

Say Damn

Gucci Mane

The way my wrist glist' I make a hood bitch say "Damn!"
My neck-lace represent the fact I go ham
It's lonely up here, man I need to come down
So many O's I made the bank teller pass out

My trap house floors lookin like a Magic City Monday
But ain't no singles, it's just big head hundreds
My car's gettin watched by this ugly-ass junkie
I keep laughin like a woman but it ain't shit funny (ha)
I'm posted in the trap and my country boys comin
I'm hood rich bitch, still servin two dummies
I'm gettin on your nerves cause Gucci got money
The charm is absurd but the rims are all shiny

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I mic check, I mic check, now it's time the chicken talk
One scratch on my Nike checks, I cop another pair
I got stacks on deck, make the girl break her neck
when she hit the bubble kush the bitch coughed up her breakfast
I'm the realest make a bet, I bet the checks don't bounce
So much cash in the bag I make accountants lose count
Your girl say she love to see a thug iced out
With me and Speedy on the track it's the return of chicken talk
Gucci!

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