

Yorkie

Gucci Mane

It's boring
There's no comp; wake me up, I'm snoring
Six rings on, you can call me Robert Horry
Still busting bricks down, Zone Six quarry
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie

Coke game breezy, but the rap game easy
If I'm not trapping, God stop my breathing
Somebody girl getting fucked this evening
Six rings on and my iced-out brights on
Grill look right today, chest look right today
Air 15's so we're not fighting it
Brand new Porsche-y, working my fork-y
White and black chain, same color your Jordans
So Icey boys, we get high like Martians
Probably can't pull 'em, but I bet my car can
Tall, rich black man
Nineteen stacks, man
Add two tax, man
Twenty one racks, man

It's boring
There's no comp; wake me up, I'm snoring
Six rings on, you can call me Robert Horry
Still busting bricks down, Zone Six quarry
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie

I hopped out the truck, rolled up cause I'm iced-out
Money blewed up, save scratch like a tour bus
Hoes adore us, they show for us
We sho' nuff tough
I'm so kushed up
I'm so iced up, damn I'm freezing
Red diamonds on me, so my chest just bleeding
Tats everywhere, baby boo -- I'm sleeving
With one gat, one shot, one reason
Gucci change cars every time it change seasons
I think I'm getting the bird flu, damn I'm sneezing
Ha-choo, Gesundheit, I'm cheesing
My jewelry real pretty like my little niece is

It's boring
There's no comp; wake me up, I'm snoring
Six rings on, you can call me Robert Horry
Still busting bricks down, Zone Six quarry
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie

Iced-out hard, man, red diamonds gorgeous

The bezel on my watch got me thinking I'm important
Shorty hating on us cause he know he can't afford it
Rings and chains and Zaytoven recording
'74 restored, rolling down Moreland
Headed up Custer, I'm finna pick juice up
Yeah, you heard the old shit; this the new shit
Still in the Libra doing the same old two-step
Gucci frames, Gucci belt, rappers need Gucci help
Hopping out my gut, looking oh so debonair
Ten stacks, twenty stacks, sell em by the twenty pack
Gucci took the rap game from me, he won't give it back
It's Gucci!

It's boring
There's no comp; wake me up, I'm snoring
Six rings on, you can call me Robert Horry
Still busting bricks down, Zone Six quarry
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie
Whipping up a brick, yeah I'm working with the fork-y
Iced-out dog, same size as a Yorkie