

# Gucci Mane "Bling Bling"

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## "Bling Bling"

(feat. Big Tank)

### *[Intro]*

Gucci Mane in the buildng (Gucci Gucci)  
Laflare entertainment (Laflare)  
Zaytoven on the track (Zay Tigggy)  
That nigga Dest in the buildin (that boy Dest)  
Bad Boy in this motherfucker (Bad Boy)  
Big Cat in this motherfucker (Big Cat)  
Is Laflare in this motherfucker? (That boy Gucci)  
Yuh

### *[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

I got your budget on my neck, your deal on my wrist  
Your whole entire life savings on my pinky nigga  
Bling bling bling bling (bling bling bling bling)  
Bling bling bling bling (bling bling bling bling)

### *[Gucci Mane]*

See I'm smokin on some bubba kush, come from  
California  
Funky like yo' daddy feet is stankin like ammonia  
Now I got his plug with this {?} in Arizona  
When I touch Atlanta they gon' tell my telephoner  
Trap niggaz, rap niggaz, wish they could clone us  
Icy cause I dig blue blue big bails of marijuana  
Trappin has advanced from just standin on the cornah  
Violators haters will be turned to organ donors  
Chillin in the V.I., sippin on Corona  
I'ma get some head with this this bitch like this Patrona  
Stop playing games girl cause I don't condone 'em  
If you want some work don't come before like it's a  
zoner  
Fifteen inches but my rims they some grown-ups  
Sucker for a minute now a nigga has done blow up  
Check my BDM's, look at my spins, daily goin up  
Check, check my spins, daily goin up

### *[Chorus]*

### *[Verse 2]*

Check I'm out the Folia, foolin with that Scorpion  
It's mess when that bad chick stride off the rodeo  
Smokin on the fire, got desire, do the holy crescent  
If you ain't poppin no bottles right now (bruh ain't  
reppin)  
I'm the freshest from dirty, Westside rollin close to {?}  
From the alley, habits, might die from a overdose  
On a mission my vision, clouded by the paper  
Crooked, took it, cut it, shave it with the razor  
Even miss my bread and butter, I ain't gettin offended  
Run it not in my budget, I ain't got to share it  
Who's your man? Like it, love it, not to want to play it  
{?} on them thugs, money on the table  
Who who play in the club? You fuckin with the mayor  
I'll be damned, fresh in the mud, put you on the payroll  
What'chu want? Say what you want, it's all about me  
We get high and run in the hood, you fall around me

*[Chorus]*

*[before third verse]*

Big Tank, Big Cat  
Let's get it in nigga  
Uhh

*[Big Tank]*

I show you how to do this here, keep a light bluish ear  
Sixty on them frightening, so you don't excite me  
Haters don't like me, and I don't like you either  
You mad cause I'm stacked up, and you underachiever  
You see the plat' Amex, you still fuck with Visas  
Vietnam, Cakalak, niggaz throw the V's up  
Nigga roll the trees up, what the fuck you waitin on?  
We talkin 'bout this money, so go on make a hatin song  
Gucci's on my feet, but my jeans look like dollar signs  
'cicles on my teeth, so I'm talkin money all the time  
G's I'ma follow mine, you don't want no part of mine  
Chopper in the back'll have you leapin like Impala signs  
Big Tank, Big Cat, nigga what you know about it?  
Sittin in the booth, and they told me bring the flow up  
out it  
Go getter fo' sho' about it, money over e'rythang  
Stackin up this paper 'til it's higher than a airplane

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro]*

Uhh

