

Gucci Mane

"Backseat"

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[Hook]

Man Iâ€™m riding round 1 deep
With that choppa on the back seat
Blat, blat, blat
And I ainâ€™t worry bout you fuck niggas, squad!
Man I ainâ€™t worry bout you fuck niggas,
Bow, bow, bow
I said Iâ€™m riding round 1 deep
With that choppa on the back seat
Blat, blat, blat
So I ainâ€™t worry bout you fuck niggas,
So I ainâ€™t worry bout you fuck niggas,

I got a 15 in the back of the seat
Knock your head out clean to the back of the jeep
And since Iâ€™m Gucci baby giving me the 3rd degree
Bitch I ainâ€™t nothing these rappers serve more jackers
than me
So much todayâ€™s hottest stars ainâ€™t got more money
than me
They told me Gucci step up your bars
I told em step up this cheese
Iâ€™m bout to really go sheae just like drew breeze my
nigg
And everytime I do a feature, 50 pounds of meat
Me and flocka twin choppas, we pop bottles and lick
I see your contract my nigga, that ainâ€™t no money to
live
Yeah you fucked up, down to sleep and under the
bridge
Iâ€™m eating good, fuck food, 60 bricks in the fridge,
itâ€™s Gucci!

[Hook]

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With that choppa on the back seat
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So I ain't worry bout you fuck niggas,
So I ain't worry bout you fuck niggas,

One deep in the gold just weed and a choppa
Make your frame came you that's the power of the
dollar
Your niggas wild, but my niggas wilder
Got an army of killers, no coing power
Extendos in my handguns, 100 rounds spent now 1
Shootin best friends and loved ones
We shootin nigga, no feel ones
Point a nigga out, we fill one
Can't walk a mile in my air ones
Hunned goons, I wish one
Put 50 bands in your grand son
Send a picture back with a ransom
I need a million dollars shawty is some
I'm the wrong nigga to put hands on
Down industry we hands on
I'm from clayton county, riverdale
Black ski mask, no clientelle
This jurrasic park, welcome to hell
You seen the threats we ring the bells
Front door, service, make 100 goons feel like no help
2 posy glocks till the barrel melt
Make your son feel the same pain I felt, bastard!

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So I ain't worry bout you fuck niggas,

Got green light a ratchet loss
You don't want my cancel bra
I smoke you but I don't know you bra
Bout to get your benzes up
I'm mannin up, embeddin up
Dummy don't get damaged up
I done did all kind of stuff
Selling dope, robbing stuff
Take your A... in my seat

Wishing a fuck nigga try me
Room full of killers move by me
And they move in silence
Getting head from a that's shiny
Couple killers behind me
All my niggas grimey
And you know where to find me

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