

## Tax Free

Gucci Mane

Holiday Season! Ay!

Tax free, tax free  
You get your income tax back, call me  
I got dope nigga, you better call me  
I need all mine  
All tax free  
I beat the dope up  
Like a step-child  
Yeah, the dope's stepped on  
Like a step-child  
Take a step back  
Off the reptile  
Yellow crocodile with a gold smile  
I move the dope twice, like a kindergartner  
Big bag of collard greens  
Like I'm the gardener  
That Drumma Boy on the track  
Run and tell em that  
Give this to DJ Drama, tell him  
I say run it back  
Don't try running off on me  
Cause I'mma get you back  
You know EA, don't know how to act  
I'm taking hits, I'm talking shit  
I coach the Squad, I make em blitz

I robbed the connect and ain't been broke since  
It's the return of Mr. Zone 6  
I'm talking shit. Cash shit  
I got them bricks  
It's the return of Mr. Zone 6, I hit a lick

Tax me? Tax me? Nigga  
You can't tax me, I get it dirt cheap  
Tax me? Tax me? Nigga  
You can't tax me, I get it dirt cheap  
You know me, shipping OG  
I know the middleman, but he don't know me  
Trophies in my car garage  
I brought? for all my fuckin entourage  
That murder charge? I beat that!  
That pistol charge? I defeat that  
Assult with poolstick  
Say I commit that  
They label me "convict" I don't accept that  
Step back like a step-child  
The dope's stepped on  
My hood the X Files