Shit Crazy

Gucci Mane

Twysted Genius, baby
Get back, get back
Yeah (Wop)
Ha, yeah
Ha

Man, this shit crazy
I'm in Miami with Gucci, Rolls Royce look like flavors
This murder shit ain't nothin' to me, whackin' shit on the daily
Lil' bitch say she ain't heard of me, told the lil' bitch she gave me
Still trappin' up out my flip, wish I could go trap out my pages

I see these niggas hatin', I ain't losin' sleep about it, though
Members creep like TLC, .223 shells out the Jeep
No one gon' take care of me the way that I take care of me
Get booked in from security, your bodyguard ain't scarin' me
Put your friend in therapy, you know I did it, barely live
Askin' me, "Take care of it," I squash it if I pay the bill
I don't play detective games, they play, no, I don't play with them
I don't freepick niggas, when I beef, I show no favoritism
Lil' boy still need training wheels, these army guns, not baby pistol
s
All these folks and babies in my house, I'm like a babysitter
Gucci Mane, it's Shiesty, twins, we bait 'em and then play the nigga
But shit get frenzy, twin F&N's, stand on ten, I raised the nigga
Shootin' first, then did the verse, my bank account go crazy, nigga
Police keep on tasin' niggas, one shot killed him, matched the nigga
Shiesty, that's my Dirk Nowitzki, ain't no way I'm tradin', nigga
No shade, I'm too rich to fade, he ran up, so I blazed the nigga

Man, this shit crazy
I'm in Miami with Gucci, Rolls Royce look like flavors
This murder shit ain't nothin' to me, whackin' shit on the daily
Lil' bitch say she ain't heard of me, told the lil' bitch she gave me
Still trappin' up out my flip, wish I could go trap out my pages

Sent your mama to snitch on me, man, these niggas some bitches
Makin' posts, sendin' threats and shit, where I'm from, man, it's sni
tchin'
Might jump out on your block with the semi and get to tickin'
Race to you with this choppa, stand over you 'til you finished
My niggas ig'nant, so many choppas in one car, man, look, this shit r
idiculous
We drove fourteen hours from Memphis with dope and some Glizzies
We keep steppin' and keep on spinnin', we constantly be sendin'
Choppa Gang run the city

Man, this shit crazy
I'm in Miami with Gucci, Rolls Royce look like flavors
This murder shit ain't nothin' to me, whackin' shit on the daily
Lil' bitch say she ain't heard of me, told the lil' bitch she gave me
Still trappin' up out my flip, wish I could go trap out my pages

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!