Trick Or Treat

Diemonds

[** feat. Slim Dunkin, Wooh The Kid & Waka Flocka:][Intro:][car peeling out] [car revs then peels out]("Listen to the track bitch!") It's Gucci
Funky feet (funky feet) funky feet
Pull up with that stupid beat, orange Camaro trick or treat
Stupid geek (tweakin) it's super street
It's a Super Sport nigga, trick or treat
[Gucci Mane:]I flee the broads, stars and cars look like they just broke in the mall
Home girl seen my auto mall and said let's go and have a ball
Hold applause change your drawers, Big Gucci not Santa Clause
Young'uns might just break the law, whole Squad be like "Damn the law"
If what you seen ain't what you saw, Scary Movie, Saw 3
East Atlanta, whassup Santa, Alabama ride with me
Glock nine on me, hot rod lonely
Gucci ridin double wides, tractor-trailers, ponies
What'chu mean? Bag of beans, same boy from the magazines
Two AK's three magazines, make a stupid horror scene
Orange Ferrari, purple trees, whippin like on gold D's
Pimpin like I'm Goldie, listenin to the oldies
It's Gucci!
[Chorus:]Funky feet (funky feet) funky feet
Pull up with that stupid beat, orange Camaro trick or treat
Stupid geek... it's super street
It's a Super Sport nigga, trick or treat
Look at me, nigga look at me
Pull up in my new Ferrari, pull up and say trick or treat
And after a week, I cop another skreet
A pretty car, nigga, trick or treat
[Wooh Da Kid:]Okay our whip, our feet, ridin down our street
But got the broma{?}er'y T, turn your wife into a freak
Snatch the mighty iron whip, I gotta eat nigga
You lookin sweet nigga {click clack} trick or treat nigga
Trunk on thunder, candy paint mumble
Why your tint so dark? Bitch I'm ridin under
This Brick Squad, nigga what it do
Ye ain't Brick Squad pussy nigga who is you?
Money over e'rythang, even you
If the General call then you better shoot
BLAK BLAK BLAK BLAK BLAK, you know the dump
Wooh Da Kid and Guc' truth gon' pop the trunk

[Chorus:]
[Slum Dunkin:]Louis Vuitton, come take a flick
You ain't takin shit, but you can take a click
It's a nightmare when I pop up
Got the top cut wit'cho lady chick
We super geeked, I'm hella high
Her mouth wet but mine stupid dry
I'm movin slow like a zombie
while she woppin me, she boppin me
Got black ice, call me Black Ice, really heavy around my neck
I just blackout, call me Blackout, look and shot at a nigga that flex
Now I'm bustin at him, I'm gunnin at him
He runnin real quick with those funky feet
He dead man, I'm toe taggin
I'm a black bag him in white sheets
I'm a flatline him, it's over with
And he ain't comin back, no heartbeat (ADIOS!)
Brick Squad some rude boys
Don't play around, don't fuck with them
I pull up on your block
Let some shots off, you stuck with them
I'm a G-A, N-G, S-T, A
[Chorus][Waka Flocka Flame]All these {?} girls call me wantin to fuck
And Monique {?} the old ladies wanna fuck me
I poke you to death like Chucky
Came up in one year they say I'm lucky, FLOCKA!
Semi little hussy {?} that's a get money getter
All my girls got Waka Flocka on they {?}
Don't need a school girl, need a down-ass slut
Ten pack of bills I wanna roll and bite
Fuck police, fuck police, no license on me
In the club V.I.P. no ID cuz got funky feet
Ten left, twenty right, dead guys on me
I'm on E, it's Olde E, I think I'm 'bout to O.D.
Some fly girls wanna swat me
And it's gettin out of hand like I lost my arm
Off the chain like I lost my job
Hold my lotto ticket, girls love my charm
Ballin like pimps, shit doesn't switch
{?} ill, they love my sign
And I think I'm James Brown I got funky feet
Say Flock can't rap, I don't motherfuckin care
FLOCKA!
[Chorus]

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