

Losin

Gucci Mane

She choosin' but nigga you losin'
When I'm cruisin' my top I'm losin'
In Vegas gamblin' all night but I'm losin'
Just bought a ten pack
I hope it ain't losin'
I bet 50 with the hoes but they losin'
And she a bad bitch so she don't like losin'
I hope these niggas don't try me, I'll lose it
I told her strap everyday and I'll use it

Bad as hell, got me mad as hell
From her toes to her nails
& got a tail like a whale
Only time a tell
I'm sending packs in the mail
Imma fool with a scale
And I'm more plugged than the mail
And when my pack hit ATL
It's like my number just fell
I'm catchin juggs just right before pre-trial
I don't give no fuck bout no 12
And if all else fails
I'll be trappin at the tel'
I gotta house in the hills
And a penthouse [?] 12
I move [?] like I was Derek Farell
My mama moved me East Atlanta
Like the Prince of Bel Air
Man all the dueces I sold
Man I should get the chair
Ain't no excuse my nigga
Ask you why you broke as hell
It's Gucci!

A lot of niggas wanna be like Gucci
Fuck around a murder charge like Boosie
I know the feds wanna kill me like Tookie
Yo brother suck a glass dick like Pookie
I was makin music still servin dueces
Walkin just draw salute me or shoot me
I serve bags, serve pipe, serve looseys
I sip lean like a nigga come from Houston
How you feel knowin yo favorite rapper pussy
In his video dancin like Missy
Gold Audemar 90 thousand plain jane
I threw the rocks in it
Cost me 160

Wat happenin
I'll never date a loser
I went to the casino and lost like a muthafucka
Damn I couldn't even find the shit I was lost
Police tried to pull me over but I lost them
I lost one of my hoes out there
One of my best bitches
Think I lost track what I was finna say
This bitch must of lost her fuckin mind

Smokin on kush I done lost my keys
I winnin
You losin
It's Gucci
It's Gucci!