

# Gangs (feat. OJ Da Juiceman & Kourtney Money)

## Gucci Mane

[Intro]

Gangs

GEAH, GEAH, GEAH, GEAH[Chorus]

Gangs, let's start a gang

E'rybody say they wanna join the gang

These thangs, let's start again

E'rybody say they wanna join the gang

So Icey boy, that's the thang

E'rybody say they wanna join the gang

This gang - wanna join the gang

So Ice boy nigga that's the thang

This gang[Gucci Mane]

'Fore you join the gang gotta change your name (yeahhh)

Sound is So Icey, change your slang

Hot boys, hot girls, blaze ya {?}

Crip greens rice, law enforcement treys

Simple plain shorty I'll bang ya brain (POW!)

Don't get it twisted shorty I'll cock and aim

Gucci got guns with beams and thangs (huh)

The runners got stupid had dreams of thangs (yeahhh)

Black Chuck Taylors with the screens and thangs

Cause everybody say they wanna join the gang

Black Chuck Taylors, red shoestrings and thangs

Cause e'rybody say they wanna join my gang

It's Gucci[Chorus][Biz]

Shouts out to the red and the blue gangs

And them boys with the black flags gettin money mane

I get that pepperjack cheese, boy that's hot money

Kinda similar to what you boys call block money (yessir)

It's kinda funny, cause the money come in blocks son

I got a Forrest Gump trap house - it stay runnin

Say e'rybody wanna join the So Icey fam

Well get your money right Miller (why?) Cause we goin ham

Threwed off cause the gang I rep that e'ryday

We get it with the So Icey boy, the long way

Ben Frank's my right hand man, but I need him mo' and mo'

So add in nine others butter now I got a Grand Hustle[Chorus][Gucci Mane]

Nigga it's a gang thang, gang plan, gang bang

Here to give it Sunday, every day is gang day

Red rag, blue rag, black rag, green  
Don't put it on your body 'less you know what that mean  
The team tote infrared beams, knahmean?  
We'll bust you bullets goin in your spleen, knahmean?  
Baby feelin good cause she on the dream team  
Cause every bad bitch wanna join a real gang (YEAHHH)  
His lady feelin good, cause she got a real lame  
Cause one track mind never made the out train  
Baby's feelin good cause she on the dream team  
Cause every bad bitch wanna join a real gang  
His lady feelin good, cause she got a real lame  
Cause one track minds never make the out train  
GANGS

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>