

# Dead Man

Gucci Mane

Call me Gucci Mane when I'm on the stage with you  
They call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol  
You can call me Gucci Goo out when I do the song with you  
But don't walk up on me hoes, after the blow don't scroll with ya  
Call me Gucci Mane when I'm on the stage with you  
They call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol  
You can call me Gucci Goo out when I do the song with you  
But don't walk up on me hoes, after the blow don't scroll with ya  
Got them young shooters with me, they don't get along with you  
If you ain't get no money niggga what it is wrong with you?  
And I can't tell your own niggas have the wrong picture  
I take the real sippin lean with this very long swisha  
I'll drink my milkers and the codeine, even this apple juice mixture  
If you knew that you would do that I swear you would not kiss  
You's a naked boy that's nigga tryin to tell em got fish  
If a snitch was without the day I bet this hood would not miss

You's a dead man, playing games with that bread  
You's a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man you're playing games with my bread  
You hear the red man, fuck around and be a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

Five news, 4 tray, 6 A  
8 watches, 4 chains, 6 rings  
Pot Forbes don't add a high coast  
From coast to coast, I said numbers on the dope  
Remix it yo, you know I can sell you both 16 fine  
Prices loaded, shawty load, when I drive  
Got my seat leanin low, bricks inside  
Got em stashed in the door, always road running  
Me and Gucci getting money fast, keep it coming  
Track the trailer in the morning, won't stop jiggling  
Every month I make 4 hundred, I'm a street nigga  
I got rich up for Jacky

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What the fuck is you thinking?  
Dumb bitch, you must have been drinking  
This top had got me feeling like holy  
If I let you ride you bound to be stinking  
I'm an asshole I do what I like to  
Oh shit this made for you to fight too  
I don't give a fuck bitch I don't like you  
Got that fire bitch I might light you  
Bitch I am the streets you just look tough

Call my bricks is low like I was on bluff  
Call me the master like soon up  
Bad boy for real, no puff  
If a nigga pussy I don't pimp mine,  
Just keep the distance don't play with mine  
Stay in your place fall out of line,  
Had them young niggas on me you're here to be fine  
You can find me in the hood where a hood don't go  
Bitch just somebody that the hood don't know,  
If a nigga turned up tell him watch these shows  
Money never since then so I meant don't blow  
King of streets just call me sire  
On my throne, ain't no one higher  
TR, UT ace no liar  
Real street nigga I won't retire.

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