

Lifers

Gucci Mane

{30, you a motherfuckin' fool, nigga}

Glock (Huh?)

Yeah (Huh?), yeah, yeah (Wop)

Yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah)

I heard my buddy went out bad, but I'm nothin' like my buddy 'nem (Well, damn)

He went out sad, it made me mad, now I can't even fuck with him (Wow)

Them suckers them, what's up with them? I buck on them, scuff up them Timbs

Petty hustles, predators, pressure them then they crumble them

Cripple nigga, shitbag, wheelchairs, I humble them

Bullets get to flippin' and fumblin' and tumblin'

"Gucci Mane, hey let's jump him," nobody jumpin' him (No)

One man, two handguns, that's what you up against

My right arm is so-called strong, why is the muscle big?

From whippin' dope in my long-johns, I made it jump again

I don't know where you from, holme, but you best come again

Ain't nobody sold more dope than me but Mexicans (It's Gucci, Wop)

Haha, ayy, I just broke my thumb again

Yeah, I been runnin' up my money, I can't run up out a win

Yup, I was runnin' wild, had to hold it down, my mom was in the pen'

And I still hold it down too, my mama ain't raise no damn fool

Yeah, I'm Big Glock, I do big shit, boy, I ain't nothin' like you

I'm flexin' hard with my young black ass and all my cash is blue

I pull up in the Rolls or Maybach and I'm just twenty-two

They like, "How the fuck he get that?" Shit, I been gettin' to it

Trappin' and rappin' and makin' moves, yeah, bitch, I been makin' moves

Yeah, stuntin' too hard, I had to play it cool

Mama told me them boys ain't cool

Glizock and Wizzop a terrible two

Yeah, bitch, we a terrible two

This watch right here cost a Lam' truck, but

Shit, I think I want a Lam' truck too

Shit for real, nigga

Nigga ain't play with this one, man (Nothin')

Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Mob (Yeah)

More money, more problems

I don't give a fuck, I keep a revolver

If you got a problem, know I'ma solve 'em

Ain't heard 'bout me, then nigga, go search your browser

I was posted up on Joe Brown for real

We was robbers, we wasn't workin' no deal

Smokin' gas, that shit be loud like Malia

Niggas talkin', but they know what it is, huh?

I got them crooked rows (Crooked), and I got them shotguns

I got them gangster niggas, and they got them big guns

I got them OGs, yeah, they ridin' with me, and they gon' kill somethin'

And I got them Pirus, bitch, they ain't gon' spare nothin', nah

Plug just sent a text, they in

Call my country boy, they gone

1017, Ola, we on

Sippin' Act', don't do Patrón

Chain said burr, re-up, make it disappear

On that Pimp C, talkin' slurred
Pop a Perc', my vision blurry
My bitch petite
Patek Philippe
Hellcat motor in my Jeep
Talkin' bars, I charge a fee
Took an '05 banger beat