# Pissy

**Gucci Mane**

(Hey, Will)
(Will, what that is?)
Well, damn
(Do you not get the Koncept?)

Takin' all facts, grandma raised me, I'm from the Westside where it get sticky
And my four wheels come with road kits, I got Elliott like I'm Missy
Stack my bread up, cut the corners off, it ain't no way you could diss me
Bitch, I got the yellow gold, I got the yellow stones and my wrist and ring, it look pissy

Hey, put on them Daisy Dukes
Show me what that new Mercedes do
Real trap house, all the pots and pans come with residue
All my young niggas know is some revenue
I'm Anthony Davis when he was at the Pelicans
I don't pull up to court for no settlements
All white and the coupe look angelic
We was lookin' around for the baddest of bitches, so I had to go out and vet it
If they say they want smoke, I got all of the Glocks 'cause back then, I had to get ahead of it
You my cousin, but you ain't my relative
The outside of the coupe black like melanin
I feel like I'm Dan Bilzerian 'cause I got some Australians

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Big yellow Cuban on and it's pissy (Ugh)
Rock big blue stones like I'm Nipsey (Nip')
I pop champagne 'til I'm tipsy (Huh)
Still be spendin' M's in my sixties (Well, damn)
Please don't try the 'Wop 'cause it's risky
Ain't no mystery in my history (No)
Had to turn that boy into Swiss cheese (Grrah)
Hit with that switchy, shoot 'til it's empty (Go)
Wrist just did a 360 (Skrrt), ball like Zion before the injury (Ballin')
I ain't broke, you can't fix me (Nah), havin' power, feelin' like 50 (50)
Eastside of the city where this shit can get really sticky (6)
Anybody can get it, man, my bullets ain't really picky (No)
In a yellow coupe with a yellow bone with my Jacob on with the yellow stones (Brr)
White stones, Wilma Flintstones, came a long way from a herringbone (Well, damn)
All started from a mini-phone, I ran it up and my money long (It's long)
Had to take a chance for two hundred bands 'cause my country boy had a trailer home ('Wop)

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Neck look pissy, uh, please don't touch, it's risky, uh
My finger itchin', uh, me and my Glock get busy, uh
They say we litty, uh, I say, "We ain't lit enough"
They say we did it, uh, I say, "We ain't did enough"
I don't hang with sheeps (Uh-uh), but I pull up Lamb'
I interrupted his sentence (Huh?), before he could talk, blam (Grrah)
Cougar ho thirty-seven (Uh), she hate when I call her ma'am (Don't do that)
She gave me head for an hour, what Gucci say? Well, damn (Well, damn)
I got your bitch on a leash (Yeah), she don't ever get too far
She make you fuck in the bed, she let me hit in the car (She let me hit in the car)
Please stop blowin' her up, she with me, you'll see her tomorrow
She say her wishes to me, she know I'm a shootin' star (Grrah, grrah)

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