

Me And My Niggas

Gucci Mane

Me and my niggas we like brothers, talkin bout hustle down for each otha
We ain't tussle touch or tongue wrestle wit a nigga, we gone buss em off da
muhfuckin muscle
(2x)

You see cant catch meeee, gucci mane ain't runnin and i heard dey got pounds
of weed
Got everythang you need from da X to da hard or soft nigga get served if you
shop wit me
Got a team of cut throat niggas bout kickin doors clean off, when dey get da
t word from me
Nigga please and my clique see 1 brick a piece den you gone get burnt to da
third degree
Gotta two-twenty-three shootin bullets on da dot, a nigga finna get found by
da birds and trees
Get ya ass dropped down on, by a nigga wit grill sayin get down on yo hands
and knees
Give a fuck what anotha nigga got, who he shot, just long as da nigga don't
fuck wit me
Ain't neva been a nigga trickin bucks just to fuck, cuz a slut catch a real
nigga nut for free
Catch me on da streets of da southeast, gold grill and a million dolla mouth
piece
Deres a lot of hatin shit said about me, cuz I'm ridin twenty threes on a gr
and prix
Bitch check my family tree, ain't nun but G's, ain't no pussy nigga finna ha
ndle me
You can try and see, I bet you D-I-E, cuz love bussin shots out randomly
Have you lookin at da eyes of a dead body, grab a choppa come back shoot err
body
Give a fuck what ya homeboi say about it, ain't a muhfuckin secret I'm dead
rowdy
I remember when I first start trappin, talkin sun valley tryna make shit hap
pen
Sellin reefa dude, tryna make a lil loot, you can ask D and coop cuz dey see
n me in action

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First we lost smiley den we lost dre, den we lost twon den we lost ayon
Now my boy von doin time for a murder charge, shit lookin bad so I gotta pra
y for em
Where we come from niggas die young, a nigga truly blessed if he turn 21
Ill neva turn my back on my niggas from da crest, and I put da momma and my
unborn son
Crest where I'm from, dats real tung, straight up out da slum, and my word
is my bond
I rob wit my gun and I con wit my tongue, if a nigga still breathin den da j
ob ain't done
Everything we serve A-1, still sellin jays straight drop dat make dey mouth
feel numb
Still throwin big barbeques at da park, if u ain't from my hood den yo ass c
ant come

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Nigga gotta hustle nigga gotta struggle, makin power moves gotta use a lil m
uscle

Gotta keep a tool, you a fool, if you think dat da straight drop crew ain't
gone mothafuckin buss you

Tight like brothas, talkin bout hustle, if we don't know you den we sho don'
t trust you

Just might touch ya, cuz we feel like fuck ya, deres a lot of niggas getting
killed on custer

Bouldercrest road bitch dats my post, use to sell blow up at dat store

Lost a lot of homebois in da process, only lord knows who'll be da next 2 go
Gotta studio on Gresham road, dats where da Gucci mane disc gets sold

Dats where I stand on deese ten toes, tryna make my money come back ten fold

Gucci got da work my nigga 10-4, drunker den drunk sippin on glenmoe

Got 4 grams bout 2 we score, hit pryor street gimme bout 10 mo

Still got da hydro fo da low, order too big holla at chevro

Straight drop clique tight like kinfolk, helpin each otha so we cant go brok
e

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