

You Can Tell

Rocko

Yea nigga, you can tell nigga
can tell Im that guy nigga, yeah
can tell I got my sack right nigga
yeah, you can tell, you can tell

You can tell I'm a hustler
You can tell I got my muscle up
You can tell, it ain't hard to see, to see
You can tell, you can tell
You can tell, you can tell
You can tell
You can tell, I grind, I grind
You can tell by the way a nigga shine, I shine
You can tell, it ain't hard to tell
You can tell, you can tell
You can tell, you can tell

I quit that shit, I went legit, they hate that shit, I be like (fuck 'em)
They don't like me anyway, I say the same (fuck 'em)
The critics say too street, so they overlook the pimp
Give a damn, no, the promoters overbook a pimp
Plain campaign, streets vote for him
You can tell them bitches love him, they bust it all for him
I'm a Don for real, the real niggas fuck with him
You can tell a hater mad, but you know they stomp with him
Super cool, young nigga, born and raised in the gutter
Grew up selling butter, ey, free my brother, brother
You can tell them major labels don't give a fuck about no album
Never have, never will, still gone be a millionaire

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I got a house on the hills, but a room at the twelve
You can tell she with Gucci, she got diamonds on her nails
crack a seal, pop a pill, now I'm moving like a snail
I can tell you a player, drop a whale on the scale
East Atlanta on the map, shipping money in the mail
They call me Gucci Mane the player, but my shoes are Chanel
If I lose then I snooze, Gucci broke, bitch, April's fools
Is it the booze, or the jewels or the coupe on 22