

God's Witness

Gucci Mane

(Verse)

Born legendary on the 12th of February
Big fat rich nigga, call me frigerator Perry
If I piss on your head then call it rain, do you believe it?
And the girls are freakin, I'mma lick it, I can't keep a secret
40 thou, chillin out, all of my pasta be the mattress
Look at me now, iced out, damn, I can fuckin aks
40 thou fo a brick, now and let's not even tax it
Turn my spot, to a lean house, all I drink is actin this
And I ain't even gotta flex to you bitch, I'm rich
Got the whole wide world shorty on my dick
Go tell yo hot mouth ho she can suck my dick
I blow my nose with money ho, I'm snot nose rich
60's on my charges so I'm dodging potholes ho
Yo nigga lost cuz he got on that Mavada watch
And spill the sauce, bitch it ain't a car that I ain't got
Yo nigga lost it but Gucci bout to lose his top
She found it sexy that every problem I gotta address it
These niggas flexin, I pistol whip the boy the boy that bring the message
Police interrogate, layin fuckin shit, am I arrested?
They not gon let me go cuz bitch I got a show in Texas
Black nigga but I gotta stand like I'm Mexican
And hit yo next to kin if I don't have my Benjamins
Pop 2 mollies and it boosted my adrenaline
And yo baby momma say my nuts taste like cinnamon

(Hook)

I pull up in the Bentley and I get they out the business
Tack the trailer follow me, just nigga come and get it
Nigga you know all the cash I made on my 20
God can be my witness, I'm a real trap nigga
Pull up in the Bentley and I get they out the business
I'm servin by myself cuz I don't need no co-defendant
Head count the money lost, counted 5-60
Cartel wanna clip me cuz I intercept the shipment

(Verse)

I've been sendin those since a lil boy, I ain't have no trust
2 man operation but I ain't have no voice
I ain't have no Rolls Royce and I ain't have no Porsche
But if you steppin me out for these ones then yo ass gon get dropped son
Apologize to yo granddaddy cuz I beat up yo grandson
I've been jumpin out of that band boy cuz I owe cash to the landlord
Say I whip the nigga with a pool stick, man Gucci Mane is no poor short
All this down to center, my chairs baby
They turned me into a cold heart
You can jump in front of these bullies and act like you a Braveheart
Quick ticket to the graveyard, playin hard but you faint heart
You with the one, bust the great boys, my kidnappers rape boys
No discrete sensei boys, suggest you open that safe boy
You're on me since the 3rd nigga and you don't know it's the 8 months
Like how yo blood taste boy, cuz you lyin to me in my face boy
Your dad say you're a disgrace, mistakin the first place
Glock 40 on my waist, and I took the pistol on the first date

(Hook x2)

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