

Dead Man (feat. Trae tha Truth & Young Scooter)

Gucci Mane

Call me Gucci Mane when I'm on the stage with you
But call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol
You can call me Gucci gu-ap when I do a song with you
But don't walk up on me homes, I ain't finna blow no strong with you
Got them young shooters with me they don't get along with you
If you ain't get no money nigga what is wrong with you
And I can't tell your own thing must have gone wrong pitcher
I'm in the whip sippin' lean, with this very long swisher
I'm drinkin' promethazine and codeine and this apple juice mixture
If you knew that you wouldn't do that I swear you would not kiss her
Yous a Nicky Barnes ass nigga tryin' to tell on Guy Fisher
If a snitch was to die today I bet his hood would not miss him
Yous a dead man, playing games with the bread
Yous a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man you're playing games with my bread
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man
Five deuce, 4 tray 6 A
8 watches, 4 chains 6 rings
Pot forks, dope at a high cost
From coast to coast, I set numbers on the dope
Remix it yo, you know I can sell you both 16-5
Prices lower then Shawty Lo, when I drive
Got my seat leanin', low bricks inside
Got 'em stash in the door, always road running
Me and Gucci getting money bands yeah keep comin'
Tractor trailer in the morning won't stop juggling
Every month I make 4 hundred, I'm a street nigga
I got rich off of junkies
Yous a dead man, playing games with the bread
Yous a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, you playing games with my bread
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man
What the fuck is you thinking? Lil bitch you must have
been drinking
This chopper had got me feeling like Harley

If I let it ride you bound to be stinkin'
I'm a asshole I do what I like to
Old shit that's made for you to fight to
I don't give a fuck bitch I don't like you
Got that fire bitch I might light you
Bitch I am the streets you just look tough
Couple bricks of snow like I was on bluff
Call me the master like Sho'Nuff
Bad boy for real, no Puff
If a nigga pussy I don't pimp mine
Just keep your distance don't play with mine
Stay in your place fall out the line
Have them young niggas all in your head to pay a fine
You can find me in the hood what a hood don't go
Heard you're somebody the hood don't know
If a nigga turn up, tell 'em watch this show
Money never sit still so I don't blow
King of the streets just call me sire
On my throne ain't no one higher
T.R.U.T.H. no liar
Real street nigga I won't retire
You a dead man, playing games with the bread
You a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, you're playing games with my bread
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you a dead man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

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