

NWA

Gucci Mane

Baby keep me on my P's, let's break down 100 P's
Gucci gas go 33 but gotta get 30 P
I don't even need a reason to hit you with the heat
These shoes don't come out this season, but still they on my feet

Old folk keep calling us heathens, too many drugs on the street
I'm servin' right down by 4 Seasons, niggas from the pen won't weep

PeeWee got the bricks and the bales, listen up to the story I tell
The bricks, they came from the mail, my plug his name is Miguel

I'm in the kitchen, counting up benji's
Yo bitch washing dishes and wrapping up fishes
Used to run from the cops on the block, hit four hot bar
Took it to the chop shop
If I fuck with ya, I'm making you straight drop
If I don't know ya, I'mma get ya rerock
Got a bando in Boston
The way I pitch them 8-balls, shoulda played for the Red Sox

Just took a loss, 'bout to take something off
Put it to the head, make her open up the vault
Say you got bird, head all in a loss
Soon as you turn the key boy you bout to get off

Bought a brand new A-P, but I'm always late
Everyday my birthday, now watch me bake cake

I finesse the plug for the drugs
Even though a nigga always show love
If he ain't Migos, he ain't MPA
Brick Squad, nigga you ain't my blood
Tryna hit my blunt, tryna sip my drank
What the fuck you think?
Ain't shit soft around my way
Unless you talkin' 'bout cocaine