We Got Dat

Gucci Mane

(Holiday Season, nigga! Ay!)
What up, Chubbie? Haha!
I see you getting money, nigga!
They say you run Ohio, nigga!
I fuck with you! What up 'Bachi? [?]
Let's go! DJ Holiday!
Shoutout my nigga Tity Boi! My nigga Dolla!
Southside, stand up! We working!
(The Aphilliates, nigga!)
I know what y'all thinking!
Are we ever gon' let up?
Why though? Ain't nobody else gon' do it!
Shit! We getting money, let's go!
(Pay close fuckin' attention!)

(Yeahhhh) Everything I drive real fast
Had to let my chick drive 'cause that bitch real bad
First I let her drive it, then I let her ride me
I charged a nigga $40, 000 just to stand beside me
(Yeahhhh) Now that's a stupid check
Gave 40 to Tity Boi and now I got that stupid pack
On I-20 with duffle bags, yeah, I shock a bitch (Chaka)
Two million dollars cash money, damn, man, that's ludicrous
I love to ball with bougie broads, it's big Gucci, yeah I'm a dog
A photoshoot off in the vocal booth, 'nough ice for all of y'all
Ten bricks outta fishscale, same color as Paul Wall
Took off all the burglar bars, you know what we doin', dawg

Every day I'm stunting dawg, money ain't really nothin' dawg
Ya boyfriend riding the bus so you need to ride with us, aww
(We get that mula, that bread, that guap, dinero
We get that mula, that bread, that guap, dinero)
I can't leave that trap alone, he can't leave that trap alone
We can't leave that trap alone, never gon' leave that trap alone
(We get that mula, that bread, that guap, dinero
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Apple-red coupe, Jolly Rancher rims
63 on the vent, that's a super-charged Benz
With the Big Apple plate and yeah he cost me some ends
New chopper in the trunk that'll chop down ya friends
And my Boost phone jump soon I touch in Columbus
Man, that pearly white on deck, the Northside do numbers
True Religions on my ass, wrist on froze
Me and Gucci hit Velvet and pop thirty Ropes
If you short six grand, man, you getting 30 o's
When I re-up, man, it look like I did thirty shows
In the morning count us doling while you niggas throwing 'bows
And the coupe on autopilot, you see how it floats?

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I got that Pyrex vision, all we talk is chickens
I love my stove so much I got a bed in my kitchen
A fine red girl give me head in the kitchen
If a nigga try to rob me, he'll be dead in the kitchen
I'm stunting with my shirt off, my girl like Smirnoff
We get that dough for cheap-cheap, my nigga that's bird talk
Then I pull that 'vert out, I'm with my girlfriend too
Rims so tall it make my car look like it's 6'2"
Smoking on a Vic too, louder than my trunk is
I'm with Gucci Mane, I let Gucci do the ad-libs
Getting to that bread, that check, that mula
We teach you niggas how to stunt, we tutor the juniors

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