

My Shadow

Gucci Mane

Fifty thousand dollars all in the air and shit. HAHA. Brick Squad, dope boi, and the money man..GUCCI!

1st Verse:

I'm a so Icey veteran so you cant say beginners luck. All my boys toute choppaz so your best bet robbin' armored trucks. Georgia boys dont give a fuck we'll jack you then we'll tie you up. 50% chance that we'll trick you if you shop with us. Boulder crest so dirty dirty, zone six boys toute thirty thirties. Glock 9 under falcon jerseys make you need some plastic surge. Bandana under my eye, hat so low cant see my face, and if you got them cake to bake then gucc might do a home invasion. Hi my name is Gucci Gucci meet my homeboy mackie slug. Sawed off AR pulled out shorty you know I got extra slugs. Black T still on when I mob, black lugz still on when I walk. Black pistol 23 my nigga he'll think thats my second job.

CHORUS:

I walk around the city like, it dont matter. The earth my turf nobody tries me cuz they know better. So save the chit chatta I'm too deep you boys shallow. I rhyme for D.P and for 7I, and plus my shadow. Shadow. My shadow, hold me down for whateva. Even if I tried my best I couldnt run from my shadow. So no matter, how wealthy that I get hes not jealous. So when I have no one to talk to, I talk to my shadow!

Second Verse:

Yea im thorough, under my polo, im out on promo. Got these tear drops, under my izzye, dont make it one more. And I had kilos, one for like 2-0, that was 0-4. I had drizzo, you bad da smizzo, but keep it low tho. Dont tell the po-po, im friend with fizzo, cuz thats a no-no. Smokin guido, me and my vatos, but youz a bozo. Im passin low yo, down to La Plizzo, this shit like Wayco. I got candy paint on my '74, your shit from maaco. And off the tizzop, connect the dizzots, im building legos. Ran the tizan jus like them waffles, I call them eggos. I got hundreds, all in my pocket, a stupid bank roll. If ya try me, coroner gon wrap you, up like an egg roll.

CHORUS

Third Verse:

Bricks, all white bricks. Corner-boy I prolly sold more rocks than a rock pit. Tryin to fill my shoes is like an armless man with chops sticks. Got a dark brown soft top bentley chocolate. Im so mach 6, homeboy you so not shit. Playin free cant come touch me cuz you're not it. Im on fire steaming hot, I can boil grits. Jet-Li with the shoes, Gucci rockin new kicks. ATLiens babygirl lets have a moon day. Got 8 bedrooms im dying for a roommate. I was home schooled, I didnt have a schoolmate. Psych! I went to trap school 60K in 12th grade. Im a millionaire but self made wealth craze. Like a junkie cravin bricks so Im in kitchens all day. Im a millionaire but self made wealth craze. Like a junkie cravin bricks so Im in kitchens all day. SKRRRR!

CHORUS

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