

Dead Man

Young Scooter

Call me Gucci Mane when I'm on the stage with you
But call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol
You can call me Gucci guwap when I do a song with you
But don't walk up on me homes, I ain't finna blow no
strong with you
Got them young shooters with me they don't get along
with you
If you ain't get no money nigga what is wrong with you
And I can't tell your own, they must have the wrong
picture
I'm in the whip sippin' lean, with this very long
swisher
I drink promethazine and codeine and this apple juice
mixture
If you knew that you wouldn't do that I swear you would
not kiss her
Yous a Nicky Barnes ass nigga tryin to tell on Guy
Fisher
If a snitch was to die today I bet his hood would not
miss him

You's a dead man, playing games with the bread
You's a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man you're playing games with my bread
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man
Dead man, dead man, you's a dead man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

Five deuce, 4 tray 6 A
8 watches, 4 chains 6 rings
Pot Forks don't add the high cost
From coast to coast, I said numbers on the dope
Remix to you, you know I can sell you both 16-5
Prices lower then shawty low,
When I drive got my seat leanin low
Bricks inside gott'em stash in the door
Always road running, me and Gucci getting money fast
keep comin'
Try to trailer in the morning won't stop juggling
Every month I make 4 hundred, I'm a street nigga
I got rich off of junkies

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