Gucci On The Rise

Gucci Mane

Verse 1:
I am barsick, proceed with caution cause i be flaucin', I didnt do that feature with you cause you not important major coorporation, i am the most wanted person, ??? while you niggas getting extored, i ride by fast put on the gas, dont make me li-zate, these brizacks stashed in my jizeans look likes some thighpads, its funny, just like a dimad without no eyelash, i have yo car, i fuck with his O's, fuck with my kizad. Run up on me son, you'll run up on the wrong one, keep a shooter with a gun to empty the whole ?, my niggas rushing at you like a cornerback blitz, nigga thats what you get for talking at that shit, Gucci.
Chorus:
Well, Gucci like to drank, Gucci like to smoke, well Gucci on the rise while you niggas going broke, (x3)
Well, Gucci like to drank, Gucci like to smoke, well Gucci on the rise while you niggas going broke, well Gucci Mane's a G, tell me something I dont know.

Verse 2:
Word to the wise, Gucci Mane's a wise guy, the ? shoot you 25 times, my session yesterday recorded 25 lines, haters fuck with other niggas shit but they dont fuck with mine. You a lie, low down, freakin' lie, that is not the truth boy you know i keep it trill and real in and out the booth, on that Goose and Cranberry Juice, droptop that Cranberry Coupe', Gucci is alotta things but fasho' im not scared of you, swaggerific, catastrophic, tatted down, them niggas get it, but stop with all of that bullshitin', you know you aint fucking with me, deeper than just rappin', yo bitch diggin' me, she bought a shovel, yo boyfriends the basement, im the roof we on two different levels,
Chorus:
Well, Gucci like to drank, Gucci like to smoke, well Gucci on the rise while you niggas going broke, (x3)
Well, Gucci like to drank, Gucci like to smoke, well Gucci on the rise while you niggas going broke, well Gucci Mane's a G, tell me something I dont know.
Holiday Season!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/