

Yeahhhhhhhh
It's Gucci (Flocka) Flocka!!
(BRR) Ferrari Boyz in the building
Vrooom vrooom vrooom vrooom vrooom vrooom
Catch up!!

Everybody know I got a sack man
I got the whole hood shoppin when the pack in
You never mix business, with new friends
All black Benz, you can call it Pac-Man

25 to 10, 9 and the fo'-five on me (pop pop pop pop)
I don't need no co-D, do it by my lonely
(CB4) gangsters, man they so (Gusto)
24/7 all I do is hustle
Old folks in the hood call me demon
Triple cup styrofoam, I sip lean man
Straight slow slippin, man my finger itchy
I been rappin for three years man I need a mission
Young boys on that Grove Street man they trappin hard
Hit the club, 50 deep, fuck a bodyguard
They say Waka Flocka, always startin riots
Get money good, motherfuck a dyin

I'm the Pac-Man, but it's not Adam Jones
Bitch it's Gucci Mane, double cup my styrofoam
I'm on it like I want it, I make you think your house was on it
I got blocks, plus everybody in here want it
Me and Wak' Flock', come from the block, straight drop a whole
block
Chop it up then serve the block, call it hip-hop
Pac-Man with bags of loud and bags of kush I'm bankin
I just got, 'bout 50 in, and I broke 'em down to onions
I'm servin, or splurgin, you snitchin, you workin
I drop off, on purpose, yo' cook-ups, are worthless
I'm searchin, who's lurkin, you jerkin, I'm turfin
I just got the pack in, so call me to purchase