Draggin'

Gucci Mane

Make this shit nigga just spaz out, fly Burr!

OK. See your Gucci checking in Time to go hard or go home

Riding round the city in a two-seater Got enough ice on for two people Kush, near my two liter No shirt on just a wife-beater Quicker on the draw than an art teacher Talking out loud like proud preachers Pistol in my arm-reacher King-sized switcher with some nice reefer Hood are a-smashing the white people We on your track, that's a nice feature Test on my face like nine needles Scratch like a nigga got nine heaters No national, the Grand National Bitches sucking me like Dracula Flipping these hoes like spatulas Coming down the hill, it's spectacular Control the rock and unload the crop And get it out soon as you hit the loading dock Barbershop, cause of the shady boss Bitch I'm back so good you couldn't tell or not You can smell the knot, you can tell I'm hot Snitching-ass niggas running to the feds a lot Pardon, man, cause the hoes give head a lot But if a nigga find out, he getting read about

> My dogs be dragging them hoes My dogs be dragging them hoes

Niggas on the outside, looking. They trying to peep in Me I'm on the inside, cooking or trying to sleep in Kitchen full of raw ass chickens, like it was Church's Hood full of clown-ass niggas, this shit's a circus Who thinking Macs not hot? I be the leader Park my shit in front of the school like I'm the teacher Trying make this dope get hard, that's an erection Only thing a nigga need now is a connection West on the mean "You Gucci? I'm cooking fishes."

"Pounds in the trashbag. Gucci, go do the dishes."

Money on my mind, that summer job shit was petty I'm thinking this summer what color I'll paint the Chevy

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