

# Master P

Gucci Mane

(DrvmLord)

I know my big mama proud of me (Proud of me)  
All of them niggas that doubted me (Doubted me)  
The lick that we hit like a lottery  
The karma that come from the robberies  
Shit on these niggas 'cause they the ones doubted me  
Shit on these crackers 'cause they the ones shackled me  
Want me to tell it, but can't get it out of me  
I'm finna trap, go to rappin' like Master P  
Make 'em say, "Uh, uh"  
Glock with a drum (Fah-fah-fah)  
Go rum-pa-pum-pum (Bah-bah)  
What's your set? Where you from? (Where you from?)  
You don't want no problem  
Backwood my ganja  
Glock 9, lil' Rondo  
I'm from the jungle

I used to trap with the raw in the Breezeway, I make a law do a speed  
chase (Skrrt)  
Federal units pursue on the freeway, then turn that bitch to a feet c  
hase (Ayy, come here)  
Don't follow directions, I come from a section where we gon' go fetch  
it like each way (Each way)  
In the V.I.P. lookin' like I'm a sweepstakes  
I'm the chosen one, nigga, cheesecake  
Nigga, hold your tongue, that's the G way  
Got a stolen gun in the booth with me  
My phone's on like a DJ on replay  
And I ain't have no father figure, I was in the trenches the street w  
ay  
Before they dropped that iPhone, had the Glock on on a prepaid

I know my big mama proud of me  
All of them niggas that doubted me (Doubted me)  
The lick that we hit like a lottery (Lottery)  
The karma that come from the robberies (Robberies)  
Shit on these niggas 'cause they the ones doubted me  
Shit on these crackers 'cause they the ones shackled me  
Want me to tell it, but can't get it out of me  
I'm finna trap, go to rappin' like Master P  
Make 'em say, "Uh, uh" (Uh)  
Glock with a drum (Fah-fah-fah)  
Go rum-pa-pum-pum (Bah-bah)  
What's your set? Where you from? (Where you from?)  
You don't want no problem (Nuh-uh)  
Backwood my ganja  
Glock 9, lil' Rondo  
I'm from the jungle (9th Street)