

## Pressed for Time

Gucci Mane

I woke up in a mansion  
Grew up in apartments  
Put your 'partment inside my closet, so stop it  
Flying on a jet plane, surfing on my laptop  
Headed back to England, pit stop in Belgium, just to eat some waffles  
Then I went to Paris, Polo shirt and Khakis  
My luggage game immaculate, way more than average  
Cavalli frames and Bally belt  
Bally shoes and Bally bag  
Bally-ed up my Bally swag  
Gucci Mane conceited  
I said "Beat it, you're an alley cat"  
Alley cat, you alley rat  
My Cali girl got Cali swag and Cali cash  
Louis frames and Louis bags  
Damn, she got stupid ass  
You just the man who pay for it, so go ahead on with your groupie ass  
Banked up, I'm tatted up  
Gatted up, I stack it up  
Smoking on that cannabis, but still, you get your head bust  
Flyer than a pelican, higher than a pilot  
Fresher than the kids when they mama get they taxes  
Itinerary faxes, email me you bastard  
Holler at my management

It's Gucci  
Let it run, Zay, let it run, let it run  
Pressed for time right now  
You feel me?  
It's Gucci Mane LaFlare, man, Cha-ching!  
Zaytoven on beat  
Gucci Mane on the mic stand

Imma, imma, imma show off on the track  
Imma freestyle, no hook, and tell em bring it back  
Dirty money, filthy money, mixed in with that clean  
So lit, so [?], big rocks in my wrist watch  
Big clips, big bullets, fully hit the bully  
Now the Uzi got the bully  
Holy moly, Gucci Gucci  
So your Rollie, call me Kobe, cause I'm ballin' ballin'  
You know we brought the money, hold the money, show it, throw it  
Throw the weed, sell the weed, package it and traffic it  
My trap game is magnificent, I'm proficient in pushing it  
She owe me 50 cents, you pushing it, I need my 50 cents  
Shoutout to Yayo and [?], you know I fuck with 50 Cent  
I'm hotter than a hottie with no bottom in a lobby with spray paint all on her body  
And the spray paint reading "Gucci Gucci"  
Colder than a penguin with a coat  
Drinkin' smoothie, and I'm smoother than a barrel of [?]

Rah, rah, rah, pow  
Poom!  
Oh man, Bazuka gun!  
Duh!  
Oh man, man, just, shh, poisoning...

Ha ha ha  
Silent killer, man, you know  
Freestyle, no pad, no pen  
I am on that Cognac  
Cognaye  
That's my liquor right there  
You know, I got a liquor  
Cognac mixed with Gin  
Called Cognate  
I got some blunts right now  
Grape and original  
Gucci Mane Cigarellos  
(Get your smoke on!)  
Okay, what else you got on the market, Gucci?  
Finna come out with a movie, "The Autobiography of Gucci"  
Finna write a book, it's gon' be called "Gucci Mane: The Life of Gucci"

The one-man rock band, my Breitling is my hype man (One-  
man rockband, my Breitling is my hype man)  
I'm a one-man rock band, my Breitling is my hype man  
Boosie on my bracelet, Diddy watch, Nelly wrist  
Ross charm, Baby chain, Busta Rhymes necklace  
One-man rock band, my Breitling is my hype man  
(Gucci, Gucci)  
We outta here...