in a Faygo, this might be my last cup
When you go on that mission, boy, make sure you mask up
I started my own gang, I'm into it with the task force

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