Mike Will
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Gucci, Gucci, Gucci, Gucci
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I'm hearing rumors that my label 'bout to drop Gucci
In my convertible Rari they call me Drop Gucci
Rappers having conventions on how to stop Gucci
They know my Glocks sing my hooks and we call it pop music
We call it pop music, we call it pop music
My choppers sing all my hooks and I call it rock music

The studio is the house, so we making house music Come ride with me through the six and see how the South do it Cause I got old [?] but I'm on old camper But I'm so East Atlanta, still got all my old hammers Take my 44 handle, shot through the door panel f**k all that rap beef, let's have a gun battle

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I think it's funny how y'all think cause y'all don't really know
These niggas acting like they ballin' but they really broke
The trap God, I make it rain and I make it snow
I use my money as a blanket, it was better cold
In Buckhead in a drop head, pulled me over Laney's row
Versace slippers with the matching Saint glass, hiss and roll
I bulletproofed the sprinter cause I got a hundred foes
I spent a million, so how the f**k am I not gonna get parole?
I feel like Lester Coke, cause I don't touch the dope
You feel like Lester man, You took the oath and told the folks (snitches)
Don't think that I don't know they wish I was on death row
But imagine how these crackers feel that I moved next door

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