

I Get the Bag

Gucci Mane

Hah
It's Gucci
Drop Top
Wizop
Hoo (Skrirt)
Yuh (Skrirt)
Ayy (Go)

You get the bag and fumble it
I get the bag and flip it and tumble it (Yeah)
Straight out the lot, three hundred cash (Cash)
And a car came with a blunt in it (Yeah)
Lil mama a thot, and she got ass (Thot)
And she gon' fuck up a bag (Yeah)
Pull up to the spot, livin' too fast (Yeah)
Droppin' the dope in the stash (Yah)
In Italy
Got two foreign hoes, they DM me (Brr, ayy)
Drop the top when it's cold (Drop top)
But you feel the heat (Skrirt, yah, ayy)
Be real with me, keep it one hundred (Whoa)
Just be real with me (Ayy)
Eat it up like it's a feast (Eat it up)
They say the dope on fleek (Yep)

Percocet pill on me (Percocet)
Ice on my neck, baby, chill with me (Ice)
Them niggas that flex in the back don't say nothin'
Them niggas will kill for me
Back ends I count 'em asleep, on fleek
Hundred K spent on a Patek Phillippe (Phillippe)
Bitch, I'm a dog, you're my treat (Hrr)
Hop out the frog and leap (Leap)
I put them bricks in the fender
My bitch, she walk around like she Kris Jenner (Kris Jenner)
I used to break and then enter
Then Takeoff run 'em like the game of temple (Whew)
It's simple, I play with the mental
Momma said she saw me on Jimmy Kimmel (Mama)
Canada, cause I'm a money symbol
Walkin' with the racks, I'm lookin' crippled (Money)
Fuck on that bitch then I tip her (Tip her)
A nickel for me to take pictures (Nickel)
Not from L.A. but I clip her (Brr)
Double my cup, pour a triple (Actavis)
Fox on my body, no Vivica (Fox on my)
I'm not your average or typical (I'm not your)
Look at my wrist and it's critical (Look at the)
Hold it up, droppin' the temperature (Droppin' the)
I get that bag on the regular (Bag)
I got a bag on my cellular (Brr)
Backin' up, baggin' up vegetables (Bag)
Baggin' up cookies, it's medical (Cookies)
Cocaine, codeine, et cetera (White)
Cocaine and lean, it's federal (White)
I take off, landin' on Nebula
As of now twenty M's on my schedule (Takeoff)

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Just be real with me (It's Gucci, ayy)
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I know that these niggas gettin' sick of me
These chains on my neck cost a mil' a piece
I won't even like to freestyle for free
I put in the key and I ride the beat
I won't even come out the house for free
I pay a nigga to drive for me
JAY-Z couldn't even co-sign for me
I do what I want, cause I'm signed to me (Damn)
I get the, I get the, I get the bag
They get the bag, had to cut it in half
Stop the comparin', y'all makin' me laugh
Need the rehab, I'm addicted to cash (Gucci)
Convertible Wop, convertible top
My dope got a vertical, look at it hop
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, and it jump out the pot
Came out of jail and went straight to the top
Take it easy, baby
Middle of summer, I'm freezin', baby
Don't leave me, baby
Just drop to your knees and please me, baby
I'm fascinated
Two bitches so fine that I masturbated
Congratulations
She brain me so good that I graduated (Wow)
They had to hate it
I don't fuck with them niggas, they plastic, baby
I trap a baby
I rap but I own all of my masters, baby
It's tragic, baby
I pull up and fuck up the traffic, baby
A savage, baby
I'm killin' these niggas, closed casket, baby

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