Hell Yeah

Gucci Mane

A thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
This that shit that get yo kids rich, hell yeah
Hundred bags of that kush shit, hell yeah
This that President Bush shit, hell yeahA thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
This that shit that get yo kids rich, hell yeah
Hundred bags of that kush shit, hell yeah
This that President Bush shit, hell yeahThis that arm on my kush shit
My girlfriend think she President Bush, bitch, hell yeah
And I'm gon' off that lean shit
My brotha Duke keep on sendin' me that green shitFuck jail, Gucci time and I'm hood rich
I'm in that zone 6 and I throw it like the first pitch
My yellow 'Rari in the front and I parked it
A black chick in some heels, match the carpetI'm pullin' up to the club like I own it
Ain't with that bullshit, Gucci don't condone it
My tolerance get low with the flexin'
I woke up, bought my main chick a LexusA thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
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This that President Bush shit, hell yeahA thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
This that shit that get yo kids rich, hell yeah
Hundred bags of that kush shit, hell yeah
This that President Bush shit, hell yeahI be the Brick Squad youngin', stankin' like a funyan
All these otha rap niggas toed like a Bunyan
I'm B-S and you B-S but I'm Brick Squad and you bullshit
Pistol like a Chaperon, we goin' on a school tripPlaces that you never seen blowin' on that stupid green
Rollin' on a stupid beam, hit the scene in Limousine
Codine, promthzine, diamonds I'm my pinky ring
Nigga, what the fuck you mean? Brick Squad dream teamI got money to blow, naw, I ain't drizzy
Money make the world go round, that's why I'm dizzy
Standin' behind Gucci flock, they like, "Who is it?"
Slim dunkin' in this mothafuck, cut the chickenA thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
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This that President Bush Shit, hell yeahIt's big Gucci, excuse me while I ball
Until my release, my nigga, no lights out, lights out
Creep on in silence, why do I pull more violence?

We're non-violentWhile my tatoos smilin' to remind me
Of the time they robbed me with no problems
Now my problems solved and they rovolvin' around
All these [Incomprehensible]Stretch from here to Compton, to Bouldacrest
[Incomprehensible]
That's somethin' to those who have nothin'
No bluffin', Brick Squad no, cuffin'A thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
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This that President Bush shit, hell yeahA thousand bags of that mid shit, hell yeah
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