

Thank You

Gucci Mane

Drum Squad and Gucci
Gucci Mane and Drumma
Bankrolls got dumber
Cause we ain't getting no younger
Comma after comma
Comma after comma
Comma after comma
It's Gucci Mane and Drumma
Fell in love with bricks
Damn, I love my club
My girlfriend broke up with me
Cause she said she tired of them drugs
Hang around with thugs
Make a move with g's
I'm a stack my cheese
And I'm a sell my p's
Yeah, I'm from the A
A lot of B's and C's
That's Bloods and Crips
Can't forget GD's
Pause the track for a second
I just wanna say thank you
All this money I made
I don't wanna be ungrateful
My earrings ten kilos
I'm going crazy like Cee-Lo
Stack a whole bunch of zeroes
But don't go tell my P.O
My dope got a vertical
It jump from the free-throw
My kush got a real loud smell
You could smell the shit from Rio
Count a hundred in serial
Peanut butter interior
My jewelry game on Frigidaire
My watch cold as Siberia
Gucci Mane, is you serious?
Hell yeah, I'm serious
Red watch with the red chain
My diamonds on they period
I'm thugged out and I'm plugged in
These other niggas is suspect
Don't know who let all these scrubs in
My top down but I'm upset
All hundreds, got no change
He wanna change the subject
Millionaire with a mansion
But I came up in the projects
All the money I made
I don't wanna be ungrateful
Shout out to my blood
I wanna tell him thank you
Thank you for them drugs
Thank you for them bails
Thank you for them bricks
Got to use my scale
Got to check my pack

Got to run up my sacks
Got ballplayer money, nigga, check my stats
That's a well-known fact
I'm a cook it up like this
Work my wrist like that
Got a old-school in this black
Rapper and trapper, wear two hats
I got dirty money like Diddy
Need to wash them stacks with Ajax
Call me Gucci Mane, it's my city
Close the curtains in my Maybach
Diamonds dancing with the stars
Got 'em glancing at the ice
Pockets fat as Kelly Price
And I love selling white
Gucci!
[Hook]