Truth

Gucci Mane

[Verse 1]
80 chains going and ain't took one yet
Ain't nothing retarded 'bout Gucci but this gold Rolex
A ten thousand dollar bounty put on my neck
I hope you didn't pay them cause they didn't have no success
You seen my interview nigga and you got upset
I seen your interview too, you looked oh so stressed
I think the nigga just mad cause I fucked his ex
And I'm a big dog, he got the lil' boy complex
Go dig your partner up nigga, bet he can't say shit
And if you looking for the kid I'll be in Zone 6
I hit a birthday party fresh, you and ya homeboy Tip
I know y'all seen me over there with that black fo' fifth
I bought a Bentley Mulsanne, it look just like Tips
But I never went platinum, do you catch my drift
I never let a nigga do me like Tip did Flip
This the same shit that got Big and 2Pac killed[Interlude]
For the record, this is not a diss record
Just the truth
It's Gucci the living legend
Oh, yea I'm a legend
Living legend nigga
Respect that[Verse 2]
I ain't playing wit ya, I ain't trying to dance wit ya
I ain't using hands, let them rubberbands get ya
It take money to go to war and we can go to war nigga
I ain't no real rapper, I'm a fucking grave digger
I'm a old school fool, don't make me show my age nigga
Grab a Louisville and turn it to a batting cage nigga
I did a song with Keyshia Cole and I know you still miss her
But Puff was fucking her while you was falling in love wit her
Call you to do a song, wouldn't even smoke no bud wit ya
I was screaming so icy and was a neighborhood nigga
This AR is my back up cause I don't need nan nigga
Must didn't hear when Flocka said "Let them guns blam nigga!"
Used to drive to Birmingham with a lot of grams nigga
I'm just who I am nigga but I ain't sparing nan nigga
I know it's hard for you to sleep knowing you killed your homeboy
You left his son to be a bastard, won't even raise ya own boy[Outro]

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