

# Get The Doe

## Gucci Mane

[Featuring: Rocko][Verse 1: Gucci Mane]It's iced out shawty

Your bitch wanna fuck with me, I don't doubt it

Gucci Mane show man, the club so crowded

Got a mean watch on me, cost a cool 140

I'm the center of attention, watch these hoes stand round me

I took a picture with your bitch, I don't know why you allowed it

We check the strong pack in, yeah my kush is the loudest

And my name ring bells, different countries and counties

They had a bounty on my chain, how the fuck they found it

I blow so much purp that I can't stay grounded

6's on my skraight 8 Jeep, yea it's mounted

A nigga say he jack me, how the fuck that sounded

[Hook: Gucci Mane]200 cash, that's on the floor

I got 100 bands going out the door

Bitch kiss my ass, fuck them foes

I'm hustling hard baby, gotta get the doe

200 cash, layin' on the floor

I got 100 bands going out the door

Kiss my ass, bitch fuck them foes

I'm hustling hard bitch, I gotta get the doe

[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]I'm hustling hard, bitch I gotta get the doe

I'm Coca Cola sellin' soda, whippin' it in the bowl

I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm shittin' like on the commode

I'm sackin', I'm freezin', I'm flippin' that Cola, you niggas be sellin' your soul

This here shit is gettin' crazy, niggas are gettin' bold

If niggas will tell on they mama, they hit the fan, they act like hoes

I'm goin' my loop with steel-toed boots, so niggas can't step on my toes

I'm cockin' my pistol and smoking these swishers, I'm bout to lose control

I'm workin that show like I'm flippin that dope, my pockets are super swole

Ride through the trap and I got that scrap, don't know who's friend or foe

These niggas'll blow your head, I'll just pour a ounce of blow

And since you ran off with a brick then watch this stick blow off your nose

[Hook][Verse 3: Rocko]Soon as I enter, pussy niggas exit

Ball like the arena, go home with all that flexin'

Real street niggas in your area, we ain't goin' for it, we dare ya

F'in Glock carrier, we gon' bury ya

All the bitches hysterical, they know how I kick it

Sat watchin' ass nigga, you ain't come to spend it, why the fuck you here

Poor hustlin' ass nigga, 100 bands in my ear  
On the left and right pocket, 50 bands in my rear  
Born champion, gladiator, conquered all my fields  
Been alive for 30 years, I been getting money for 20 year  
I?m with Gucci, that my brother from another mother  
Brothers of the same struggle, still in the trap house, we so gutter  
[Hook]

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