

Gucci Flip Flops

The Game

Hit with the RICO they repo that vehicle
Shit was all good just a week ago
About to start snitchin', ain't you?
Ready to start bitchin', ain't you?
I forgive you, I forgive you
Hustlin' just ain't you

If you listenin' to this now that mean Swizzy got it cleared for me
2018, what a fucked-up year for me
Take it back to January, nigga lost his father
Only way I got through it was bumpin' Wayne's first Carter
With the speakers blarin', windows down on my McClaren
See the wheels and it's apparent, this why these fuck niggas starin'
Had a premonition, parked and got out, Calabasas far
Triple X, Biggie, Pac, niggas kill rappers in cars
That was back in June, I missed out on a couple million
Gotta get back in tune
I wake up, work out, hit the studio right after noon
Still gotta pack a tool to pick my kids up after school
Don't me put me in no situation where one of us niggas have to lose
'Cause you'll be in a casket soon
Closed tighter than Mac and Tune
Another classic with no Jigga verse, it'll happen soon
Go bar-for-bar with Jigga
Last wish of a young spitter even if the verse is killer

That is not how I die, I seen my death
Seen all you niggas' demise, folded hands on your chest
Always put my niggas first, they pray for my last breath
Thought I did niggas right, 'til niggas start goin' left
Gucci flip flops, ten toes down where I stood
Gucci flip flops, nigga, I done got it from the mud
Gucci flip flops, hoppin' over fences 'cause I could
In Gucci flip flops, never switchin' sides on the hood
Gucci flip flops

Still listenin'? I want y'all to picture this
Me and you tradin' lives, now tell me what the difference is?
More money, more problems
And more niggas who wanna kill you
More empty Patrón bottles
And I don't condone violence but niggas on phone wildin'
Niggas on apps cappin', them choppers at full volume
I put money on nigga's books, got houses out foreclosure
One call'll open fire on niggas and force closure
I'm too O.G. for this shit
Built my career off the rock, Memph' Bleek in this bitch
Comin' of Age, even squashed my beef with Meek for this shit
Get off the phone, stop speakin' and shit
Soon as 12 close the door on you niggas, mouth leakin' and shit
Go to jail, cut a deal, can't do a week in that bitch
That's why I stay away, somewhere on a beach with a bitch
Watchin' Narcos, listenin' to The Weeknd and shit

And this is not how I die, I seen my death
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