I Might Be

Todd Edwards

Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
East Atlanta slum, man, is where I come from
Pass that bubble thrax and put this bean on your tongue
Now everything was gravy 'til your bitch came in
'Bout the same time that that thang kicked in
Now she ain't really pretty but she got a nice body
I'm geeked up thinkin' this 'Buffie the Body'
Ain't your name Lil' Trina? 'Cause you look like Janet Jackson
I'm off three double stacks and I'm lookin' for that action
Gucci Mane, you stupid man, I love the way you flowin'
Ridin' in my drop but I don't know where I'm goin'
On two eighty five I keep ridin' in a circle
The inside of my ride smellin' like a pound of purple
Gucci is your time give me five more minutes
And a cold orange juice 'cause I'm really really trippin'
Went to the strip club and request that I'm da man
The next thing you know I was throwin' rubber bands
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be hiffie, I'm from California and this might be Nikes
Come and run up on 'em nigga
I'll wear your size, you wear my size
I got a big mac, let's make french fries
I'm high as a plane, pop a pill, disappear like David Blaine
Come back on the track with Gucci Mane
I got ten pillz, ten hoes, I'ma run a chu-chu train

All through Atlanta, my new nickname is Gucci Jane
I don't let 'em swallow, I show 'em how to use it man
Want to take my [Incomprehensible], make themselves a [Incomprehensible] chain
You got some bad bitches I suggest you do the same
Treat my hoes like my cars, drop 'em in blow they brains
Wash 'em up then blow they brains
If she swallow the whole bat and the ball she can roll with Jane
I been a soldier boy, niggas know the name
I'll superman that hoe and call her lower slang
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Gucci Mane on the fly, nigga get your mind right
Or a crys by the twelve like a case of budlight
Sell a cush by a bell so you know might shit tight
See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight
I'm high like Fabo, hood like Shawty
So tell me when to go like my name E-40
Like a rich rock star, nigga, I'm gonna party
Got a party pack of pillz that's at least 'bout 40
I'll pour dem in your hand like a bag of jelly beans
Take two of these pillz, call me in the morning
Fifty thousand pillz man, I'm so real
Three dollars for a pill, that's a damn good deal
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/