

## Game "Wow"

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[Verse 1 - Game:]

My car, my bitch nigger, everything major  
My niggers they shoot like Indiana Pacers  
Indiana hoosers don't get more about the laser  
What your fucking team up, meaning [?]  
Red phantom pink slip, everything paid for  
Black 24's lips fatter than Fantasia's  
Had a bitch from Asia, put her up on the chronic  
And her name Su Woo, isn't it ironic?  
My bars Grey Goose and tonic and when I vomit  
Respect me like Muhammed, but nigger I'm not Islamic  
All about my profit, angel in the cockpit  
Devil in the rear view, heaven's the only option  
Angel on the hood like reverend runs [?]  
The day I'm feeling good riding in his holy ghost  
Hate me like I'm god's son wanna see you deceased  
Break the 6th commandment if you run upon this Jesus  
piece

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

Wow my whip like wow, I wish like chick like mic iced  
out  
My rims like wow, I'm smoking right now  
You prob say ow, cause my gun go pow  
Wow my whip like wow, I wish like chick like mic iced  
out  
My rims like wow, I'm smoking right now  
You prob say ow, cause my gun go pow, wow

[Verse 2 - Gucci Mane:]

Balling, like Amauri  
I'm not an athlete but it's a track beat  
I'm on a great run, the world love me  
So love to hate me, it's all gravy  
So icy, so [?] ice cream on my face it ain't your face  
nigger  
I'm on my grind constant, yeah my grind custom  
While you cross counters, we cross continents  
Yellow diamonds on my wrist it looking like an omelette  
I'm not a pumpkin, I trap [?]  
I got irons, squares for you  
Power for goons, prepare for you

So where the move blood i'm tattooed [?]  
I'm a straight thug, I keep a [?]  
So where the move blood i'm tattooed [?]  
I'm a straight thug, I keep a [?]

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

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[Verse 3 - Game:]

[?] we onto something major  
Chains, Gucci, light it up like Vegas  
Down goes Frasier, my shooters like [?]  
And we keep that new pain run when you see them  
lasers  
We bring them trailblazers smoking kush from  
Malaysians  
Still trapping like back then the iPhones were pagers  
Click clapping, what's happening 4 5 at you haters  
Keep yapping, I'm clapping, T.I. know we Takers  
Nigger I don't give a damn [?] cellophane  
Get your boss on your phone cause we don't fuck with  
middle men  
Hit your boss at your home fucking with my middle  
man  
Where I'm from it's off at your dome for just a kilogram  
Gucci they talking about that tattoo up your face  
Must of forgotten them boys you shot nigger murder  
was the case  
This summer is ours ain't a motherfucker safe  
And in a fall, I'm putting 5 mil in a fucking safe

[Chorus - Gucci Mane:]

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