

Russian

Gucci Mane

You niggas know how much I made on my twenties
Your baby daddy book I buried in our twenties
I had mad when I was up going like nine cubits
You know Gucci had that shit for six fifty
In 1995, I ain't had a pretty pinckney
2005 man, I had that nigga ugly milli
The most hated in the game
Nigga ask 50
I went broke
I ain't never had 160
Sometimes I do a show the say the wanna shot me
So when I think about it I wish I had a truck with me
I might just call a nigga bluff
And see if he fuck with me
My star status niggas can't get enough muggie
My own status can't touch me
No you can't touch me

Got a hundred nigga rush
Hundred nigga rush
Not a rush with them all with me
Rush them all with me
Dare a nigga fucking touch me
Dare a nigga touch me
Got a hundred Russian nigga
And they say the wanna rush up
Drinking Vodka with a Russian bitch
You know I wanna fuck
Tell her never say a dope again
Never say a dope again
Whippin dope
I'm whippin dope and not a junkers rushing in

Hit around the city with a hundred in my pope bag
Dropping half a pound a cash
With the bitch cause she too bad
Rush into the room
Getting head
And the drop head
She ate the little left
And told me it can win a price tag
Rich, I ain't wealthy
Just a nigga with a big bag
If you ain't work for million dollars
I don't want to chit chat
Your baby momma eat a nigga dead
Like a kit cat
Kicking up a never bitch
Never get to chill back
You kill that nigga for me
I will make you a rich man
Kick spice on my kicks
Like I can;t find a falcon
Before I got in the game
I was selling cherry girl
Put her into texting
Put her number in the trash can