

# The Left

Gucci Mane

The left, the left  
Leftie, hah

Please don't make me slap you with the left, the left  
You a fake so I'm gon' dap you with the left, the left  
I feel like I'm the last real nigga left, the left  
It's like I'm on an island by myself, the left  
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God please protect me if this shit go left  
Cause I can cook a kilo by my God damn self  
In the kitchen water whipping with the left  
I don't know Redman, but I know who got the meth  
I feel like I'm a one man BMF  
Cause I can lock a trap down by myself  
You waiting on Gucci to go broke, then hold your breath  
This shit ain't cut, it's raw, this shit gon' sell itself  
But don't let your right hand man know what your left hand doing  
My homeboys called the cops on me and I ain't even tripping  
But how you call yourself a G and hang around snitches?  
These niggas going left like crazy, acting like bitches

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Gucci Mane the leftie, pockets so hefty  
Wrist so fucking rocky I can't even take a selfie  
Right wrist glaring but my left hand glowing  
Limping, kicking, pimping like my left leg broken  
I offered her two thou, I tried to help her  
She took too long to come, that's why I left her  
I'm Gucci Mane, I eat millions for breakfast  
I came back in a 'Rari like I left some  
I'm in a droptop Rolls Royce I feel like I left some  
I got like 50 thou on me, who wanna fuck some?  
A lot of haters salty, feel like I left 'em  
But all the beefs that Gucci had, Gucci addressed them

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