

Prey

Gucci Mane

Squad!

I'm clearly crack, you niggas clearly wack
No stainless steel my pistol clearly black
I don't pop shit I got chaps for that, he a shooter, with a shooter
What up Nook, free Diego
What up Kirbo, what up Rooster, free Kenny
Catch you out of bounds, my youngins blammin'

I got twin FNs on me, please don't put your hands on me
No yellow tape, but when you see him I want you to grab homie
But if I see him before you see him then I'ma blam homie
Only thing I pray is that this gun don't jam on me
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Go green light, get him, rush him, fuck him
Stick him, stuck him, grab him, slab him
Kicking out rhyming, always keep my pistol handy
Wanna go to war that's fine and dandy
Easier than snatching up baby candy
Clip big as a baby panda
RIPs are hard to handle
Gucci and a murder scandal
Call my lawyer, fuck an answer
I'm my own goddamn employer
Fuck you pig, go die of cancer
Gucci Mane done killed someone
But fuck that shit, go light a candle
Try the Wop, I gotta pop
I bet I'm sending out body shots
Fox Five News, eleven o'clock
The neighbors heard a lot of shots
Two young niggas with dicks attached
Had a note that said come get me back
My MAC got 200 in it, we shoot out for 40 minutes
Sawed off shotgun, running with it
Who want some can come and get it

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Big Guwop, Big homie Flock
And OG Mac got Glock and gas
Shooters only want a stack
And fuck who I'm not even there
Triple threat, ain't making threats
But Hydro's ass will leave you wet
Used to play with water guns
Them super soakers just a TEC

Mama always pray for me, but who pray for my enemies?
Banana clip, my rifle be exactly what can't speak
Dirty but it never jam cause I just got the barrel cleaned
Niggas dissing turn to pictures, have 'em laughing like who me?

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