

Say Damn

Gucci Mane

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

The way my wrist glist' I make a hood bitch say "Damn!"

My neck-lace represent the fact I go ham

It's lonely up here, man I need to come down

So many O's I made the bank teller pass out My trap house floors lookin like a Magic City Monday

But ain't no singles, it's just big head hundreds

My car's gettin watched by this ugly-ass junkie

I keep laughin like a woman but it ain't shit funny (ha)

I'm posted in the trap and my country boys comin

I'm hood rich bitch, still servin two dummies

I'm gettin on your nerves cause Gucci got money

The charm is absurd but the rims are all shiny [Chorus] I mic check, I mic check, now it's time the chicken talk

One scratch on my Nike checks, I cop another pair

I got stacks on deck, make the girl break her neck

when she hit the bubble kush the bitch coughed up her breakfast

I'm the realest make a bet, I bet the checks don't bounce

So much cash in the bag I make accountants lose count

Your girl say she love to see a thug iced out

With me and Speedy on the track it's the return of chicken talk

Gucci!

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

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