

Rolling Loud

Gucci Mane

Yeah, you niggas know what the fuck goin' on
Big 1017 shit, nigga
Big So Icy Gang shit, nigga
Landlord shit, nigga
Ain't never seen no point

Gon' be a murder in Miami if they play at Rolling Loud
Give a fuck about no law, play with my dog it's goin' down
Threw my Cuban stripe to Gucci, said "I'm jumping in the crowd"
Ain't no other way I'm 'posed to play, that soldier way my style
Find them boxes out, was ready, he thought he was rolling loud
Diamonds all up on my wrist, hold up, my bitch might roll the loud
Four choppers, sticks in the Chevy, that's the way we roll around
And fuck them bitches that ain't use to know, I bet they know us now

Told Gucci before I signed I was on parole for possession
Two pistol cases pending I'm on probation in Texas
Bait a man with a thot when she got the opps droppin' messages
Really don't love the bitch, I just use the ho for some leverage
Boy, you ain't with this shit, you just part of them for protection
Just took 'em down for some 'bows and went blew that shit on a necklace
Caught 'em lacking down in Georgia, went robbed him out in Giuseppe's
Thirties and dirty carbons like we was starring in Belly
Two choppers by my dresser, don't need a new bitch, it's extra
Authority tryna life us, we steady applying pressure

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Hey, Big 1017, they like "Why they showing out?"
And my left wrist look like levee, look like Florida in my mouth
And I just left from Virginia, I was walking through the crowd
And that bitch ain't used to like me but she talking to me now
We just like Jehova's witness, we go show up at your house
Feds just did investigation, they took all the pistols out
And if you play with Gucci Mane, we sending missiles through the crowd
And then you know we smoking gas, I'm rolling loud at Rolling Loud
Touching back in every week, I throw my money in the pile
And I just popped a Percocet, hold it down

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Turn this concert to a murder scene, don't play at Rolling Loud
Neck and wrist cold like a hockey rink (Ice)

Got diamonds in my mouth (I got diamonds in my mouth)
Blew a bag up on my fit but still might jump up in the crowd
(Woah, I might jump up in the crowd)
Hotboy tweaking out his body, if you play it's going down
Uh, woah, me, Hotboy and Walk, let's go
South Beach, foreign [?] on a boat (Woah)
One five-star penthouse, start floatin'
I valet my car at the door
[?] he ran with the ho
Pull up, high speed on the way to the show
Now I'm backstage turnt up, let's go, let's go

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