

# Walking Lick

Gucci Mane

Quiet  
No man, I can't be quiet  
Shit every time I talk that's brig fair  
Holiday season bitch  
Holiday  
See that's twenty eight five right there ha ha  
Mike Will made it  
Yo Gucci  
I know you looking like bout ten burns  
We walk in the club nigger  
You know this  
Holiday season  
Trap back baby  
The streets is hungry  
Let's go

80 grand in my Robin jeans  
It's hot outside but I'm cooling it  
Top on now but I'm losing it  
Mind gone with a foreign chick  
With a Tech-9, with a cooling kit  
Had the black jeans with wings on em  
Gucci shoes... No shoes strings!  
Say every word mean two things  
So the white girl is my boo thing  
Cause all come in due time  
I'm in a drop head at the blue flan  
And I don't wanna see no new faces  
Cause I don't like to learn no new names  
I goto sleep in foreign places  
Wake up count big faces  
Stuff cash in suitcases,  
Pillow cases I'm two faced

I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit.

Millionaire with True's on  
I'm a stash house with shoes on  
Put a million dollars in my new home  
And a quarter million in my trap house  
Put a half of mill in your bank account  
You can serve dope in my zone

Cooking to work with them gloves on  
So the jocks can get that grub on  
I'm a OG with a capital letters  
On capital add with white letters  
In a 68' Camaro, no top on  
I'm put together, I got salt and pepper  
No Spinderella, Stupid cheese  
That's Mozzarella Bust 'em open,  
Put 'em back together  
Then sell it to you ahead of schedule

I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit.  
I'm a talking brick talking shit.

I heard the price tag on my head (flocka)  
I'm a walking lick (flocka)  
Nigga come and try  
You gon end up dead bitch  
(Uh huh) yeah road kill  
My nigga they so for real  
Twenty minutes from my hood  
I don't need no house on the hill (Spank)  
Reaching for my tech  
Your mama better write your will  
Shit gon get ugly my youngest pop bout two pills (ROLLING!)  
Real nigga before and with this record deal  
Me and Gucci Mane bitch we hard to kill.

I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
I'm a walking lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit  
Walking Lick,  
I'm a talking brick talking shit.  
I'm a talking brick talking shit.