

Brrrr, Metro
Wop, hah
It's big Gucci, catch up
Metro, Wizzop
If Young Metro don't trust you I'm gon shoot you

I put eight mill in my crib to inspire ya
When you worth like twenty mill, the kids admire ya
When your rap sheet look like mine, no one will hire ya
But when you sign yourself like I did, they can't fire ya
You want your club so loud then put me on the flier (it's Gucci)
I'm on fire like Richard Pryor, my price gettin' higher
How you gon' take my title, drivin' a car without a title?
I'm whippin' through rush hour Charlotte traffic in a Spyder
Slide up on ya bitch like a race car driver
Dive off in that pussy like a deep sea diver
Niggas from my hood know me from cheap, cheap powder
But niggas on your block say you're a real weak coward

High five, low five
I left them niggas hangin', they get no five
Gucci Mane, they say that I got nine lives
Six Flags Over Georgia, I got nine rides
High five, low five
I left them bitches hangin', they get no five
Gucci Mane they say that I got nine lives
Come go to Gucci World, cause I got nine rides

Fuck yo jam of the week, I put grams on the street
So much money, gave metro a hundred grand for the beat (Metro)
So much ice around my bezel you can't see, the Patek
I'm Felipe, in Felipe's, with a freak, she petite
From the beach, to the skreet, from the skreet, to the suite
Put my bone in her mouth, told her bon appétit
I done sold so many keys they should deport me to Belize
Cause I'm shining on these niggas like a desert with no trees
From the hat on my head to the shoes on my feet
Every garment on my body, man, it come from overseas
In them 'partments I was raised I sold like 50, 000 P's
You want Gucci on your song, that's at least a hundred G's
Wop

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