

## Push Ups

Gucci Mane

What up?

I got so much money, pull up  
Barber drop Ferrari yesterday is time to mount up  
Count up, think its time to do a cook up  
Hook up, you know my money doing push ups  
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Driving real fast of the Ferrari lot  
Got the bitch tryna count all the cars we got  
On the gas pedal, I don't hardly stop  
And stop the show like a bitch in a halter top  
No shade, just harder rocks  
Purple drink in my soda pop  
Police looking for me now, cause they saying Gucci Mane just killed the fuck  
ing parking lot  
Afterparties in Canada  
Drop SPYDER, a tarantula  
My money got its own manager  
I should walk around with a camera  
Make visions move  
Sellin inner 2's  
Sell bricks while a nigga get interviewed  
Don't intrude on my music dude  
I got a bitch sucking dick through the inter[?]  
I was bred to ball, I was born to die  
I'm too drunk to drive and too high to fly  
Before you count to 1-2-3, you see that .45  
I'm the living truth, I don't never lie  
Made the trap jump, made the track cry  
Never let a bad bitch pass me by  
Don't ask me why, but I'm too live

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See the diamonds and jewelry and the bitches hitting swishers  
In the Rari, I'm sorry, the coupe push button, Atari  
Shrimp and Calamari, pocket full of lettuce  
No crouton  
Girlfriend tripping, I buy a new one  
Gucci needs some new ones, nigga I don't do ones  
In the mall shopping like a nigga using coupons  
Swag so venom, like your dressed in Docker's Denim  
All these cars, think I rent um  
100,000, can't tint em

My shooters for certain  
Them boys be plotting and lurking  
Try all that cursing in person  
I have them hearses with verses  
I talk and I listen  
Yellow diamonds they pissing  
I be hitting and dishing  
And you be tricking, magician  
Dunk!

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Its me bitches  
Ms. V, bitches  
Nasty if you ask me, your brother wanna hit this  
I'm where the cash be  
I'm bout my business  
Come with the chopper, knock his head off the hinges  
I'm with that shit, cause I bring that fucking drama  
Leave um in the hospital, bitch you're in trauma  
What ya hollin'? I'm hotter than Obama?  
Cause every time I hit the mic I eat it up, Osama  
Got the fucking choppers, baby I rap  
Yeah you know I'm aiming at that bitch with the Mac  
I gotta get the stacks  
Leave her line flat  
Aiming at that bitch, red beam at the cap

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