Hell Yes

Gucci Mane

Thousand bags of that mid shit (hell yea)
This that shit that get yo kidz rich (hell yea)
Hundred bags of that kush shit (hell yea)
This that president bush shit (hell yea)
[x2]This that arm on my kush shit
My girlfriend think she president bush bitch
Hell yea, and I'm gon off that lean shit
My brotha duke keep on sendin me that green shit
Fuck jail gucci time, and I'm hoodrich
I'm in that zone 6, and I throw it like the first pitch
My yellow rari, in the front and I parked it
A black chick in some heels match the carpet
I'm pullin up to the club like I own it
Ain't with that bullshit, gucci don't condone it
My tolerance get low with the flexxin
I woke up bought my main chick a lexus
Thousand bags of that mid shit (hell yea)
This that shit that get yo kidz rich (hell yea)
Hundred bags of that kush shit (hell yea)
This that president bush shit (hell yea)
[x2]I be the bricksquad youngin
Stankin like a funyan
All these otha rap niggas, toed like a bunyan
I'm BS and you BS
But I'm BRICKSQUAD and you BULLSHIT
Pistol like a chapporone
We goin on a school trip
Places that you neva seen
Blowin on that stoopid green

Rollin on a stoopid beam
Hit the scene in limozine
Coke and promthzine
Diamonds I'm my pinky ring
Nigga wat the fuck u mean
Bricksquad dream team
I got money to blow, naw I ain't drizzy
Money make the world go round, that's why I'm dizzy
Standin behind gucc, flock, the like who is it

Slim dunkin in this mothafuck
Cut the chicken
Thousand bags of that mid shit (hell yea)
This that shit that get yo kidz rich (hell yea)
Hundred bags of that kush shit (hell yea)
This that president bush shit (hell yea)
[x2]It's big gucci, excuse me while I ball
Until my release, my nigga, no lights out
Lights out, creep on in silence
Why do I pull more violence
Wen unviolent
While my tatoos smilin
To remind me of the time they robbed me, with no problem
Now my problems solved, and they rovolvin around all these countries
And I'm country, stretch from here to compton, to boldacrest...
That's something to those who have nothin
No bluffin bricksqaud no cuffin
Thousand bags of that mid shit (hell yea)
This that shit that get yo kidz rich (hell yea)
Hundred bags of that kush shit (hell yea)
This that president bush shit (hell yea)
[x2]

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