

# Ridin Foreign

Gucci Mane

Young Chop on the beat  
Band Camp

I touch a lotta paper, I been havin this shit  
I got a bookbag full of hundreds, I been stashin this shit  
Private jet to Las Vegas, I've been gambling and shit  
And I'm in love with ridin foreign (We ain't the average clique)  
And I'm in love with ridin foreign (ridin foreign, ridin foreign)  
And I'm in love with ridin foreign (ridin foreign, ridin foreign)  
And I'm in love with ridin foreign (ride-ride foreign)  
And I'm in love with ridin foreign (ride-ride foreign)

Gimme the keys to the van, fi-fi-fifty keys in the van  
You can bleed in the van, you can leave in the van  
Take a chance with the man, then I'm squeezin my hand (HA!)  
But the man in the back ain't part of the clan  
Slapped him with the gun 'bout as hard as I can  
Took the dope out the van then I ran with the bands  
If a nigga try to follow, find his head in the trash  
Smash on your ass, I'll blast at your ass  
100-yard dash in the grass for the cash  
Brick and a Carbon-15 in the stash  
But he still got found with his brains on the dash (EW!)  
You a big bullet, was a fool in the past  
Fuck that nigga, I ain't cool with his ass  
Two bags of the gas, now the wolves on his ass  
Fuck around with Gucci Mane get some holes in his ass  
Fifty goons on me when I came to the Bash  
Po-Po-Point a nigga out that you want me to smash  
Two size of the trap, put the trash on the track  
If that the only son track then it might be a crash  
Yellow ice, white ice, little shitty glass  
Swear it's so sick that I might have a rash  
Rollin a blunt while I'm hittin it from the back  
Where your name tag at while I'm dumpin the ash

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Hahn!  
I can't even lie, I'm in my own lane (GUCCI!)  
Talk so much shit cause I got my own slang (huh?)  
Bricksquad is my own squad, I got my own gang (SQUAD!)  
Stamps on the bricks, got my own 'caine (GUCCI!)  
You niggas followers, don't got they own brain (durr...)  
Tr-Trickin off but won't take care of they own kids (damn...)  
This Gucci Mane and people say I'm on drugs (true)  
I tell them people "go get on your own dick"  
When you the boss nig-guh you make your own rules  
I'm the only nigga that don't need no cosigner  
And my suede shoes match my suede headliner

And my closet filled with the top designers

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