

# Pyrex Pot

Gucci Mane

Gucci Mane (Gucci Mane)  
Big Cat, Laflare (Big Cat, Laflare)  
Let's get it (let's get it)

Half a brick in a pyrex pot  
Tryin to make me a dope boy knot  
Two pounds and I'm like real big  
Stackin double see the nigga so big  
I gots to get it, gots to get it, gots to run my money  
up  
Gots to get it, gots to get it, gots to run my money up  
(3x)

Uhhhhh! I'm goin on a Trap-A-Thon  
Gucci Mane like Gotti I'm the Dapper Don  
Uhhhhh! Hundred G's in my Gucci bag  
So if you look at me wrong I'm a do yo' ass  
Uhh, Gucci Mane, I'm the bread and butter  
Run trap, sell crack, nigga spread your hustle  
Uhh, pockets fatter than Oprah Winfrey  
Gucci Mane I'm the baller of the fuckin century  
Uhh, iced out like Babe an' them  
I can sell mo' records than Shade an' them  
Uhh, Gucci Mane youse a cocky fella  
I make it rain so you better get'cha umba-rella  
Uhh, and my watch is on another level  
Clusters of diamonds and they brush together  
Uhh, why you talkin so much shit?  
Yo bitch, cause I'm so rich

Okay somethin white like Michael Jackson  
Bust the shit out the rubber then I start to trappin  
Gucci Mane got the lone ticket  
Run stack for the midget nigga fuck with me, uhh  
Shawty say he short a couple stacks  
The diamond chain on my neck is doin jumpin jacks, uhh  
Yo' money short like Spud Webb  
Bend down nigga broke nigga need help, uhh  
My money talkin like Dikembe  
Gucci Mane I make a Friday out of Wednesday, uhh  
Phone don't [?] C-D-S  
Still makin moves, thuggin with S-Y-S, uhh  
All my shows better be whippin up  
J's keep the ash scrubs when we pick it up, uhh  
And me and Cad in a Hum-Vee  
Yellow diamonds got me lookin like a bumblebee, uhh

Gucci got a plug, for the square face  
Got them quarter ki's, I call 'em chicken wangs  
Got the gangster peas, I call 'em collard greens  
We got them ex pills, we call 'em skitters mayne  
Gucci on the grind, catch me at the spot  
Got some cocaine jumpin out the damn pot  
Get some cool water, it's too damn hot  
All I want for Christmas is the dopeman knot  
Hustle harder, be smarter  
We gon' eat when I bring it out the water

36 O's, for the 17  
Five for the drive, 17-5