

# Pancakes

## Pontiac, Marvin

Yahhhhhh, it's Gucci!  
Birds, go!  
Birds, it's Dirty, Birds  
It's Gucci  
I'm an East Atlanta rider  
You gon' fuck around and get ya whole clique tied up  
My brain fried; I'm on the skull of the Impala  
I'm high on kush, it's 'bout my money mixed with power  
So keep it brief  
Nigga, two hundred thousand in the fleece  
Pistols, two hundred twenty on the dash  
System, I pull off it look like a flash  
Picture, cheeeeeese!  
I got the 24's, those 74 for 2's  
When you was on the stage, Gucci was on the news  
But bitch don't pity me, I look like Mr. T  
I pimp like Soulja Slim, but I think I'm Eazy-E  
It's Gucci  
Patty cake, patty cake, I hop around with pancakes  
I touched down with hash browns and serve 'em with the pancakes  
Patty cake, patty cake, I hop around with pancakes  
Got flapjacks, hash browns and syrup in my crack space  
Patty cake, patty cake, I hop around with pancakes  
I touched down with hash browns and serve 'em with the pancakes  
Patty cake, patty cake, I serve you niggaz pancakes  
Flapjacks, hash browns and syrup in my crack space  
It's Gucci  
I'm the young nigga all the old head love dawg (FLOCKA!)  
I ain't lettin shit slide, this ain't baseball (BRICK SQUAAD!)  
Banned in 45 states cause I'm too real  
Waka Flocka like a Gucci album, I'm hard to kill  
I don't think they fuckin with me whether I'm locked dead or in jail  
I'm from Clayon County, Riverdale so I'm supposed to give 'em hell  
I'm aware the grass got snakes, I'm aware they gon' hate  
You too late, I'll be damned you take this dinner off our plate  
  
Dirty Birds, Dirty Birds, twenty-one gun salute and got killed  
It's Bankhead Brick Squad out in U.K., these niggaz ain't fuckin with me  
Mob up off that run day, SK's, AK's

Throwaways I let that triple up like triple beam we crackin  
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It's Gucci  
Gucci Mane, Waka Flocka and ya boy big Ball  
Hard from the start; I ain't never been no fuckin lame  
Here I go with Waka Flocka, here I go with Gucci Mane  
One of a kind - that Memphis 10 runnin through my bloodstream  
Ghetto superstar - man them hood bitches love me  
Cup full of that ol' purple drank, pullin on some of that stank dank  
Pocket full of Benny Frank and bitch, what the fuck you thank?  
45 hollowheads in my stout, yellow purt  
I hope one of these ol' bitch bitch-ass niggaz don't cross that line and get hurt  
Money what we came to get, money what we represent  
You ain't talkin 'bout shit if you ain't talkin 'bout gettin it  
Hard hustle never fold, forever I will be cold  
Forever I will be big Ball, mouth full of gold  
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