

# Pardon Me

Gucci Mane

Drop Top  
Wizop  
Wordplay

A nigga so fly that I should have been a pilot  
I know a nigga rap but I could have been a stylist  
Feel like a jeweler 'cause I rock so many diamonds (bling)  
Could never run for president, my past too violent  
Fam so broke that I had to start grindin'  
Why I'm lookin' bummy? Everybody else shinin'  
Turned into a burglar and did a couple break-ins  
Started as a corner boy, then turned into a kingpin  
Walkin' in Magic lookin' like I were El Chapo  
Hot damn Gucci, that's a cold-blooded Hublot  
I can't even fuck with one hoe, I need two  
And you ain't gotta call a [?], I don't need you  
Jumpin' out a car with no roof in a suit hoe  
What type of nigga do the shit that I do hoe?  
Started as a group, but I'm so dope I went solo  
Get your ass knocked off and call it free promo  
Chopper make a nigga back crack like Romo  
Gucci go hard on a bitch, no homo  
Pull up in an 18-wheeler, me dolo  
Feelin' like Sosa was born to move yayo

Life's about taking risks  
I told my baby pray for me, I'm tryna be all I can be  
Put my pants on just like you, so why you envy me?  
I'm just tryna be all I can be  
I'm tryna live out my dreams, if I offend you, pardon me  
I'm just tryna be all I can be  
I'm just tryna see all that I can see  
Never mind me, I'm tryna be all I can be

Ay, they wanna know, how does it feel to be a star?  
How's it feel to ride around the house for your car?  
How does it feel to not have to sell that raw?  
I'm told 'em I'm way more paranoid 'cause now they hate me more  
They say, "Rock, how does it feel to be last of a dying breed?"  
You pump life into these streets, they were in dying need  
Off that real shit, that softest, that uncut, that raw  
That shit that they jam to everyday when they jump up  
The law, the word, they meet me in the AM  
My voice I bring the gate in, in the evenings, still beatin' me  
Hit the club still playing, still playing when they leavin'  
(How does that make you feel?)  
It feels good, they believe me  
They receive me, I am how they perceive me  
I put my soul into these lyrics, listen, you will hear it  
Backseat Mulsanne, Drop Top and the don  
Where would the streets be without the Trap God and the don?

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Fuck your CEO and tell 'em King Gucci said that  
Cause I ain't never ever hit a lick and brought the bread back  
That's your CEO? We used to gamble for his contract  
I damn near lost his first three albums playin' blackjack  
Standin' in the trap, catchin' J's in my wavecap  
Cappin' 'bout none of these niggas rappin' 'bout a fake trap  
Call Ghostbusters 'cause these niggas sellin' ghost crack  
Point 'em to the kitchen and the nigga need a roll [?]  
Put me in the kitchen and I might just bring a whole back  
Put a hole in a nigga head, tell him "hold that"  
This that eggbeater music, get it out the bowl rap  
This that wife beater music, sell it while it wet rap  
You a dick rider and I never will respect that  
Came out, took my set back, I know they didn't expect that  
Gucci worth eight figures, but he tryna stretch that  
My partner turned informer on me, I never woulda guessed that

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Never mind me, I'm tryna be all I can be, ay