Hell Yeah

Gucci Mane

A hundred bales of that mid shit; hell yeah This that shit that get your kids rich; hell yeah Hundred bags of that kush shit; hell yeah This that President Bush shit; hell yeah

This that arm on my kush shit My girlfriend think she President Bush bitch; hell yeah And I'm gone off that lean shit My brother Duke keep on sendin me that green shit; fuck jail! Gucci time, and I'm hood rich I'm in that Zone 6, I throw it like the first pitch My yellow 'Rari in the front and I parked it A black chick in some heels match the carpet I'm pullin up to the club like I own it Ain't with that bullshit, Gucci don't condone it My tolerance get low with the flexin I woke up, bought my main chick a Lexus

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I be the Brick Squad young'un, leave you stankin like a Funion All these other rap niggaz toed like a bunion I'm B.S. and you BS, but I'm Brick Squad and you bullshit Pistol like my chaperone, we goin on a school trip Places that you never seen, blowin on that stupid green Rollin on the stupid beam, hit the scene in limousine Codeine, promethazine, diamonds in my pinky ring Nigga what da fuck you mean? Brick Squad, dream team I got (Money to Blow), naw I ain't Drizzy Money make the world go 'round, that's why I'm dizzy Standin behind Guc' and Flock, they like who is he? Slim Dunkin in this muh'fucker; cut the chizzy

It's Big Gucci, excuse me while I ball Until my release my nigga no lights out Lights out, creep on in silence Why do, I, pull more violence We non-violent, while my tattoos smilin To remind me, of the time they robbed me With no problems, now my problems solved And it's revolvin around all these guns yeah And my condo, stretch from here to Compton to Bouldercrest, Roberta who the same function{?} That's somethin, to those who have nothin No bluffin, Brick Squad no cuffin It's Gucci!

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