

Still Remember

Gucci Mane

1209 Squeeze (Hah)
{30, you a motherfuckin' fool, nigga}
(Yah, yah, yah, yah)

I had to laugh (Go), it kept me from cryin' (Go)
Said it was all good, but I was lyin' (Lyn')
Stood on my ten and I did my time (My ten)
I done seen all these niggas switch sides (Yeah)
I know what's up with these guys (What's up with these guys?)
They hate in disguise, dick ridin's at an all-time high (Ridin')
Just by the watches I buy and the jets that I fly (Brr)
Like I'm up, like I'm stuck in the sky (Woo)
I came up robbin', starvin', Sun Valley 'partments
Copped the MARTA with some pennies (Yeah)
Handled my business, I swear that I hustled relentless
Bipolar from all of the killings (Blam)
Dope I was whippin', Ma tried to whip me (Skrtrt)
She gave me a fifty for Christmas (Mama), I flipped it (Huh?)
Still can't forget it, wearin' my brother's clothes I couldn't fit in (My bro)
We still got evicted (Damn)

Car was so raggedy, it was embarrassin'
It was impairin', I'm blamin' my parents
Rode on Macleans before the McLaren (Macleans)
I had them starin' all down Maynard Terrace (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Did it myself, ain't no blemish on my rep (Did it myself)
You can come see for yourself (Pow)
Watch where you step, mumblin' under your breath
I'll hold a grudge 'til the death
Come by myself, I don't need nobody help (Nobody help)
I'll blaze you up like I'm chef (I don't need nobody help)
Shoot 'til it emp' (Bow-bow-bow-bow), I shoot a hundred like Wilt
You keep a 30 like Steph
You better dip, mask on my face like I'm Rip
Cash cover me like a quilt (Rippy)
I come equipped, blue tips inside of my clip
You'd think my gun was a Crip (Flippa)
Drive-by, walk by, bicycle, motorcycle
Killers pullin' up in all kinds (Bow)
Fourteen, fifteen, twelve-years-old
Young nigga slangin' iron at nine (Well, damn)
Young nigga stackin' it proud, trappin' it loud
He threw a stack in the crowd
I say they jackin' my style, crackin' a smile (Hahaha)
But I ain't sold crack in a while (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
I got a biblical past (Huh?), digital dash
Scale with a digital dial (Skippy)
Really put dope in the vial (Really), hid work in the towel
I put that shit on the Bible
Servin' my cous' outta town (Go, tree)
They said I was devilish 'cause I wouldn't go to revival (Tree)
Gucci Mane talk of the town
Now (Tree), when I touch down, I'm sellin' a brick on arrival (Sorry)

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o)
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Remember them days (Days) I was stuck in the creek (Creek)
I had somewhere to sleep, but I didn't have a bed (No, I didn't have me a bed)
Jumped off the porch, I wasn't going for shit (Not shit)
Had to tackle the block just to get me some bread (Trappin' was keepin' us fed)
I was the man of the house, had to figure shit out
Every time Pops went to the feds (Every time he went to the feds)
Had a deuce-five with no clip, I was bustin' that bitch
I was constantly puttin' one in the head (Constantly puttin' one in the head)
Now we got choppas with lasers and beams
We 375 (Brrt), 1017 (Brrt, brrt, brrt)
Wop came and got me, this shit ain't no dream
Big Shiesty and Gucci like Shaq and Kareem (Gucci like Shaq and Kareem)
I got up and took it, couldn't wait on a blessing (Come here)
Shakin' them dice, tryna roll me a seven
They threw the police on me at eleven
I been causin' hell, quick to send you to heaven (Quick to go send you to heaven, brrt)
Can't wait 'til Wop point you out 'cause I'm ready (Go)
Might rob a rapper right after a session (Let's go)
Give me them keys and that watch and that necklace (Brrt)
I need them Cuban links and them baguettes
Ain't no more postin' on IG and flexin' (Nope)
I'm the one rappin' but steady be steppin' (Know I'm the one that be steppin')
I'm comin' late in your dream like I'm Freddy (Like huh?)
How you gon' run from a automatic weapon? (How you gon' run from a brrt?)

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Still can't forget it (My bro), wearin' my brother's clothes I couldn't fit in
We still got evicted (It's Gucci)

True stories
Facts
It's Kingpin
Richer than all my enemies
Fuck 'em
2020
Everybody cross me dead or broke