

Walking Lick

Gucci Mane

Quiet
No man, I can't be quiet
Shit every time I talk that's brig fair
Holiday season bitch
Holiday
See that's twenty eight five right there ha ha
Mike Will made it
Yo Gucci
I know you looking like bout ten burns
We walk in the club nigger
You know this
Holiday season
Trap back baby
The streets is hungry
Let's go

80 grand in my Robin jeans
It's hot outside but I'm cooling it
Top on now but I'm losing it
Mind gone with a foreign chick
With a Tech-9, with a cooling kit
Had the black jeans with wings on em
Gucci shoes... No shoes strings!
Say every word mean two things
So the white girl is my boo thing
Cause all come in due time
I'm in a drop head at the blue flan
And I don't wanna see no new faces
Cause I don't like to learn no new names
I goto sleep in foreign places
Wake up count big faces
Stuff cash in suitcases,
Pillow cases I'm two faced

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Millionaire with True's on
I'm a stash house with shoes on
Put a million dollars in my new home
And a quarter million in my trap house
Put a half of mill in your bank account
You can serve dope in my zone

Cooking to work with them gloves on
So the jocks can get that grub on
I'm a OG with a capital letters
On capital add with white letters
In a 68' Camaro, no top on
I'm put together, I got salt and pepper
No Spinderella, Stupid cheese
That's Mozzarella Bust 'em open,
Put 'em back together
Then sell it to you ahead of schedule

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I heard the price tag on my head (flocka)
I'm a walking lick (flocka)
Nigga come and try
You gon end up dead bitch
(Uh huh) yeah road kill
My nigga they so for real
Twenty minutes from my hood
I don't need no house on the hill (Spank)
Reaching for my tech
Your mama better write your will
Shit gon get ugly my youngest pop bout two pills (ROLLING!)
Real nigga before and with this record deal
Me and Gucci Mane bitch we hard to kill.

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