

1st Day Out tha Feds

Gucci Mane

Yah
Swizzop
It's Gucci Mike Will

I'm hearing shooters load pistols while I'm brushing my teeth
I get so many death threats it's getting normal to me
But I bend don't break, I don't ask just take
Black gloves, black tape and I don't play nor pray
Wake up and take a piss, I hear 'em sharpening knives
Main focus every day is make it out here alive
Take a shower in my boots and go to sleep in my shoes
Last night I had a dream some killers ran in my room
Trying to be patient but nigga I can't wait
On the chase to kill my enemies and beat my case
So when they ask me how I feel about 'em I can't say
You either with me, or against me, or you in my way
I got a pack of hungry wolves and if I don't feed em
Then they might turn on me, feel like I don't need em
I keep the best pedigree but hell I don't breed em
It's a lot of people scared of me and I can't blame em
They call me crazy so much, I think I'm starting to believe em
I did some things to some people that was down right evil
Is it karma coming back to me, so much drama
My own mama turned her back on me, and that's my mama
I lost three people close to me in one summer
Ten years later still don't know shot up my Hummer
But I bend I don't break, I don't ask I take
Black gloves and black tape, nigga it's my first day

Wop, Wop, Wop, Wop, Wop
f**k you, f**k you
Pussy
Wop, Wop, Wop, Wop