Reckless

Gucci Mane

[Intro:]
"Drumma Boy" [echoes]
Ay yeah boyyyy, ay yeah [x2]
(It's Gucci! Unghh)
[Gucci Mane:]
Hey girl I'm tearin it up and they knowin that
I had sex so much that I ain't goin back
I blow stack after stack after stack after stack
At the rack everyday and they knowin that
Well I'm blowin that and I'm doin this
And my red flag got the haters pissed
Don't reckless, this not a diss
This not a threat, this real shit
And don't play me, cause ain't no stoppin me
Ain't no toppin me, and ain't no robbin me
Cut the robbers outs, I brought the goons out
We reckless, we O.G.
On Acuras and they textin us
But who gives a fuck and who gives a damn?
I'm blood in and blood out on Flat Shoals with big sand
And Waka Flocka, thanks Flocka Waka
Two times, cause we two crimes
Two bloods and two rides with fo' nines and gang signs
So what's up? The pricety, I'm icey as iced tea
I'm the king of diamonds and the princess shinin
And all mine behind me
[Chorus: x8]
Let's get reckless, let's get reckless
[Cap:]
Oh yeah! Cap, I'm in beast mode
Hell yeah I'm on reckless
If you don't like it pussy nigga come check this
Respect this or meet your death wish

There's 17 bird on my necklace
I fuck with dem and they fuck with me
Don't fuck with us, get the fuck from 'round
Cause I like to pop and we sucker free
Reckless, reckless, e'rybody goin HAM

Don't test this, cause if you do
That Smith & Wesson go blam, damn
Look what the fuck done happened
Just cause you heard that a nigga start rappin
That I'm worryin about the [?] pulled out
No toppin, no clappin, clear the whole scene I'm smashin
Bye, gone - boy you better catch up nigga
Get hit from your neck up nigga
Nobody wan' fess up, get your block up
Leave the whole scene full of ketchup nigga
They are wildin, on wildin, on ballin, they violent
I got the little man sydrome, get me in the end zone
Signin autographs who's stylin?
[Chorus]
[Chill Will:]
Huh? Huh? Huh?
Vacation in Miami, they say I'm swag surfin
Your girl with ya she ain't lookin but her ass flirtin
See I'm a classy nigga, a thousand dollar curtains
And I just made yo' nigga mad cause his pocket hurtin
And I don't mean I'm jackin off when I say I'm chokin chickens
I mean, when we rap on mo' we call that chokin chickens
I got a talkin code, for all he knows it folds
Too buck to be on probation, too rich to be on parole
My dawgs love me on I'm on the mic talkin reckless
Stuntin, ballin, million dollar flexin
My dawgs love me on I'm on the mic talkin reckless
Stuntin, ballin, millionaire flexin
[Chorus]

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