# Nickolodeon

**Gucci Mane**

Cheeya cheeya
I paid, paid a lot of money for that
I'm fucking around man, shout out real Mike B
Chicken talk one time for them, let me think, let me think, okay, okay

I paid twenty thousand dollars for this beat just to bang in the club (huh)
Five thousand dollar for a chopper, man, I'm gonna shoot someone up (hah)
BURR

My Wonder Woman bracelet match my He-Man watch
My Batman car made Catgirl stop
This Spiderman Kush is sticky as a spider web
And it's so loud that you can smell it in Fort Lauderdale
Three X-Men fell victim to my 40-cal
Little Smurfs trying to act like they were Gargamel
I'm Gat Man, Gucci know I keep a joker gun
The AK, nigga, loaded, shorty, REDRUM
It's a bird, it's a plane, no, that's Superman
Girlfriend, please, no, that's just Gucci Mane
My swag change like I'm rapping with another brain
I go hard, SpongeBob, nigga, you a lame
Like Garfield, homie, Odie, nigga, I'm a dog
And what you call that? Man, I call it "chicken talk"
Like Bugs Bunny, big money, got a lot of cash
I shotgun like Elmer Fudd to kill these dirty wabbits

Hah... Chicken Talk 2, nigga
It's Gucci, nigga
Feels like I'm in down-south 50 nigga
I feel like I'm east-side Busta Rhymes right now
Two chains on, three bracelets, nigga
In my two-seater, nigga
Copped it off the showroom floor, nigga
What's up, Marquis Daniels I see you, nigga
Ball player money like I play for the Pacers with you, nigga
What's happenin'?
R.I.P. Pimp C, UGK, bitch!

I smoke purple weed, purple, that's a Barney, dog
That crack rock done turn your mama to an Olive Oyl
That cat with the pack mixed with an Isotol
The Grinch stole Christmas, Gucci just stole 80 pounds
If I could change a cartoon, I would change once
I made Jerry chase Tom with a handgun
Fifty-five tweety bird's in my white truck
I'm still pissed cause my cousin stole my last blunt
I still got it like that nigga with that weak kush
Short temper, throwing fists like I'm Heathcliff
Selling babies in the six, call them Little Bills
Twelve-fifty for a baby, that's a good deal
A Transformer Benz sittin on some sick wheels
Bright yellow rims, same color my Bart Sim'
I say "Go-Go Gadget!" then a car brakes
Go stand there pussy nigga, step up to scar face

Ayo, Gucci Mane... listen
I've got bad news, and I've got some good news

The good news is... your album sales just tripled
You got shows goin' overseas
Shit'll be poppin', nigga
The bad news is... your best friend's snitching on you
What are you gonna do 'bout that, my nigga?

Shit, everybody's snitching on me, nigga
I don't even keep no phone, nigga
My hoes can't even keep up with me
It's Gucci, nigga

See I'm a junkyard dog, not a Scooby Doo
I got that white girl, true, I'm talking Betty Boop
A hundred gallons of that yellow talking that Winnie da pooh
So if I pull this hummer over I'mma make the news
The way I'm spittin' on the mic it's like I'm Daffy Duck
And I ain't Richie Rich, bitch, but I'm rich as fuck
Got Shawty Redd on the track, that's a lot of change
Then, man, this beat's gonna bang for a hundred days
Strip club, dance club, every DJ
Gucci Mane and Shawty Redd fucking let it play
Throw some money in the air, we gon' make it rain
Rotten niggas get sprayed trying to make a name
I stack it long, King Kong, then I took his chain
But I gave it back cuh, cause our diamonds weren't the same
See you can keep it, man, I'm gonna step it up a tad
It's Gucci Mane and this song is Nickelodeon

Shawty Lo, I know you ain't gonna let these niggas steal your sound
Broke ass niggas swag steal
Twenty-thousand in the city now
My nigga hate to pay to see ya
I was screamin "five more minutes" and now its five more...

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