

## Rock VVS

Gucci Mane

Gucci Mane La Flare; Burn One, Mixtape, nigga  
Huh? Still got "it", nigga, holler at your boy  
Gucci Mane La Flare, nigga  
EA Originated, nigga, Bouldercrest originated, nigga  
East Atlanta affiliated, nigga  
Okay...  
Freestyle shit, this like- (Huh)

I'm a trap-a-holic dog; I'm addicted to the trap  
A banker or a teller; I'm addicted to the stacks  
I'm like a army sergeant; I'm addicted to the straps  
I'm heavy cocaina, shawty; serve a lot of packs  
A big bale of kush, dog, and I can sell that  
A thousand pounds of mid, dog, I bet you smell that  
Gucci Iced out, now and run and tell that  
A bad bale of oil base, and I can sell that  
I'm "Wrist Game Shawty", heavy with the soda  
Light with the cola; I bet you smell the odor  
Dedicate the shit to the EA street  
Twenty-thousand dog, just to feel my speech  
I made eighty grand profit, just last week  
Chicken go for five, whole for seventeen  
It's eighteen bands just to see me live  
Add twelve-five, nigga, for that long ass drive  
You pussy

Haha, Oh, man it's Gucci Mane freestyle, man, mixtape, man  
Burn One, Burn One  
I'm a get a pound of kush I guess to "Burn One"  
Gucci Mane La Flare mixtape, Burn One

This my first mixtape, I guess I'm "so hot"  
Came to the pot, with the dope boy knots  
Ah, Gucci Mane La Flare, man

I got, I got, I got so many P's; I got so many kis  
I got a wrist game that nigga probably a never see  
I got whole bunch of money, and it's on me  
I got a whole heap of diamonds, and they on me  
You want a drink? You want a pill? Baby, it's on me  
I'll have you snorting up the lines, on the brain freeze  
S-O-I-C-Y, I'm icy  
It's Gucci Mane, you know, I'm so fly-ski  
"The nigga playful, he so childish  
He so fresh, though, so who his stylist?  
The boy got karats, colorful diamonds  
The boy doing good, man, the boy is living  
God giving talent, and they can't take it"  
I reload the matrix, when I cop the bracelet  
I'm shitting on their feelings, I hurt they faces  
DC, man, what's up shawty?  
It's Gucci Mane La Flare, I got a new Glock forty  
And I don't give a damn about no "Sean Carter"  
It's Gucci Mane La Flare, I got a Hemi Charger  
Cut on the stove, then, I cut on the water  
Damn, do it all at the same time  
Every word or two "things", pay me for two "things"

It's Gucci Mane La Flare, I ain't got on no shoe strings  
Gucci Mane La Flare, man, I got on them "Chicken Wings"  
Nine for a feature, five for a ad lib  
Gucci Mane La Flare, dog, I got me a bad crib  
Gucci print on bricks, dog, that's depressing  
Caprice on Rally's, dog, that was the past  
Lambo' crammed with "bricks", man, It's probably the future  
"Shawty got game, man, he is a producer"  
But look, I don't even touch the MP  
But, it's ten-five, dog, if you want to see me  
I got good "game", nigga, I'm "MVP"  
I'm the East Atlanta king, man, I run these streets  
Man I live for that funk, man, I love that beat  
I got a ten pack of Dr.Crook, on my teeth  
Mr.Floyd got me looking so damn icy  
I'm the most hated rapper in the damn industry  
Call me, "Young Diddy" not "Young 50"  
Because my diamonds are crazy, and they do karate  
I'm Judo high, every day is a Friday  
A hundred "bricks" coming in, just next Friday  
It's Gucci Mane La Flare, dog, and I don't lie-ski  
Gucci Mane La Flare, dog, quarter of pot leaf  
Half a "chicken", quarter "chicken", whole damn "chicken"  
"Shawty got the game, man, the boy "God Given"  
Shawty got talent, dog, and he getting rich, kid  
Quarter "brick", a half a "brick", a whole damn "brick", kid"

Burn One, Burn One  
Freestyle mixtape, you know, I "Burn One"  
I get a pound of 'thrax, and just, "Burn One"  
A nigga try me, again, I "Burn One" of ya'll pussies