

# Yet

Gucci Mane

Yet

My bitch ring cost 2 M&M's and I ain't been out a year yet  
My wrist is sick, its terminally ill, still ain't found a cure yet  
You burning all your bridges nigga I'ma call you bridgette  
You mad cause you ain't made a hit yet  
Someone come and stop GuWop ain't found a volunteer yet  
Trap rap influencing the world Gucci Pioneered it  
I just vacuum sealed a couple mill, I know real niggas feel that  
Gucci can't retire cause he ain't made a hundred mill yet  
Keep on talkin' slick, I send my shooters where you live at  
Pow pow pow, Put that pistol where your grill at  
Mama suckin' me like she love me  
I ain't even pay the bills yet  
I was worth two hundred fifty thou, didn't even had a deal yet

dickin' down, We ain't even done it yet  
He bought it 'fore I whip the shit  
Man I haven't even spun it yet  
Water in there  
Water whippin' it ain't even dry yet  
Quarter flippin, in the kitchen, workin' with the pyrex

They bring it to me  
The work ain't even came yet  
They got umbrellas out it ain't even rain yet  
Grr, that dog food and she can't find no vein at  
Grr, mob rules might tie you to a train track  
You leasing that ain't even got the title jack  
She peepin' that, thats why she didn't invite you back  
You got midget arms, you swing, I don't even fight you back  
You'se a lame, get no stripes for that  
Drop me in the jungle where the lions at (grr)  
I come back with a lion jacket with the matching hat (grr)  
I call you Raphael cause you hang with the sewer rats  
I can't hang with no informer, I'm too hood for that

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Skrt

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