

Gamble

Gucci Mane

Because I'm grinding
Got this shining
Tell my cuz,...
That I love him

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Got this shining
Tell my cuz ...
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Well shoot the house apart
Shit, burn it down and call it justice

So holla at the bustas if you looking for a sucker
They ... and the body ...
Gucci!

Cocaine white as dairy
Provided by Dirty Harry

I bet you call me dirty when I spun this for the Marys
The pounds got me married to my negro for the cabbage
I'm living lavish, gambling houses look like Caesar's Palace
Gucci!

Driving to the hole, I'll pull up on your for the J
I'm dirty when I play, I might boss over for the Tre
Gucci going postal, coast to coast about my mail
I break you playing CeeLo, then I buy your drawers- Chapelle
I'm higher than Stone Mountain and my penguin like a fountain
My boy down in [place name] will leave your heart somewhere, not pounding

Gucci gamble!

I keep a pocket full of hundreds like I'm finna gamble
My hundred-fifty in my duffel, finna buy a Lambo
Your life ain't worth the shambles
You'll try me? That's a gamble

Ay, I'll beat your team, case a nigga want to gamble

I keep a pocket full of hundreds like I'm finna gamble
My hundred-fifty in my duffel, 'bout to cop a Lambo
Your life ain't worth the shambles
You'll try me? That's a gamble
Ay, I'll beat your team, case a nigga want to gamble

Nigga try fluids!
My chick is well Jewish
All white beads and the light shine blue-ish
Money, money money. I'm making love to it
A thousands pounds, a million. You know I'm gonna move it
You know it in the summer. Raining in the club
Fuck, I'm off to get your diamonds, I just spent a fucking load
Drop a grand in six seconds. Tell a bitch to bounce
She'll find out there I bought a ward that's thicker than a house
My closet like the Gucci store
I am such a coochie whore
Gucci glasses, Gucci bag, I gotta go and get some more
I'm gonna roll the dice and hope that I don't crap out
Can't through my hand in, I'm too low down

We can reconvene at a place that's more serene
In ... I'm a God. In Alabama I'm a king
In Georgia I'm a boss. In Las Vegas I'm a baller
And he's a ballerina, dodging bullets like a dodger
Shout out to the bloggers. I know I'm a problem
I'm scrubbed like Super Contra, so tell the fucking robbers
I'm incontami-crazy, diamonds blinking out my pinkie
I'm inky in the water, guess that's why the hoes' so kinky
You're wrinkly, dinky stinky. Wrapping labels underneath me
Now you being nasty. Dissing when you cannot beat me
I'm still undefeated, and that's an honest statement
But I speak it and I preach it, so fuck all of you leeches

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