

# Trick or Treat

## Auteur Jazz

[\*\* feat. Slim Dunkin, Wooh The Kid & Waka Flocka:][Intro:][car peeling out] [car revs then peels out]("Listen to the track bitch!") It's Gucci  
Funky feet (funky feet) funky feet  
Pull up with that stupid beat, orange Camaro trick or treat  
Stupid geek (tweakin) it's super street  
It's a Super Sport nigga, trick or treat  
[Gucci Mane:]I flee the broads, stars and cars look like they just broke in the mall  
Home girl seen my auto mall and said let's go and have a ball  
Hold applause change your drawers, Big Gucci not Santa Clause  
Young'uns might just break the law, whole Squad be like "Damn the law"  
If what you seen ain't what you saw, Scary Movie, Saw 3  
East Atlanta, whassup Santa, Alabama ride with me  
Glock nine on me, hot rod lonely  
Gucci ridin double wides, tractor-trailers, ponies  
What'chu mean? Bag of beans, same boy from the magazines  
Two AK's three magazines, make a stupid horror scene  
Orange Ferrari, purple trees, whippin like on gold D's  
Pimpin like I'm Goldie, listenin to the oldies  
It's Gucci!  
[Chorus:]Funky feet (funky feet) funky feet  
Pull up with that stupid beat, orange Camaro trick or treat  
Stupid geek... it's super street  
It's a Super Sport nigga, trick or treat  
Look at me, nigga look at me  
Pull up in my new Ferrari, pull up and say trick or treat  
And after a week, I cop another skreet  
A pretty car, nigga, trick or treat  
[Wooh Da Kid:]Okay our whip, our feet, ridin down our street  
But got the bromo{?}er'y T, turn your wife into a freak  
Snatch the mighty iron whip, I gotta eat nigga  
You lookin sweet nigga {click clack} trick or treat nigga  
Trunk on thunder, candy paint mumble  
Why your tint so dark? Bitch I'm ridin under  
This Brick Squad, nigga what it do  
Ye ain't Brick Squad pussy nigga who is you?  
Money over e'rythang, even you  
If the General call then you better shoot  
BLAK BLAK BLAK BLAK BLAK, you know the dump  
Wooh Da Kid and Guc' truth gon' pop the trunk

[Chorus:]

[Slum Dunkin:] Louis Vuitton, come take a flick  
You ain't takin shit, but you can take a click  
It's a nightmare when I pop up  
Got the top cut wit'cho lady chick  
We super geeked, I'm hella high  
Her mouth wet but mine stupid dry  
I'm movin slow like a zombie  
while she woppin me, she boppin me  
Got black ice, call me Black Ice, really heavy around my neck  
I just blackout, call me Blackout, look and shot at a nigga that flex  
Now I'm bustin at him, I'm gunnin at him  
He runnin real quick with those funky feet  
He dead man, I'm toe taggin  
I'm a black bag him in white sheets  
I'm a flatline him, it's over with  
And he ain't comin back, no heartbeat (ADIOS!)  
Brick Squad some rude boys  
Don't play around, don't fuck with them  
I pull up on your block  
Let some shots off, you stuck with them  
I'm a G-A, N-G, S-T, A

[Chorus][Waka Flocka Flame] All these {?} girls call me wantin to fuck  
And Monique {?} the old ladies wanna fuck me  
I poke you to death like Chucky  
Came up in one year they say I'm lucky, FLOCKA!  
Semi little hussy {?} that's a get money getter  
All my girls got Waka Flocka on they {?}   
Don't need a school girl, need a down-ass slut  
Ten pack of bills I wanna roll and bite  
Fuck police, fuck police, no license on me  
In the club V.I.P. no ID cuz got funky feet  
Ten left, twenty right, dead guys on me  
I'm on E, it's Olde E, I think I'm 'bout to O.D.  
Some fly girls wanna swat me  
And it's gettin out of hand like I lost my arm  
Off the chain like I lost my job  
Hold my lotto ticket, girls love my charm  
Ballin like pimps, shit doesn't switch  
{?} ill, they love my sign  
And I think I'm James Brown I got funky feet  
Say Flock can't rap, I don't motherfuckin care  
FLOCKA!

[Chorus]

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