

Gucci the Eskimo

Gucci Mane

verse 1: early in the mornin im cookin a brick
see i aint really thinkin bout them snitches and shit
its hard as a bitch but i gives a fuck
i swag threw the six with my pistols up
brick boy click put ya pistols up
so icy on my tag nigga eat my dust
im high as a plane and in god i trust
a nigga try us then his head is bustedim smarter then u niggas that how i got my bust
niggas sendin threats like we give a fuck
niggas probly mad cause her buzz was cut
and im in the city screamin bricks are us (gucci)
chorus: gucci mane the eskimo burr ya bitch
i drop 100 racks and wont miss the shit
that fuck shit that fuck shit bitch miss me with
and if yo baby mama died i wouldnt miss the bitch
repeat

verse 2: im ganster like al capone or james cady
these rap puss aint really hard the just actin
i sold bricks for real the whie dragons
sixteen to twenty two five im igh taxin
depends on yo tax pockets or your package
twenty one five right now and im happy
it jump to twenty three and im a start clapin
yo folks aint workin shit my shops open
im on deck brick with no flex
get snowed in like lagurte n alport
got 150 bricks with no passport
and good for 400 if i asked for it
u got tax for it
ill pay cash for it
ill send out for it then bring back yorin
ya got tax for it
ill pay cash for it
ill send out for it then bring back yorin chorin
chorus:

verse 3: gucci front shoes adem right in the bag
in my gucci corvete i know you like that swag
polar bear gucci chillin off of my igloo
30 inch rims so deep u fit yo kids threw

keep yo dick out my girl gucci forbids u
chopper leave hoes imagine what that shit do
duce duce bustin and scrrrrrrrrr amuse u
so many wipes little mama confuse you
bart simpson chain some strange ass cartoon dude
hummer fully loaded with the crome and moon roof
gucci mane the juice man burr ya bitch
we'll drop 100 racks and wont miss the shit (gucci)

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