Work in Progress

Gucci Mane

Murda on the beat so it's not nice
Hah
It's Gucci
Hah

I was piss poor, sleeping on the dirt floor
And we couldn't pay the rent so it's a notice on the door
The neighbors been noticed so what I'ma front for?
Using pennies for the bus like what I'ma stunt for?

Mama workin' like a dog but we still broke
We lighting candles in the house 'cause the lights off
The best thing that ever happened, I got kicked out
Bought me a Chevy, got a grill, now I'm gold-mouthed
I lost my daddy last year, I couldn't even cry
'Cause it's so hard to shed a tear, he didn't even try
The only person in the world I could fully trust
Was my older brother Vic, that's just how it was
Top in the trunk, this for Bankroll and Slim Dunk
I miss that girl Beasley, she was a real one
I had an artist that I treated like my own son
Gave him the shirt off my back and my own gun
R.I.P. to Shawty Lo, Mister Don Don
It's been rainin' so long, when the sun comin'?

I'm drop top but put the top up
When the storm comin'
Sometimes I think about my past,
It make me start tripping
I was gifted with a talent that was god-given
But I was so hard-headed I would not listen
Sometimes I sit and
I reflect about that cold prison
And doin' pull-ups
With a nigga got a life sentence
They gave my nigga Grant life,
He only gained on me
Five years later, how we in the same room?
You go to jail, that's when you see
Who really love you
I don't think nobody love me
Like my auntie Jean do
R.I.P my auntie Jean and uncle Goat too
How you gon' judge me?

You don't know what I been through
I think these killers need a hug, I need a hug too
You send a slug, I send a slug, you know how thugs do
But I forgive, I been forgiven, I hold grudges too
I'm just a work in progress, I'm not even through
But I forgive, I been forgiven, I hold grudges too
I'm just a work in progress, I'm not even through

Wop
Hah
Woo

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