

## It's Alive

Gucci Mane

1-2, 1-2, 1-2, burrr burrr  
This is special, GUCCI  
Its Gucci, that's what you mean huh..right? right..  
Ladies and gentleman, showtime

My pocket on swole, my rims on chrome  
When I hit the club, everything goes  
Bottles in the air, put your lighters in the air  
But when I'm in here, I don't really care  
Cuz I ride on em, I style on em  
I lean on em, yes, I flash on em  
Yeh I know, that's the way you like it, huh, yeh  
That's the way you love me, huh? It's alive..it's alive

It's alive, it's alive  
Rims cut the eyes  
I had to bring the bitch back like Frankenstein  
I push weight, but Gucci don't exercise  
I get extra from whippin up extra pies  
I'm in the hood like the mayor round election time  
It's a suggestion, don't park your car next to mine  
I'ma start when the light hit, I'm 'posed to shine  
Your flow is garbage, they let me out just in time  
They got a section, but none of the hoes are fine  
They need to exit, don't let the grind pass you by  
I run laps around lames with my shoes untied  
I jump the line, walk in, and watch the crowd divide  
Still stuck outside, that's the ugly side  
Looked medusa in the eye and medusa died  
This is top secret shit, classified  
Don't blame me, Swizz was the mastermind  
Can't breathe, can't breathe, Toni Braxton time  
I got my chain moonwalkin, Michael Jackson time  
I keep on buying ice like I lost my mind  
This bloodline of mine is supposed to shine

Hurry up, hurry up Gucci on the news, they say he walked out the jail rockin  
stupid jewels  
They try and find out what it do, admit it, you confused  
Too much cash on me, hundreds fallin out me, true  
Big yellow wrists, bright as piss, bitch I'm the shit  
Big Gucci called Swizz, let's make a hit  
2 things in this world I ain't ever seen  
Are you a foreigner nigga? I need to help me get me me  
Well if your stomach cannot tote it baby, let me breathe  
Cuz I don't check if no babe or bitch chasin me  
Excuse my French, bitch I'm so Gucci, I so fuckin gutter  
It don't make no sense to switch for none these mother fuckas

Somebody said my life is it  
I said nah dog, my wife is it  
Now I'm back, back on 'em like I never, never left  
Plus the boy right here, I'm fresh to death  
And the Black Card in my back pocket  
The Conaseg lookin' like a speeder rocket  
Yeah, I'm zoomin' on the highway  
And you should love me, I did it my way

[Hook]