

Gucci Mane

"Big Cat"

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[Verse 1:]

Laborginis Ferraris & Bentleys we boats and jetskis
Cristal Don-P tha kush

The P.T. two facts about me bitch ask about me big cats
around me big stacks

Round big gats round me tha thrax round me purple
packs around me no sacks

Round me I smoke like marley I niggaz ride harleys I
hurt ya daughter feelings

Mrs.jackson I'm sorry I'm pimpin like goldie and ballin
like koby these haters

Get found thrown in the oppanoke yo bich she choose
me you mad she choose me

I'm glad she choose me she gave me her room key the
time on White St.

The time in D.C gucci tha ol' G they put me on T.V. I'm
gutta like B.G.

I'm reppin the B.C. the jealous ones envy 'cause it's
somethin against me

[Chorus: x2]

You fuck with me you fuck with them you fuck with them
you stuck with me big cat laflare

We don't fight fair big cat laflare na we don't fight fiar

[Verse 2:]

Got major flavor got major label got major niggaz
'cause we got major paper ball hard

Like we major league baseball players who is Sherley
Franklin 'cause Gucci Mane the mayor

I run the city I am the city Bad Boy but I never did sign
with Diddy I bake the cake

I make the cake 36 what I cop like jacob plat my team
the champs yo team the chumps

My squads the spurs hell yo suads the pumps unload
the pump unload the pump explode

The pump then reload the pump don't move the trunkl
you fit in the trunk you set in tha

Trunk til ya body stank like a shunk the city of thieves
drug dealers and G's my niggaz

Gamble all my niggaz smoke weed

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

My money got a mouth so I let it talk for me half a mill
worth of ice what it bought

For me I'm on tha bubble kush man that's a rich high I
order Cris by the case

I'm a rich guy I'm 25 but I ride like I'm 67 'cause when I
ride man I ride

With the mac 11 a quater pound worth of purple thrax
to smoke on so iced out

I think I need my coat on the young nigga with the
shades and the gold fronts

Why you stunt so hard you only live once I'm in the club
real high and I'm real drunk

I'm on my third bar and I'm on my eight blunt I'm leavin
with your girl with the pump

Right in the front with them 28's call Roy Dunes I'm
from East Atlanta boy this is

How it's done we rock them old school verses with the
Georgia sun

[Chorus x2]

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