

Street Cred (feat. DJ Drama, Drake & Killer Mike)

Gucci Mane

My name is Gucci Mane Laflare and I don't really care.
I'm headed to the top maybe I can meet you there.
Like 6 flags imma ride what I wanna ride.
I heard the police mix ma name up in a homicide.
They say I'm crazy guess I get that from ma momma's side.
Sometimes times I feel sad like the day wen my grand mama died
These niggers hate on me so bad but I don't question why
Probably cause they can't a seat next to me in the sky.
But if you want a black eye, I gladly oblige
You niggas mo pussy than lil kim and Nicki Minaj
And if u wanna come and scrape me then come on and try
Today I'm not in ma best mood, fuck around and you die
HUH !
Gucci
(Chorus)
I got Street Cred, Yea
I got beef don't caarree
I dare ya, I double dare ya (unknown) (x2) I got Street Cred, Yea
I got beef don't caarree
I dare ya, I double dare ya (unknown) (x2) Gucci
This track is my canvas im gon paint some paint on it
A bullet with your name on it, do you want it?
I neva run from confrontations, I run to the fight
Tonight's, the night you might get Kimbo sliced you f***ing right
Whatchu mean so icy boys don't tote them chopper toys
All in north Georgia slanging boulder bails like gotti boys
All in south florida, bottle water, even Illinos
Sucker neva bust a grape, so homie kill the fuckin noise
I be in queens New York, there I got family
When I touchdown in NY, I dare you niggers fuck with me
I know you wish I would go to jail, but you stuck with me
AR 15 hit your homie, and he die instantly (Chorus)
I got street cred, yea
I got beef don't care
I dare ya, I double ya (unknown) (x2) I got Street Cred, Yea
I got beef don't caarree
I dare ya, I double dare ya (unknown) (x2) Im down to ride at anytime
I guess I'm too full of pride, I told big getts???, I guess I get that from my daddy side
I'm getting confused I feel like the day my grand daddy died

Never thought I'd be a target, target of the FBI
When they threw me in the cell, I said what the hell
Told ma momma its gon be on, soon as I get out of jail
My brother came to see me, and I told him I hope all is well
And kiss my little precious niece and tell her that her uncle lives
See I do not play, get that from my cousin Trey
I like to joog, I guess I... get that from my cousin Sug
Love to drink I like to smoke, get that from my uncle cody
And like my big uncle go, you try me I might cut your throat
GUCCI !

(Chorus)

I got street cred, yea
I got beef don't care
I dare ya, I double ya (unknown) (x2)
I got Street Cred, Yea
I got beef don't caarree
I dare ya, I double dare ya (unknown) (x2)
GUCCI !

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