

Pistol In the Party

Gucci Mane

Brick Squad about to walk in here
So cold I make bitch say burr!
Drinkin' on lean like a ice cold beer
Can't give you none, give you what got you here
Diamonds so big they hurt my ear
Sip codeine bitch, not Belvedere
Ballin' like a nigga on his first day out
You chain so little that it hurt my eye
Your watch ain't real, you a goddamn lie
Got some little bitty niggas, I'm a big ol' playa
I can take her to you vacation
Car collection, first placed it
Off for 10 years and they couldn't take it
Tore down the whole damn operation
I'm a man bruh, so I'ma stand for
Everything I stand for
And I'm a hound dog, kinda fragile
Cause I drop down, better pipe down
EA, GA, AK to the peach state
And a bitch can't call me cheap skate
I'm worth 20 mil on Ebay
Gucci Mane ain't ballin'
Young bitch that what yo mouth say Ain't no 1 on 1 nigga
He swing, I hit you
I ain't no front for fun nigga
He ridin' with you, he die with you
I ain't think of bitin' my tongue nigga
Everybody know I don't fuck with you
And I ain't finna to go in no club nigga
Unless you let me in with this lil' nigga Pistol in the party, pistol in the party
They let me in the club, I brought my pistol to the party
Pistol in the party, pistol in the party
They let me in the club, I brought my pistol to the party Bet a million dollars at a month nigga
Quarter mil for a lunch nigga
Hundred dollars on a blunt nigga
Take care hand, don't talk nigga
200 dollars a blunt nigga
This ain't what you want nigga
Got rifles like I'm huntin' niggas

Hand choppers and pumps nigga
Lil chump change nigga keep runnin' out the mouth
Then you gon' be in my trunk nigga
Got a young nigga, just slump niggas
But all I do is just point fingers
Had the niggas fightin' like Jerry Springer
Finger fuck a ho with my trigger finger
I know pimp niggas, I know gang bangers
Same plan, different angle
Want to tangle with Gucci
So your life you want to gamble
Got her waitin' for you at the funeral
And you Auntie numbers like candles
Big Guwap, I keep a banger
Tell the truth I don't like strangers
Trap game is a deadly game but I told the pussy jet like Jesse James
Ain't no 1 on 1 nigga
He swing, I hit you
I ain't no front for fun nigga
He ridin' with you, he die with you
I ain't think of bitin' my tongue nigga
Everybody know I don't fuck with you
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Songwriters

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