

# 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...