

Pour Some More

Gucci Mane

S'Gucci! Ziggy! Well my trap house be bucking hard all the time

Money sticking out my pockets like a porcupine

I hope this cocaina cross the borderline

I made a million dollars just with this lil' fork of mine

I'm in the kitchen whippin' deuces up like half the time

The other half the time I'm busy somewhere on the grind

Any ? trappin' nine days

Don't give a fuck about what they say, my nigga: crime pays

Gucci! Twenty thousand in singles but I tossed it

I used to have a top but then I lost it

I used to have a conscience but I lost it

I boss so hard that I'm exhausted! It's Gucci! [Chorus]

More, more

Hate me some fuckin' more!

I love it when you hate me

It make my money grow Where my money? I think it's on that new shit

On my fucking block I ain't never gotta prove shit

Every time you see me, you know I'm rocking new shit

I got a new whip off of a new bitch

Shit I do this, you know what the truth is

Bitch ain't like me cause I'm packing and I'm ruthless

The bitch is bummy, no money, she is useless

I got them fuckin choppers that'll really go through shit

Hold up, I'm way better than the average

In my city, I ain't nothing but a savage

So many cars, garage look like traffic

When I pull my whips out, you know I'm causing damage [Chorus] I'm a quarterback, I take a quarter out

And but a quarter back and help harvest that

It's that ice check when I rob my chain

When the girls see me, catch a heart attack

Told her scrubbin, that's a well-known fact

? what you know about that?

Kill the ho, where your hoes at?

Nigga, beef with me, now how smart was that?

I'm goin' in like a curfew

Like yesterday you old news

In the studio with chrome tools

No engineers, no ? dudes

I should walk around with toilet tissue

Til' the end time bring ?

Songwriters

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