

Gucci Mane **"Black Tee"**

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I rob in my black tee
Hit licks in my black tee
All in your house searchin'
For bricks in my black tee

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I hit the scene, black scene in an all black shirt
Black mask on my face leave all y'all murk
2 bricks, 20 stacks and 30 pounds of the Purp
In a niggas stash house scraight looking for the work

I'm a lick-hit nigga all I do is do dirt
Leave a red blood stain on your all white shirt
Gucci man so gutter, I steal money out your purse
Lay out in your yard, robbin' while you go to church

Ak-47 211 in my black tee I'm riddin' in my Chevy
Police heavy, they can't catch me, I rob in my black tee
I mob in my black tee switch up and change clothes
After the job in my black tee

Niggas don't even know me when I have on my black
tee
Murder me a nigga catch a cab on a back street
I ain't sellin' dope I'm in the lab in my black tee
I always pack a pistol for them crabs tryin' to jack me

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Yes, see that, I'm peepin' the scene in my black tee

With a black fitted cap and air max to match my black
tee
Fuck a white tee I look shady in my black tee
Getting licks and sending niggaz to Grady
In my black tee

Black joggin' pants but ain't no runnin' in my black tee
I'm in all black so I get more shine off my gold teeth
Ain't no hatin' 'cause real niggaz wear what they wanna
wear
The East Side never again niggaz and we never scared

I look mean in my black tee stacks in my black tee
Cadillac on Flats we tote gats in our black tee
Shine in my black tee Chevy on them 23's
Dependin' on how you live on the block for my enemies

Pull hoes in my black tee shawty says she like me
'Cause I move birdies and them feds try indite me
I heard it from amigo, escalades and condo
Black tees and reg talkin' shit to your stank hoes
Shine in my black tee tread on my gold tee
TBs and BBs I'm flosser than my army

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Be dressed off in my black tee fitted hat, black gat
And some Solja Ree's black rag, black mask
And a gold grill sometimes the mask come down
Do it all for the skrilla nigga might get shot

A nigga might get killed in my black tee
In your house, yeah nigga and I'm lookin' for those
keys
I hope I find them rubber bands stacked with them Gs
If we fire too much fuck it nigga, let him bleed

Never again let a nigga live that squealed on me
Let him know that I'm a hard head nigga from the East
With that anger inflict pain in my all black tee
Take him to the concrete count cha 123

No sympathy apology this is our philosophy
Gotta floss my black tee problems I don't have here
Scandalous to the last penny damage any cash
register
Switch back my hustle betta I'm thirsty for next level

With my finesse I bless the world in like 60 seconds
And oughta be paid I had to thank like 30 many backas
And at the eno don't see nuthin' but gin standing
Wit' a can it santan it movin' kind of

Skidzo I'll stand it with this shit
I could put the hump with skid slow
Go and see T boi and transform it
To a shipload

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