

# I Might Be (feat. Shawna & The Game)

## Gucci Mane

Is you rollin? [x4]  
Bitch I might be [x2]Girl he geeked up  
Girl he geeked up  
Bitch I might be [x4][Verse 1]  
East Atlanta slum man is where I come from  
Pass that bubble thrax and put this bean on your tongue  
Now everything was gravy 'til your bitch came in  
Bout the same time that that thang kicked in  
Now she ain't really pretty but she got a nice body  
I'm geeked up thinkin' this Buffie The Body  
Ain't your name 'lil Trina cause you look like Janet Jackson  
I'm off three double stacks and I'm lookin' for that action  
Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowin'  
Ridin' in my drop but I don't know where I'm goin'  
On two eighty five I keep ridin' in a circle  
The inside of my ride smellin' like a pound of purple  
Gucci is your time give me five more minutes  
And a cold orange juice cause I'm really really trippin'  
Went to the strip club and request that I'm da man  
The next thing you know I was throwin' rubberbands[Chorus][Verse 2]  
Shawty tellin' me she ain't neva suck no dick  
Neva took a pill or neva ate a bitch  
You a lie but I ain't gonna get upset right now  
But I wish I had a lie detector test right now  
You say you marry well bitch you might be  
But I bet your husband ain't Icy like me  
She stand on B.C. in my ashy black tee  
When dem dope man nikes and dem jore ass jeans-Jordache Jeans  
I don't pay her but I still keep that thrax on me  
I'm a the shit in East Atlanta baby ask about me  
Pop one pop two two halves that's three  
Ain't no waffle house baby hell I can't eat  
Gucci hood like your hoodman hes so extreme  
Wearin' doces in the club cause you kno the boy geeked  
Top the top on that thang let you see my seats  
We've been rollin' rollin' rollin' we ain't slept in weeks[Chorus][Verse 3]  
Gucci Mane the fly nigga get your mind right  
Or a cries by the twelve like a case of budlight  
Sell a cush by a bell so you kno might shit tight

See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight  
I'm high like Fabo hood like Shawty  
So tell me when to go like my name E-40  
A rich rock star nigga I'm gonna party  
Got a party pack of pillz that's at least bout 40  
I'll pour dem in your hand like a bag of jelly beans  
Take two of these pillz call me in the morning  
Fifty thousand pillz man I'm so real  
Three dollars for a pill that's a damn good deal[Chorus]Ay wassup Gucci Mane  
Why you sweatin' so hard? Is you rollin' or somethin'  
Shit well baby I might be  
But got damn what is you doin'  
You jockin' a playa. You ch-Chewy ova here right  
Look I ain't  
(K-Reilly)  
K-Rab baby You know what I mean I'm not a piece of Bubblegum  
What I'm doin is not your business  
But matta of fact while you ova here is you a waitress or somethin?  
Cause the shit you got on make you look like you a waitress  
So do what you do aight  
I'm a give you this hundred dollars  
Go get you what ever you drankin'  
Bring me and click about ten of dem orange juices,  
Five crunk juices nd we'll be straight how bout that  
And is you straight is you single or is you marry  
Cause I might be, Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be

Songwriters

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