

Aw-Man

Gucci Mane

Yeah Money Makin' Records man
I know Laflare Entertainment
True what's happening?
Yeah, I call'em true cause they know they the truth dawg
That boy Gucci
Yeah, we make them hoes say

Yo trap don't boom like mine
Yo paper ain't longer than mine, than mine
Aw man Yo bitch ain't finna than mine, than mine
Yo rims ain't talla than mine, than mine
Aw man
You never seen a thug like this aw man
I'm choppin down them bricks tryin to wipe Jackie Chan
My money come fast, my work come in grams
My soldiers keep straps like they work for Uncle Sam
My chain like ugh, my wrist like damn!
I show up at the jeweler with a hundred thousand cash
Drop top Porsche, inside DAMN
Outside red lookin like a Coke can
I keep a pretty brown round and young yellow
I gotta butta pecan Rican and a French vanilla
My trap boom hard, my bitch real fine
Poppi on the way, we call it crunch time

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I'ma lean with it, serve a fiend with it
On the block since the age of thirteen with it
In the kitchen water whippin, a thousand eight grams
I'm standin over the stove and I'm doin it with one hand
Aw man, fruit man, Toucan sam, two hundred and seven gram
Got yam, a long Lamb', I'm sellin that grown man
Aw man, I'm on that Kush tonight
And I ain't stoppin chopper hit'chu and your body start rockin
My chain got pneumonia, watch got the bird flu
Came to the club smellin like a pound of purple
Big Cat ruckus, nigga it's a movement
This aint hip-hop, this is drug dealer music

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I trap hard nigga, stunt hard nigga
E'ry bitch in the club jock a young nigga
Fo'-five, Big Cat representa nigga
Them twenty-eights sittin high, I'm a giant nigga
Blowin kush muh'fucker, can you smell me nigga?
Ridin through the city flyin with the top back
Quarter ki' of the yam in the knapsack
Big Tank throwin pills to the quarterbacks
Me and Mailman (geah!) at'cha bitch house

Baby momma cookin work at the trap house
She servin coke like she work at the Waffle House
Fo'-five count stacks at the stash house

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