

Lunch Freestyle

Gucci Mane

Riching you trying to maintain
Hundred benz and bo mane
I got a new roller, playing
You cooking
I'm fucking your man
They say that I talk about change
Bitch you stop flexing with ranges
Her Rory ain't driving no range
I bet you shit ain't gonna change

Rich Kid and go Up
Ground round I got four Glock
Kevin working the safe spot
I've been gone cause the block hot
Trappin, ain't whippin no word
Your riches ain't bought me a verse
Yow bitch I might lift up your skirt
I'm fucking her making her squirt
Who trippin my phone ringing
She got the dough
I'm dropping her home
I'm fucking that bitch
I won't pick up the phone (No)
I got the word to fix you
I never grow up as a freestyler
I never grow up as a freestyler
I guess the rest is just history

It's more than one way to skin a cat
My crew say it's a new day
My top missing like a two pay
I'm a superstar like Lupe
I'm war down while sushi
Be Gucci, my movie
My diamonds coated
And a smoothie
Imma spin five like a ozzy
Dont pity me
They sick of me
These pussy nigga tricking me
If getting money is a crime
Then I'm guilty cause I'm filthy
I'm balling like I'm an athlete
No jump shots
No track meets
My money longer than Shaqs feet
Gucci Mane the O Trap king
Get hats down
I'm socker king
I fly down, a private plane
Dope price keep going up and down
Like the stock exchange
Pound of this and a pound of that
And a brick a this and a little a that
I show a lame how to make a change
They ain't never change
There's project change

Imma wait like fat people jogging
But a house on the hill
When I look you
Imma wonder why I never see no black people walking
West side daddy
Big yellow braces
Spinning with a weight
News spin on his face lift
Hit me a liquor
Spit out the fakers
Took all my crews on vacation
Money, money that's all I think about
BSM that's all I'm screaming out
Ten seventeen, ain't nothing else to think about
Mack 11 in my car
Make a nigga pull it out
Big ole pimps off
Big ole ring on
Big magazines at the Coronarita
Just layed back
Me and my amigos
Give me twelve for a four pound a weed though
How your mamma cry like Dope Boy mother
Lay on your couch
Flee like Dope Boy nigga
I'm so L A
Left the lawyer for you
Yall go fuck around
And make me gotta pay my lawyer
Long trench coat
Looking like big Tracy
30 inch long horn Chevy Tracy
So L A gotta keep my Stacy
You fucking with a big dog
You might catch rabies