

Nobody

Gucci Mane

There's a trap in every hood and all the j's want that good dope
Gucci got that clean cause all the snorters want that real coke
Multimillionaire the real La Flare but I feel broke
10 Million dollar mane but I can't hang with these rich folks
My little boy was only 2 he asked me, "papa, what a roo-poo?"
5 years old closet full of jays; fruit loops
They say Gucci Mane the god of making music people trap to
Drumma Boy the god of making music Gucci snap to
Section 8 apartment and them babies need some fruit loops
Pampers and a bath cause they mamma smoking crack too
How you gone critique me, you industry
I'm in the streets, you out the streets
I murk the streets and murk the beat
I'm Hercules, no murkin' me
Gucci back home making music niggas clap to
He don't never come to the hood unless he have to
Rappin' ass niggas I'mma make my niggas rap you
Its big Gucci, not Bobby V, so ain't no way you jackin' me

I ain't really scared of nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
I ain't backin' down for nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
Nobody
You got teardrops on your face with no bodies

Red cars with tint on them so niggas looking but can't see
Paved the way for making trap music so street niggas should thank me
Ain't no way you'll out think me
Ain't no way that you could jank me
And all I sending is head shots cause I don't shoot at niggas feet
Niggas better retreat when they see me
On G.P. shoot up the BP
Nigga died with his gun, couldn'a been me
One deep on the street with a street sweep?
Gucci Man, I'mma shoot you in your pee pee
Get you fucked in jail like a fefe
Niggas know about Flocka & Gucci
Naw we ain't beef he sissy
I'm the type to shoot out Peachtree
You the type that wanna' be me
Bullets just fly right by me
These fuck niggas tried to hit me
You scouts don't get no brownies
One shot just hit my Bentley
Another hit my Charger, but it didn't hurt my hemi