

# My Customer

Gucci Mane

Yo baby daddy buy the shit from me? He my customer  
Yo old lady come and get shit free? She my customer  
Although I sell, I hit the back of weed. I love my customers.  
Chide with me, you no got shit fo'cheese. I love my customers  
You my customer, damn, she my customer  
He my customer, damn, they my customers  
Daddy a hustler, mama raised a hustler  
To you, your baby brotha, to me just a customer

Gucci man, I'm coming through customs, and bills I'm busting 'em  
Shout out to my momma, I love her, I got my money out  
Niggas, they be hayley discussing, yo, where yo money, yo?  
How you think Gucci Mane owe you, man, you ain't frontin', nigga  
Gucci Mane not take pro'lem, you just a customer  
Niggas neva thought we would make it, man, they don't fuck wid us  
Juice Man brought a ton of pro'lems, 'partment full of baking bottles  
We keep looking out the glasses, like we playn cops and robbers  
But fuck the coppers, and fuck the robbers  
It's Big Guap, yo, pusha man, I saw your problems  
Look, I dunno who's looking at you wid binoculars  
Alright in the phobia, four drop spiders goo up in the fight, yo

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Cause you hanging with a yung nigga, gulping on a wrist fish  
Gallup on them on my draws, ain't leave until they ain't love  
Gramy sent me freezin', man, they hardly hit 'em, bitch gon' swole  
Man on block, he had it here, man don't serve a clash here  
Where's that 39 shit? Full of ghiddy detail  
Fish scale got my phone, ring it?! Ring ring, my lil' bling it?!  
All these bitches on me feenin'. Fucking money, they on my penis?!  
On the road to squeeze money, world wide, nigga, we feenin'  
(You a customer coming back? Shit, I got it fo' sale)

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I got it on my own, uncle got it at the bowl, possing stowe  
To the low, you know everytime us go. Hustling hoe, the trap don't roll  
It's outta control, everything is served  
Coming through it, instead of making plays, right?  
I don't sip absurd!  
They dealin', they dealin', they dealin'  
The trap bugs, they gon' make a killin'

Got money all under the matrice  
And hundreds, they all in the ceiling  
I'm fucking now all of the' bitches  
I'm make 'em do all of me business  
I make 'em make all of my playz  
I make 'em do all of my dealin'

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