Pillz

Radiobaghdad

[Chorus]
Is you rolling [Repeat: x3]
Bitch I might be [Repeat: x3]
Girl he geeked up [Repeat: x3]
Bitch I might be [Repeat: x3]
Yeah!

[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 thing kicked in
Now she ain't really pretty but she got a nice body
I'm geeked up thinking 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 looking for that action
Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowing
Riding in my drop but I don't know where I'm going
On two eighty five I keep riding in a circle
The inside of my ride smelling like a pound of purple
Gucci is your time give me five more minutes and a cold orange juice cause im really really trippin
Went to the strip club and request that I'm the man
The next thing you know I was throwing rubber bands

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]
Shorty telling me she ain't never suck no dick
Neva took a pill or never 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 them dope man Nike's and them jore ass jeans
I don't pay her but I still keep that thrax on me
I'ma 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 cant eat

Gucci hood like your hood-man hes so extreme
Wearing Doces in the club cause you know the boy geeked
Top the top on that thing let you see my seats
We've been rolling rolling rolling we ain't slept in weeks

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Gucci Mane gotta lot of fame nigga get your mind right
Or a cries by the twelve like a case of Bud Light
Sell a cush by a bell so you know might shit tight
See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight
I'm high like Fabo hood like Shorty
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
Ill pour them 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

Ay whats up Gucci Mane.
Why you sweatin so hard?
Is you rolling or something.

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 aint 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 iight. Imma 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 yeah

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