Ferrari Boyz

DJ Spinatik

Holiday Season!
PYONG! Catch up!
It's Gucci!

I'm in the yellow thang on the expressway
That bitch so nasty it might give a bitch road rage
Get out my lane: Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain: So Icey Boyz
I'm running in a mansion but I don't think I'm fancy
But I cut the blinker on and my diamonds dancing
Once upon a time, a little while ago
There was a nigga in a "Rari with a pretty yellow ho
Got my head held up cause I think I'm handsome
But the media portraying me as Charles Manson
And I coulda bought a fantom role hell four deeper
But I'd rather pull up solo in the yellow 2-seater
Gucci!

[Chorus]
Get out my lane! Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain: So Icey Boyz

Riding in the 'Rari same color as Bacardi
She don't like me, shawty, man she like my car
Damn near wanna fuck my chain, damn near wanna fuck my name
I'mma bust every niggah in the click I claim
Deep-dish rims on my horses, mane
That's how me and Gucci Mane claim
Iced out popping shit joints for chains
How our bandana's like Santana's, screaming out
"Who wants some Banner?"
Hit a million off my words, they love my Country Grammar
That's the antenna, but your rapping careers got static in it
I'm a walking meal ticket, just wait a minute
Bank account got commas in it
All that while ? was in it
I hear em talking gangsta shit but I know they lame as hell
One thing I ain't gon do
Pussy nigga you scared of jail

My name ring bells, my engine loud as hell
Shit, my 'Rari cost about two hundred and thirty bills

Brick Squad monopoly, that's my company
Bitch I'm buying all the property

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