

# Walk

Gucci Mane

F-f-fifty thousand on fifty triggers  
Damn your hoe need supervision  
Ru-run new Maybach, no petitions  
So I tell my sea of bitches  
Walk, Gucci (Huh, huh)  
Walk (walk)  
Walk, Gucci (Huh, huh)  
Walk (It's Guwop)

Shady Got Da Juice  
I be shinin', I make niggas sick  
When I spin the block, I leave a mess, bitch I'm with the shit  
I call that Ruger reptile, burn your body, when that bitch spit  
I'm in yo shitty bippin' for them bands, tryna make 'em flip  
Doin' suckers man, he will not see 'em, make a sucker strip  
I be posted by that stop sign, with a cookie zip  
Slide through, I'm beating down your whip, with the 30 stick  
My brody call my phone, and I'm there, like he had a wish  
We havin' it, we spend it when we want, 'cause we stacking it  
I'm a sav' with it, I'm jumping through your window if that bag in it  
If I ain't outside, then I'm in the kitchen baggin' it  
I'm addicted to this paper, I swear to god, I'm so bad with it  
I'm fighting with these demons like I don't know right from wrong  
My block hours up, I'm outside, ain't going home  
I'm rocking with that plastic, that stainless hurt with that chrome  
And I keep that bitch on me, ain't gotta call a nigga phone

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I put 50K on that bip  
I pour 50K out that bitch  
If a 50K on that lick  
Now I got Gucci Mane on my shit  
With LV tha Don and Shady  
You know we got that juice  
Off them ruts and that D'ussé  
We making the hoes get loose  
Tr-tr-trapping in that kitchen  
In case you need some proof  
Man, the proof is in your face, man, and this is the truth  
We be live and direct  
Connect jet-to-jet

Collect check-to-check  
So respect we gon' get  
From the Bay to ATL  
Ay, Las Vegas to LA  
Man, we coming for that bag, now we scorin' off this play  
Dirty Jay and TLK  
Keep a hundred in that case  
So if frenemies and enemies turn up, DOA, ay  
We playing with that ammo  
Bust shots off like Rambo  
So get some life insurances, and bulletproof that Lambo  
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Real nigga can't fake that  
Tryna pull up in the Maybach  
Anything I lost, I done made back  
This a marathon, life a racetrack  
If I'm in the field they can't tackle me  
My exes, they exes, they after me  
Yo bitch, yeah your bitch, she come back to me  
I'm from the block where they packing heat  
I spy in the hill like I'm Gucci  
Two blocks in the K and I'm Gucci  
Keep a bitch in the kitchen like Lucy  
Make it down, we be bussin' like Uzi  
Don't disrespect then we clap it up  
Get to the money and stack it up  
She bust it down then she back it up  
We hit a stadium, we pack it up  
I'm tryna hustle and make it four  
Two hundred, no that shit we takin' off  
The Rolly so big, it'll break your arm  
They killin' for guap then they take it off  
Don't act like you friend, oh you killing me  
I throw a bullet like Timothy  
Still go to war with my enemies  
Just fucked a bitch on some Hennessy  
Don't act like you friend, oh you killing me  
I throw a bullet like Timothy  
Still go to war with my enemies  
Just fucked a bitch on some Hennessy  
Hundred round when it's time to slide  
Niggas get down when that choppa fly  
Keep a few bitches that's down to ride

I know my bitches, they down to ride

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