

It's Alive

Gucci Mane

My pocket all swoll', my rims all chrome
When I hit the club everything goes
Bottles in the air, put your lighters in the air
But when I'm in here, I don't really care
'Cause I ride on 'em, plus, I style on 'em
Yes, I lean on 'em, yes, I flash on 'em
Yeah, I know, that's the way you like it, huh?
Yeah, that's the way you love me, hon'
It's alive, it's alive, rounds cured the eyes
I had to bring the bitch back like Frankenstein
I push weight but Gucci don't exercise
I get extra whipped cream for them eskimo pies
I'm in the 'hood like the mayor 'round election time
Here's a suggestion: don't park your car next to mine
I'mma start when the light hit, I 'posed to shine
Your flow is garbage, they let me out just in time
They got a section but none of the ho's are fine
They need to exit, don't let the grind pass you by
I run laps 'round lames with my shoes untied
I jump the line, walk in, and watch the crowd divide
Still stuck outside, that's the ugly side
Looked Medusa in the eye and Medusa died
This is top secret shit, classified
Don't blame me, Swizz was the mastermind
I can't breathe, can't breathe, Toni Braxton time
I got a chain moonwalkin', Michael Jackson time
I keep on buying ice like I lost my mind
This bloodline of mine is supposed to shine
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Hurry up, hurry up Gucci on the news
They say he walked out the jail rockin' stupid jewels
They tryin' to find out what it do, admit it, you confused

Too much cash on me, hundreds fallin' out my trouts'
My yellow wrist, bright as piss, bitch, on the shit
Big Gucci called Swizz, let's make a hit
Two thing in this world I ain't ever seen
Are you a foreigner, nigga? I need to help me get mimi
I hope you suffocate, me told her, baby, let me breathe
'Cause I don't chase nothin' but paper, bitch, you're chasin' me
Excuse my French, but this is Gucci, I'm so fucking gutter
It don't make no sense to switch for any of these motherfuckers
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Yeah, that's the way you love me, hon'
Somebody said my life is it
I said nah dog, my wife is it
Now I'm back, back on 'em like I never, never left
Plus the boy right here, I'm fresh to death
Woo, Christians on my feet
See, I can't fall for Suzuki jeeps
Now I'm jumpin' off decks
Don't worry about the haters, they gonna be upset
And the Black Card in my back pocket
The Conaseg lookin' like a speeder rocket
Yeah, I'm zoomin' on the highway
And you should love me, I did it my way
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