

I'm from the G.A.D
Pocket full of money getting live in the streets
With a bottle of that Henny V.S.O.P
Country mahfucka mouth full of gold teeth
So bust down the blunt, wrap the THC
That's 24 chrome on that Classic Caprice
What you know about me? Not a goddamn thang
Fatboy Mac I let my nuts hang
I do it how I do cause it's just my thang
You can hate if you want but I ain't gon change
How you gon explain when I leave pop your brains
Leave it on a curb till they wash off by rain
When I'm in a booth man I'm high octane
So tell Dr. Dre did it ain't no game
Cause this documentary
Yall gon remember me
Hail to my enemies and fuck what they tellin' me
To god take my energy
Is always Henry

Getting into some shit
And some day the click I have to deal with
But when you all in your friend will come again
Next thing you know you got gold in your grill
Shawty Fatt! Would you bring the hook to the line?
Put a fish in a trap from the cast of your mind
Bake for the state AL to divine, specifically don't say it, abbreviate!

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Pocket full of money mouth full of gold teeth
24 inches on that Classic Caprice
CC Low what you know about me?

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Nada
Non other than a brainiac on a track
Perks be writing thugs, state ahead
A new era of painted 'Lacs
Rolling through the sentimental track
Son, a ton of some of the biggest gunners will aim and snap
My trained head
Too many kaboose riders, man
And I want my pennies back
My dollars and my fenny sack
You holla for real and complain cause you got it
You want your pennies back?
There is no beach in me
Unless I mean South America on the coast noon
With a sandy crack
How could ever there be a dude with a handy bag
That swings the pinpoint shot
When I'm in attack
Easy if you had practice how to lame an ass (ho)

Cause all my life I would send 'em back
Train 'em how to act
Their trainers on the track
(Tsuhs tsuhs)
But what is too true any bad?
Annie Amy's brother and the son of a tainted dad
With his pants hanging low
Well, kenny sack
In America as an old G, ass take wooded
4000 years ago, Chief
Wayne it's sad how you dissed me
You owe me
Respect me
I'm godly!
Like a black worder with a tombstone
You will get faided
And I ain't talking 'bout a growed ho

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Say momma: "There goes that man sitting in a Caprice on twenty douce fans"
Gun in my hand looking like a hundred grand
A hundred and one fans on a band wa-gon
I kill it like I started
The first bars were retarded
Don't get me started
Hardest, stay in a booth
When I speak be the truth
Alabama coming through
Yelawolf, let me loose
So I can tell it like the T.I
Ill's cause he got skills
Pushing up on a mill
Mouth like "ill"
South like trill
One more time what it is?

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