Suicide Homicide

Gucci Mane

You decide to keen your pride
I ain't waiting ain't got no patience
Raised by the Grove I ain't got an education
24 7 shawty fuck a vacation
Lost a real nigga why you go to the station
Dam D-mars why these fuck niggas hating
Can't be pussy why god had to take 'em
Free my nigga Moe 25 years he facing
I'm from the Grove Street, that's my nation.
Hoes on point, never lose a concentration
New black 'rari, got a nigga try and race it.
Fresh off probabation, say whats up to the Haitians.
Solo rotation, got a nigga gon' point.
Case of the case, when this shit gon' stop
Run up on me(Cl-cl-cl-)POW! POW! Man bout to drop
I'm a Brick Squad crop. The crowd screamin' Waka Flock!
Man you rad! Dude you go hard!
I yelled out squad! Crowd yell out squad!
I'm livin' at hell, I'm only scared of God

Suicide paint, suicide rims
Suicide loud, I got them suicide friends
Suicide bitches they will kill for a nigga
Call it suicide run upon me for a nigga

Homicide purp', homicide vert
Homicide your ass and put your ass on a shirt
Homicide ice, homicide life
Homicide your kids and you motherfucker wife, Catch up.

Imma rich man sparking, a rich man coughin
Dead man walkin, dead man talkin'
I'm the man with the grams, get your bags get your weight
Call me Bakerman, 'cause I can bake a cake Gucci
Drop top rarri, call it headless horseman
Cooking up babies, call that shit abortion
Roaming through the 6 like a mothafuckin' orphan
I think I killed your roll dog and put him in a coffin
When its on again grab a tone again

No pad or pen I gotta win
BSM and 1017 my whole squad be going in
Suicide is a homicide
I smoke so much my brain is fried
Ferrari boyz and Ferrari toys
Pullin' up lookin' like the gotti boyz

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Doors go up we just call it suicide
I ain't playin, I'm just praying its a homicide
Its 1017 that mean its time for BSM
Bread to win, that's for Pop Joe and Bos and Bim
Test what, test that, test this
Your bet your real lab rat I'll let a test bit
Running with the cannon I ain't talkin' nick
I put 7 on your chest like Emm dot VICK
Murder nigga, murder nigga
Real short fuse I hurta nigga
Wood Da Kid, Wooh Da King
I'm married to my strap and I don't need a ring

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