

Servin

Gucci Mane

[Verse 1:]

I use to trap on the corner but that was decades ago
I was high as a cloud and that was seconds ago
I had the game in the lock a couple records ago
And I aint never trust nobody I would check in the door
And if you spend a living molding your necklace will glow
He see me textin the phone and I aint choking the hoe
But he keep talkin bout a gangsta, he put fault in the hoe
I gave my dentist a 50 just for my trophies to show
I look like Pablo Escobar the way Im holding the drow
I feel like Bunklin George, I got so many bills from the plug
I got a suite apartment in the part mit under the rug
And every drank in my frigerator filled up with mud[Hook:]
I dont know bout nobody else but I dont servin
And as long as these bads come in Im gonna circle
Niggas say they aint getting money but I dont work it
Im runnin with so much dough that Im nervous
If the police tryina pull up on me Im gonna swerve em
You aint never seen so many guns on one person
Dump truck, 2 trucks came on one person
You need to switch up the shit you doin, just aint working[Verse 2:]
They got me feeling like me, no couple mill in the safe
But when snitched at the end, it was a slap in the face
I need a bitch like Keyshia, shout your mill of the day
And Puggy smoke, what the fuck G minor put some trust in the J
13 thousand dollars worth of narcotics wrapped in some tape
I spent 130 thousand dollars just on my drapes
I got a coke model, supermodel feedin me grapes
And you can keep the money nigga cause your payment too late
And you aint coming with me nigga, you tryina run in the way
Youre just a spy telling lies, tryina look at our play
You call me country to my face, I hit your ass with this K
Tomahawk, chop your head off, home of the brave[Hook:]
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