

Threw With That Shit

Gucci Mane

Gucci! Gucci
All these diamonds on me, they dancing on me
She glancing like I'm a star
These Giuseppe's on me, they stepping on me
So I might just stand on the bar
Got this weapon on me don't help me homie
In the parking lot I'm a star
Put my Bentley to your sentra nigga
It's like a bird just shit on your car
Got 3 birds strapped to your pa
And I might be wearing his??
If he don't pay when I tell him to then I'm kidnapping your ma'
Got them white diamonds, no flaw
Got that bad bitch with no bra
And if you know what these tear drops mean
Then what the fuck you trying me for?
I done showed this bitch too much too quick
So I can't cut her off that's foolishness
She tell on me, it's over with
Man I don't even want nothing to do with this bitch
One more run and I'm through with this shit
I don't even want nothing to do with this shit
All this cash I'm sick of this shit Its midnight mane?
I pour a deuce in 20 juices I swear I'm a fool with this shit
But I ain't drinking lean no more I swear I'm through with this shit
I smoke so many blunts of kush I man I'm a fool with this shit
But I ain't smoking that shit no more man I'm through with this shit
I fucked so many different bitches I'm a fool with this shit
But I ain't fucking with these hoes no more I'm through with this shit
So many diamonds on me I done caught the flu with this shit
But I ain't buying that shit no more man I'm through with this shit
Ain't no flexing on me, it's a blessing homie
Got a collar shirt with a diamond resting on it
At the concert stressing that your pressing on me
And they damn near had to bring a stretcher homie
At the western homie and your girl is one me
And the girl so cool she brought and extra homie
Girl on girl no question homie
Damn I swear that shit was a pressure moment

Futuristic ride like a Jetson homie
Got the Forgiato rims with the F's on em'
Summer come out they put the dresses on
And the bitch so fine I put a necklace on her
Got a bitch that call me super sport
She say all my cars got S's on em'
Shout to Bun, you a legend homie
Did a verse for me, now I got Texas on me I'm through with this shit and I'm through with this shit
Cause' I know that one of these niggas might snitch
Which one of y'all gonna be a little bitch?
Which one you young niggas wanna get rich?
Dropped out of school but he got a little sense
Wanna get rich? Gotta take that risk
Gotta work yo' bitch, gotta work your wrist
Gotta use good sense, gotta sell that fish
If you shit where you piss then it don't make sense
Selling bricks with a bitch then it don't make sense
They were friends til the end then you snitched on a friend?
Well a friend tells the truth and you're not my friend
If niggas were real then niggas will win
I never put trust in these niggas again
How you my clan you and didn't stick to the plan?
You say you a man but you told on your man?
Sammy the boo man you know what you did
Snitched on them all just to show off to yo bitch
2 shots in the head for the shit that you did
You say you OG but you talk to the feds
Judas betray me, you gave me this bread
All the time you had dope planted on edge
The city infested man, watch for the plague
Watch for the rest and look out the pigs

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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