

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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