

TrapMania

Gucci Mane

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
1017
So Icey Boys
That boy Fizzle

870 trench baby, you know the struggle raised me
Bein' broke ain't turned me down, that shit just got me motivated
Ivory loud, got on my shit and put my foot on all my haters (Uh-huh)
Money stackin' up in layers, look like I play for the Lakers (Well da
mn)
We gon' fuck from nine to five like this your job or I'ma trade ya
I won't waste none of your time or mine, I'd rather chase some paper
Trappin' too hard in the hood, I'm gettin' complaints from all the ne
ighbors (Woo)
Like that young nigga too hot out here, he got so many flavors
I worked hard for what I got, so I won't let no nigga take it (No)
Wock' mix with my phantom pop, it got me movin' like the matrix
Know this shit 1K 4L, see, we got millions on the table
.223 find our traces, cross that line and Fizzle face it (Boom)

(Shh, who's that?) It's the Cooter (Huh)
Grab the fork and twerk it, twist it, twirl it like some noodles (Woo
, skrrt)
I'm a big dog, fuck I look like runnin' with some poodles?
You might think this was a pool hall, just look at all these shooters
(Damn)
It's a celebration, bitch, another trapper made it
My ho jealous, bruh, I think my plug even hatin' (Wow)
I'm tired of niggas fuckin' up, then cryin' 'cause they can't pay me
They don't know who did it, but the nigga family still hate me (What?
)
You can't tell us nothin', bitch (No), you see we made it out them tr
enches
In the game ballin' hard, bitch, we finally off them benches (Go)
The caption read, "We winnin'," with the trophy on the ending (Woo)
My girl jealous, say the Glock get more attention than extended (Go)

I can show you how to flip a fifty to a million (Yeah)
I got the Midas touch, they say I'm somethin' like a magician (Voilà)
I dropped the top, I'm chillin', now my car ain't got no ceiling (Pew
)
Don't put your hands on Guwop or your limbs won't have no feeling (Da
mn)
CEO 'bout business, it's been blushin' 'bout this pendant
And you can't work the brand unless you gon' stand on the business
I can't take you serious, it's all fiction in your lyrics (Damn)
Your rap so fuckin' cap, not even your partner wanna hear it (Wow)
Straight from Arkansas, just gave these young niggas a chance (Yeah)
And how you call them country when my young niggas got bands? (Racks)
We ballin' in Miami, yeah, I'm rockin' with the clan (Go)
And I can't do no dancin', all this money in my pants (Gucci)

Ha