

Ungghhhhh... Gucci!
(Big Gucci) It's yo' time
I'ma give you the blueprint
Ain't nobody harder
We got money in the mattress, old money
I got credit cards, Gucci got cash money

It's the billion kid, Gucci, we went half on a bank
I'm a walkin' {} happenin', I live in a tank
He go hard in the paint, he got hard at the bank
Waka Flocka, Gucci Mane, I'm goin' hard on the drinks
And I get pussy every day, I guess you is what you drank
Cause y'all pussycat is bigger than the diamonds in my rang
Who is I? {} done run off with the scrubs
Duck or neck, but you didn't share the love with the thugs
And the rap game paralyze the street life, I'm not sellin' drugs
I'm, selling CD's globally, my Brinks truck pullin' up
I get offers for a million dollars just to throw it up
I made two thundred thousand today I feel like throwin' up
Gucci

I got Hummer trucks, pullin' up, but I'm buyin' other trucks
Master P and Gucci Mane done pulled up in the wealth with our
Brinks... we threw our rap in the rink
Chop Squadron pullin' up, drophead pullin' up
Drop dead, I don't skate, froze up, we pullin' up
Brinks... we threw our rap in the rink
Up, the {} bad nigga, Brinks

I'm 'bout to pull a Mike Vick on 'em dude
Get money, street boys; I love the kid
Iced green Peedy, I got the streets heated
I left a minute now I'm back the game really needs me
Gucci Mane called me, man I got that flipper
Everybody come and tryin' to get in my hair for dipper
With that dola, trap boy, granolas
Brick Squad soldiers, gon' run 'til it's over
I had chills for a minute, still screamin' No Limit
Had changed my life, dem fools thought I wasn't in it
Drumma B and we winnin'; and y'all never done it
Tried to play the game but none of y'all never won it
Don't need to be replaced - I'm already a legend
From the streets to the hood to my little brother up in heaven
I'm a ghetto star

[Chorus]