

# Volume (feat. Wooh da Kid)

## Gucci Mane

[Chorus]

I'm so motherfuckin' turned up right now (volume)

Someone please turn Gucci mane down (volume)

Bricksquad thugged out we don't give a fuck (volume)

We hit the club, shoot the club, tear the club up (volume)

So you should hit the floor get low and shut up (volume)

Hit the floor get low and shut the fuck up (volume)

You a bitch you a snitch you a motherfuckin' scrub (volume)

You a bitch you a snitch you a motherfuckin' scrub (volume) I pulled up in a 4 door Porsche set trippin'

3 young dread head niggas ridin' wit' me

I don't think they like me and I don't like em neither

But if they move wrong I'll red up they white beater

I do it for da hood I do it like no equal

I do it for the red black yellow white people

I just bought a kay Just the other day

And I don't play with grown men I don't like to play

I'm so motherfuckin' turned up right now

Niggas hang on me I don't give a fuck right now

Well you niggas keep on trying like the lil engine that could

You think you can you think you could I think you pussies should [Chorus] Call me Gucci flocka flame I den changed my name

Call me frenchie mane la flare gucc the kid its all the same

I be runnin' gunnin' stuntin' with 100 killers ridin'

You snitchin' bitchin' tattle tellin' scared to stand beside me

I just bought another house just to house my goons

So icy entertainment boy we just like a platoon

The colors in my chain ?

I'm with ? baby find that boy the June

I wish they found him August so that's like tomuch too soon

His face was swell and puffy bout the color of a prune

Bricksquad movement and no your not apart of it

Me waka and woo juice and frenchie mane started it [Chorus] Iced out bar got me ballin' like the Lakers

Homicide around the corner where you in Jamaica

My volume on max you boys better run

I'm a nigga with an attitude holdin' on the gun

17 niggas I left 16 hit last nigga hit the corner got his whole head split

Told you your a goner ima leave you dead quick I'm like

Wooh the kid thugged out we don't give a fuck

Let your soul meet the sole of the bottom of my chucks

Black car black tint with the baby tags stay low to the floor

My midget out bag. My midget out the bag[Chorus]

Songwriters

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