

# Dead People (feat. Future & Young Scooter)

## Gucci Mane

I got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this breadGot a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this breadGot a pocket full of dead guys  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to watch the feds  
And I love sellin' cake pies  
It's a bad bitch in my bed and she got that stupid head  
Call me Versace shop, shawty, catch me walkin' out of 5ths  
With a lil Glock 40 and a couple extra clips  
Lenox Mall in the closet, all my hoes exotic  
And ain't that shit ironic that my doors go up, robotic? (Gucci!)

I can walk the shit and I can talk the shit  
I can talk the shit cause I got it  
It's Gucci Mane, I'm a walkin' lick  
Got dead people in my pocket  
Fallin' off in Follie's, got a bag full of the mollies  
A half a mil' all profit, and my music got her jockin'I got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
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Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this breadI've been livin' like a king all week  
I'm a peasant at the end of every day  
I've been chillin' with my niggas in the streets  
Livin' like a vagabond, wild, free, run away  
Reminisclin' 'bout them bored summer days  
Blowin' haze on the east side of Atlanta  
Makin' moves on the shawty, a Hispania  
We don't speak the same language so excuse me if I stammer  
I understand you wanna pick up the hammer  
And build up your own, she see her brother climbin' the ladder  
It's your time, yeah it's somethin' that you figure  
I mean you can do it too but you can't be a bitch ass nigga  
Get up off your ass, find a fuckin' craft  
Make bread, get it back, give it back times 2

Who are you? Look in the mirror  
Don't give a fuck what they think, you're the one, you're the truth  
Got the juice, got the juice, got the juice, got the juice  
Mothafucka you the man like an 8th grade Jew  
You can chew through any zebra ass in the zoo  
Any nigga tryna act hard as some leather boots, fuck them  
And anyone tryna step on you, fire burnin'  
Make a livin', stack a sum and watch your paper  
Now and later ain't really good time  
For a nigga 'bout his business on Wood Crest Manor I got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this bread Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread  
Got a pocket full of dead people  
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this bread

Songwriters

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