

Burrr

Gucci Mane

Drumma Boy

SOD Brick SquadChorusBurr, Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr

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Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr, BurrGucciDrama, Gucci, Soulja

You wanna visit Gucci world girl here's a brochure

want a cold watch, make yur wife say burr

Goth balls in my ear like Burr Burr Burr

Got a rari with the engine in the rear, look at here

Shinin harder than yu partna, Red Air max match the cardinals

You my son, I'm yur father, This a Trap style on the other

So its poppin, Orville Redenbacher, I'm so OJ okay

Im so Waka Flocka fuck it, I might smoke in front the DA

I'm so Gotti i might buck it, three two drops so I'mma feel like fuck it

you a crab still in the bucket, Got a 6 K show in Kentucky

Run upon a kid, and yu won't be lucky, might be around then yu will be unlucky

38 revolver in the club, try Brick Squad and this shit get uglySoulja BoySwagg, Swagg, Swagg

Swagg, Swagg, Swagg

Swagg, Swagg,

Swagg,Soulja Boy off in this hoe, Im gon roll up all the dro

Gucci on the passenger, The Ferrari is painted woh!!

Boy yu already know, The yellow diamond browling boy

50 stacks plus 100 stacks a hunned racks i hit destroy

I aint for that fuckin pain, bitch yu know my name

Swang Swang with the Gucci Mane mane yu know i let my chain hang

i'm gon do my thang Soulja boy gon Bling

Bling bling bling and i let it Burr!! all off in yur ear

Disappear, bitch yu hate on me, Mane yu fake on me

And its like a master piece the way my artists tatt on me

tatted on my chest, tatted on my neck mane yu know its like

I think I'm DJ Khaled, cuz we the fuckin BestYo GottiCheaa!!

Cheahh!

I amm!!

Yo Gottiii

White bracelet so ignorant, the yellow one and match kit

Cold hearted nigga, and i run around with lunatics

They be on some shootin shit, I be on some neutral shit

Since I got some soildiers, oh so i might as well jus used them shits (Burr!!)

Left his body cold, you know the story go

Nigga disrespect a king, left him fulla bullet holes (Burr!!)

Shawty go with it,
work the pole with it

Magic city money,
touch yur toes with it (Burr!!)

Rubber bands snap (Burr!!),

Money flowin up (Burr!!)

Money flowin down (Burr!!),

They just bagging up (Burr!!)

Half a million ones, (Ones!!)

thats a lotta papers (Burr!!)

Couple hunned guns, ready for the haters

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