

# Ferrari Boyz

## Gucci Mane & Waka Flocka Flame

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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