

# Runnin' Circles

Gucci Mane

I'm runnin' circles around these niggas  
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I'm one two-eighty five around the squash niggas

These monkey  
He be in the circus  
These niggas be jealous  
These niggas worthless  
You Mr. never get no pussy you a virgin  
I'm Mr. hit her and her friend I'm Mr. Posse  
I'm not from Earth  
I'm not an earthling  
I try to hit her with your friend that nigga nervous  
He blew the lid we down to have six hundred thirty  
Laws on my dick one of your boy I woulda murked him  
I'm a baller and my birthday  
It's every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Thursday  
If it's a Gucci show them bitches come in early  
I'm polo down looking like Huxtable Lane nerdy

I'm killin' these hoes  
I ain't not too impress nobody but my P.O.  
I like my bitches rollin'  
I like my weed rolled  
And I got deep pockets and she got a deep throat  
We watch out for police that be in street clothes  
You niggas washed up like some fuckin' clean clothes  
My bitch shootin' at you while I re-load  
Sometimes I feel possessed hope I don't get repo'd  
Lil Tunechi in this bitch I'm with Gucci in this bitch  
Uzi extra clips skateboard kick flip  
Runnin circles around these niggas til they dizzy  
I fuck a bitch to that Drizzy  
Eat that pussy if it's pretty  
Runnin circlces around em three sixty Tunechi

Runnin circles, I'm smokin' purple  
Cause I'm a boss and you a worker  
You got suspenders on like Steve Urkel  
And if you run up on me  
I'll murk ya  
Yeah I'll hurt ya, yeah I dirt ya  
Don't mention your boys  
Cause they'll dessert yea  
Say she a dime, but she ain't worth it  
Two six not even a burglar  
But she's a burglar, went from a fat girl  
I got the scrap, you better act girl  
Just like you know me, they call me Gucci  
I ball like Kobe  
You know I'm shootin'

[Hook x2]