

I'm from the G.A.D  
Pocket full of money getting live in the streets  
With a bottle of that Henny V.S.O.P  
Country mahfucka mouth full of gold teeth  
So bust down the blunt, wrap the THC  
That's 24 chrome on that Classic Caprice  
What you know about me? Not a goddamn thang  
Fatboy Mac I let my nuts hang  
I do it how I do cause it's just my thang  
You can hate if you want but I ain't gon change  
How you gon explain when I leave pop your brains  
Leave it on a curb till they wash off by rain  
When I'm in a booth man I'm high octane  
So tell Dr. Dre did it ain't no game  
Cause this documentary  
Yall gon remember me  
Hail to my enemies and fuck what they tellin' me  
To god take my energy  
Is always Henry

Getting into some shit  
And some day the click I have to deal with  
But when you all in your friend will come again  
Next thing you know you got gold in your grill  
Shawty Fatt! Would you bring the hook to the line?  
Put a fish in a trap from the cast of your mind  
Bake for the state AL to divine, specifically don't say it, abbreviate!

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Pocket full of money mouth full of gold teeth  
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CC Low what you know about me?

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Nada  
Non other than a brainiac on a track  
Perks be writing thugs, state ahead  
A new era of painted 'Lacs  
Rolling through the sentimental track  
Son, a ton of some of the biggest gunners will aim and snap  
My trained head  
Too many kaboose riders, man  
And I want my pennies back  
My dollars and my fenny sack  
You holla for real and complain cause you got it  
You want your pennies back?  
There is no beach in me  
Unless I mean South America on the coast noon  
With a sandy crack  
How could ever there be a dude with a handy bag  
That swings the pinpoint shot  
When I'm in attack  
Easy if you had practice how to lame an ass (ho)

Cause all my life I would send 'em back  
Train 'em how to act  
Their trainers on the track  
(Tsuhs tsuhs)  
But what is too true any bad?  
Annie Amy's brother and the son of a tainted dad  
With his pants hanging low  
Well, kenny sack  
In America as an old G, ass take wooded  
4000 years ago, Chief  
Wayne it's sad how you dissed me  
You owe me  
Respect me  
I'm godly!  
Like a black worder with a tombstone  
You will get faided  
And I ain't talking 'bout a growed ho

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Say momma: "There goes that man sitting in a Caprice on twenty douce fans"  
Gun in my hand looking like a hundred grand  
A hundred and one fans on a band wa-gon  
I kill it like I started  
The first bars were retarded  
Don't get me started  
Hardest, stay in a booth  
When I speak be the truth  
Alabama coming through  
Yelawolf, let me loose  
So I can tell it like the T.I  
Ill's cause he got skills  
Pushing up on a mill  
Mouth like "ill"  
South like trill  
One more time what it is?

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