

Volume

Gucci Mane

Gucci, scoochie,
OK, paper out, paper out

I'm so motherfucking turned up right now (volume)
Someone please turn Gucci Mane down (volume)
Bricksquad thugged out, we don't give a fuck (volume)
We hit the club, shoot the club, tear the club up (volume)
So you should hit the floor, get low and shut up (volume)
Hit the floor, get low and shut the fuck up (volume)
Yous a bitch, yous a snitch, you a motherfucking scrub (volume)
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I pulled up in a four door Porsche set tripping
Three young dread head niggas riding with me
I don't think they like me and I don't like 'em neither
But if they move wrong I'll red up they white beater
I do it for the hood, I do it like no equal
I do it for the red, black, yellow, white people
I just bought a kay, just the other day
And I don't play with grown men I don't like to play
I'm so motherfucking turned up right now
Niggas hating on me, I don't give a fuck right now
Well, you niggas keep on trying like the little engine that could
You think you can, you think you could, I think you pussies should

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Call me Gucci flocka flame, I then changed my name
Call me frenchie mane, la flare, gucc the kid -- it's all the same
I be running, gunning, stunting with 100 killers riding
You snitching, bitching, tattletale telling scared to stand beside me
I just bought another house just to hold my goons
So icy entertainment boy we just like a platoon
The colors in my chain remind me of a cartoon
I'll murk your boy in March baby find that boy the June
I wish they found him August so that's like tomuch too soon
His face was swoll and puffy about the color of a prune
Bricksquad movement and no you're not a part of it
Me waka and woo juice and frenchie mane started it

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Iced out bar, got me balling like the lakers

Homicide around the corner where you in Jamaica
My volume on max, you boys better run
Ima nigga with an attitude holding on the gun
17 niggas I left 16 hit, last nigga hit the corner, got his whole head split
Told you you're a goner, ima leave you dead quick
I'm like asalam-aleikum, left them ... prick
Wooh, the kid thugged out, we don't give a fuck
Let your soul meet the sole of the bottom of my chucks
Black car, black tint with the big tags, stay low to the floor
My midget out bag, my midget out the bag

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