

# G Season (feat. Meek Mill)

T.I.

Okay, aye man, I'm sucka-free, sucka duckin'  
Tell all them suckas get the fuck outta my way MAN  
You understand?  
G Season Told you motherfuckas once, prison ain't change me  
All it did was make a nigga crazy deranged see  
Psycho, nuts so, what I give a fuck for?  
All I know now is to get out and go for the gusto  
So, fuck niggas fuck hoes, he said, she said, nigga and what so?  
Fuck what they say bout my cases, fuck what they say bout my lady  
Fuck what they say we were doing on that day of visitation  
All I care 'bout is my out date and this nature of probation  
How much dough I'm set to make and where I'm gon' go on vacation  
Wait, damn, okay that's way too far ahead of me  
So I'm just tryna take it day to day if they would let a G, breath  
Cop cars by the three's, Bitches call me papa Johns 'cause I keep that extra cheese  
Overseas in the sun, livin' for the fun in Milan with some bad bitches  
Probably wanna yawn, when will it dawn on 'em I'm a Don  
Ridin' foreign, curtains drawn, gettin' blown by a blond, I'm the bomb  
Terrorist, hella rich, wreckin' shit  
Nigga ask about me homie I suggest you tell 'em this I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free  
You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me  
You sucka niggas out of style G season  
You sucka niggas out of style G season Meek Milly  
Paper plates on my Aston Martin bitch I'm ballin  
Killin' all my haters tell yo mama pick your coffin  
Hundred rounds shawty I just gotta pick a target  
Put my name on that flyer, watch the party get retarded  
And I go crazy in that bitch, stunt like Baby in that bitch  
Got yo lady on my dick, 'cause I got like 80 on my wrist  
KOD, I make it rain, I know they hate me in that bitch  
So I be there just throwin' money like they paid me for that shit, hold up!  
Started in the back now I'm that nigga in the front  
Shorty want the real and I'mma give her what she want  
OG nigga you can put it in the blunt  
Fuckin' all the baddest bitches, I'm a hit 'em from the front  
Just to see the faces on her, when a nigga lay it on her  
Every time she ride that dick, I tell her go Jamaican on it  
Lord have mercy, these bitches thirsty  
I'm in a Merci she kissin' on me Hershey's

We in this bitch!  
I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free  
That's yo main bitch? She fuckin' me  
I don't fuck with niggas, I'm a fuckin' G  
It's Meek Milly, T.I. fuckin' P! I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free  
You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me  
Them sucka niggas out of style G season  
Them sucka niggas out of style G season My best flow too cold to just bring it out  
But go and talkin' crazy tho' you get yourself singled out  
Half a million bucks a pack a whole arena out  
Bein' a sucka I don't know the first thing about  
You get the seen about cummin' out yo face  
Like a volcano have lava runnin' out yo face  
Hey, if yo ass out of place  
You'll find the weapons they took away I'll replace  
What can I say? Another year, another case  
Another sentence completed, I'm confident and conceited  
I'm sucker free, sucker ducking, so tell them suckers to beat it  
Don't fuck with me busta, trust me your future will be deleted  
Such a G, ain't no touching me, luckily I defeated the odd  
Without my tool, Allah and glory to God, and I ain't even Islamic  
So sick, whenever I vomit just throw me a mill or 2  
And that oughta settle my stomach  
Bout some money he done it, call me Mr. He Run It  
These niggas ain't really bout it, they just be speaking Ebonics  
I'm nothing short of iconic, promise you, you don't want it  
Strong as gin and tonic, my left you won't see it coming  
My right you'll be running from it, I catch you with it, you done  
I'm a keep it a 100, you better get you a gun  
Word bond real talk, do my dirt all by my lonely  
'Cause them suckas will talk I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free  
You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me  
Them sucka niggas out of style G season  
Them sucka niggas out of style G season

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