

Cold Day

Gucci Mane

It's Gucci
OK
It's Gucci
We're Going In

It's a Cold Day
I need somebody to lay with
I already got a lot of money to play with

It's a Cold Day
And this old brother crazy
I got all these bricks in my lil mama basement
It's a Cold Day

I'm a Gucci Mane, gotta get them
Got me rapping to a whole 'nother rhythm
It's side-tipping, fat Gucci gotta struggle
But I ain't finna say who did him
Imma put a little change on hitting him
Got Rottweiler goons, I'll sip 'em
I'll split 'em, we can get another victim
In a room with a Boa Constrictor
I ripped your ex before I picked her
My mental, my pistol
My sticker is sicker
My mixtape go get 'em
Got badass hoes, I pick 'em
Put all my change on shitting 'em
Imma drive without the lights
Talking like it's hype
Get wheels and a new system
If a nigga hating on me, kiss 'em
Cause I ain't got time now to diss 'em
Imma pull up to The Chi
Get in the parking lot
But none of my fans gonna miss him
Imma tell a nigga playing to sipper
I bust a nigga head, no pimper
I shoot a bullet in the temple

This a day he won't remember

You see, this is a train crash
How long will the fame last?
Who cares? Teacher came to class
"Gucci" on my name-tag
I'm snatching the game back
You might get your chain snatched
You try me, get aimed at
Zone 6, you can blame that
And death is the penalty
There's so many men in these
I'm smoking my enemies
Like our sales are, visibly
The GB I hunt
Think I'm laundered with money
Cause I got twenties and fifties
And I got plenty of hundreds
If I lose on the gamble
Then that ain't nothing to me
I could stand alone
Cause I'm the boss of the streets
I'm a cold-blooded veteran
Yeses to a freshman. Test me
You might end up serving me refreshments

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