

# I Might Be (feat. Shawnna & 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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