

# Get Lost (feat. Birdman)

## Gucci Mane

[Selassie:]  
Ey, D-J speedy  
You a fool for this one, Selassie  
Ice (Ice echo)  
We still rock steady Gucci Mane where you at?  
I'm not yo baby daddy, I'm your suga daddy  
Too much money on me  
I could buy you all tricks, everything's on me  
You be smokin it free, I'm in the V.I.P  
Baby come and see me  
G-U-double C- I, M-A-N-E  
I'm so Icy  
You done heard about me  
But enough about me  
Lets talk about we Come lie on my sheets  
Im'a lay E U D  
Like a lamborghini  
Girl you represent spee  
And you must look cute  
Cuz you represent me  
All the brothers and bill  
You my hell onree  
But you try this street  
Im'a call him whiskey  
He the black lady in the pitted Oprah Winfrey  
Ask Oprah Winfrey, has she heard about me?  
Spread the word about me  
If you leave your plan A, i can be your plan B  
Gucci[Chorus:] ~Selassie~ Like a lambo  
Like a lambo  
Get low to the earth like a lambo  
Baby stick yo hands up like a lambo  
Go slow, go fast like a lambo (She looks)  
Like a Lambo  
Like a lambo  
Everbody banging harder than a lambo  
Everybody works hard like a lambo  
She remind me of a murcielago Like a Lamborghini, shawty very pricey  
She could be yo wifey, even shawty might be

But I think she like me, least I think she like G's  
All the G's on her bed, how she couldnt like me?  
Yo man wanna bite meBut he should, now you runnin like a lamborghini  
Shawty fine as a CJada beuta this week  
She's as top notch as hell, but she's a stone cold freak  
Downtown to South Beach, Buy 4 or 5 drinks  
Jumped in a lotto doors up you dont say  
Gucci Mane Selassi we extra icey  
But I owe it to Atlanta, pussy nigga don't say  
Im'a play like weigh  
Everyday my playdate  
Every day my payday  
I hear the Lamborghini[Chorus:]  
Like a lambo  
Like a lambo  
Get low to the earth like a lambo  
Baby stick yo hands up like a lamboGo slow, go fast like a lambo(She looks)  
Like a Lambo  
Like a Lambo  
Everbody banging harder than a lambo  
Everybody works hard like a lambo  
She remind me of a MurcielagoEy so she know she goood(waking)  
Up in da hood  
She got dat goods (ey go girl)Ey you can ask mister Gucci, excuse mister Icey  
Baby girl young had sex wanted be yo wifey  
Dress real pricey  
Yo head gettin nice B  
Plus she said she got a girl who will like meCars racing in background

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