

Gracias

Snootie Wild

Yeah, yeah haaaaah
Mane fuck all these niggas
That's why I keep my ruger
But I thank em, gracias I thank 'em
When my pockets be on broke mode
Smokin' on this mota
I thank em, gracias I thank 'em
If am rich as fuck I thank 'em
Broke as hell I thank em
If I'm stressed out I thank 'em
For today I thank em
If I blow your ass away
It could've been me so I thank 'em
Forgive me Lord, but I thank 'em Eh, okay not everything for sure
Thank you lord yeah he know so
No help where I come from
When you're city so poor
My ghetto, man I love my ghetto
Trappin' out my ghetto
Swangin' off that yayo
Pocket it was solo
Ready for that elbow
Watching for the popo
Marked up and I know so
All day they on patrol
But they have no control
BET no Visa, no j's it was Reebok
Talking in [?]
Locked up for thank Jesus
'Cause I could been dizzy (dizzy)
Fifty countin' a to z Thank you lord and I know so
All about my go role
Gotta stay on go mode
Favorite gun is a ruger
Any know I'm a true one
Many don't hellujah
In a eye of a shooter
So you know ill do ya
Pocket it was breakin'

Stomache steady aching
Trappin' out of vacant
But I had to take it
'Cause I could been dizzy (dizzy)
From the streets to BET I did it
Real hood nigga can't stop me
Can't clone me or copy
Chances to recopy
Haters can't believe me believe it
Jesus, thank Jesus believe me

Songwriters

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