

My All (feat. Young Thug & Lil B)

Gucci Mane

All my, all my, all my children
All my, all my, all my children
All of these rappers are all my children
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All of these rappers are all my children
All of these rappers are all my children Don't nobody love you like pa love you
Don't nobody love you like Guwop love you
I had to make a track to say I'm proud of you
Stop that track to tell my children that I'm proud of them
Making rockstars out of trap boys
And if we never talk again, still got your back boy
This shit is bigger than the game, deeper than rap, boy
Just ask around in East Atlanta, I'm the landlord
Fuck a contract, I'd rather shake your hand boy
Yeah I'm your CEO but I'm your biggest fan boy
Said I'm the best A&R that's in the business (It's Gucci)
But there's an AR-fifteen in my Bentley All my, all my, all my children
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All of these rappers are all my children I'm laid back, feet up, watching all my rugrats
Come up, turn up, real niggas love that
Guwop, proud poppa, went and got you your first chopper
Show stopper, globe trotter, all I get is more dollars
Gucci got more money than all these rappers
Guwop got more money than all these trappers
I can take a dope boy and make him go platinum
But how a drug dealer from East Atlanta go platinum?
Master P, '93, mixed with a lil Eazy-E
Dancing in the video like Puff 'cause I got plenty G's
Family, you sign with me
My young nigga's gonna ride with me
All my niggas gonna die with me

And all my kids bust five for me

Songwriters

RADRIC DAVIS, CHRISTOPHER JAMES GHOLSON
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