

# Same Red Rag

Gucci Mane

Eskimos in the building; what up Zay?  
I got my end, you hold down yours  
What it do?  
Cheah!  
Zay in the lab with me  
So Icey studios

I got a flaming red Jacob, in my all red Jag'  
I went to Baker's with a hundred, in my same red rag (Yeah!)  
Your daughter with nothing but gangbangers  
Ain't that sad?  
She wrapping up her micro's, with my same red rag  
Got a million dollar deal, with the same red rag  
Five million dollar wheels, with the same red rag  
With the same red rag, yeah, the same red rag  
Your little brother pledged in, now he can't turn back, nigga

What up blood? Blood in, no love  
No slackers allowed, I'm making moves with thugs  
I make plays for drugs, east Atlanta is love  
Everybody in the clique known for totting a gun  
Bond money on deck, I'll rob your ass  
Niggas wives slut hoes, that my boys done dragged  
I'm a couple mill' up, that's legal cheese  
Already spent a quarter, on legal fees  
Wait 'til these motherfuckers get a load of me  
My essés in LA, yeah, they mail the weed  
They import the kis, I export the cheese  
It's Gucci Mane La Flare, pussies, bet you scared of me  
Pussies!

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M-I-A, daddy, all chrome Harley  
O-Seven 'vette, on offset shorties  
Flaka-Flaka-Flame, I'll knock down Charles Barkley  
Hoes going crazy like I'm Nas Barkley  
Off'n, often, I put 'em in coffins  
Zone six niggas don't bark that often  
Brand new forty, will stop that talking  
Nine drop that ass, bet that ass stop walking  
Flat Shoals, Custer, Lockland sergeant  
Smith/M street, call me, "Back Street Shawty"  
Gucci back balling, fuck black balling  
I throw a bullet at you, catch it, like you Steve Largent

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