

Gingerbread Man (feat. OJ da Juiceman)

Gucci Mane

Its money mane, n' juice man, n' Gucci mane, Gucci mane,I'm a keep droppin' verses,

Hotta' den tha' hottest summa',

Eat rappers like Jeffrey Domer,

Dope color Shanay O Conner?,

Should I name another woman,

Russian like president Obama,

Wanna buy two extra commas,

All my shoes are Fara Gomma?

Lightning actually hittin' thunda',

Even Stevie Wonder wonder,

Why yo girl get home on time so much I had to change my numba',

Sarcasm, these bitches need to ride 'em while I pass 'em,

I wouldn't even give that bitch a orgasm,

Miraculously my niggas stand beside, not in back of me,

So disrespect my faculty, how dare you have audacity,

The compact to capacity I cash out automatically,

I spit these rhymes so radically, sporadically, fatality.[Chorus]

I got the green, drank, pills, blow,

Runnin' round the town gettin' money I suppose,

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread man

I got the green, drank, pills, blow,

I Cant get up, sleep, jus' keep knockin' on my door,

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread man

I'm the gingerbread manGingerbread man, I got white, I got white,

Trap house bunkin' up all night, take flight,

Droppin' 10 bases? its jumpin' that white?

Trees to that paper so I'm something like a kite,

Loud stanki kush and it tellin' me to light,

Extra loud diamonds and its lookin' like a light,

Rolli'n stay money and my pockets just glide,

Everyday diamonds cause they don't like to hide,

V-V-S light yea so you block yo eyes,

Burnt color diamonds like a sweet potato pie,

Hit ya color diamonds and get ratchet like a fly?

The brick man, the bread man I don't tell no lies.[Chorus]Money Mane gettin' it in, I'm only in it to win
I ain't come to say I'm the champ, I get bored and do it again
If I ev'red across a tranny, I ain't asked her for a twin
cause its number time, done came to gather up all my inns
it's fifteen minutes to ten, eighth in and I'm drinkin' gin
I could act like we were fiends, but I dont like to pretend
I got 30 stacks new Ajax, it's the future price of my air max
I'm addicted to abllin' I hear Lennox Mall and I relapse
Your slimfast, little bankroll, my stash getting way to fat
No push-up, just cook-ups, I'm booked up, I don't wanna lapse
There's Money Mane, and Juice Mane, and Gucci Mane and ol' Brickman
I got juice all in my kitchen so my house smell like cocaine[Chorus]

Songwriters

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