

Gucci Mane

"Bring Them Things"

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[Intro]

Aye, yeah, boy!

Aye, yeah!

Aye, yeah, boy!

Aye, yeah!

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

How Iâ€™m goinâ€™ crazy, crazy? Bitch, I get it
These bitches poppinâ€™ mollies like the hippies in the
sixties

Bring your ass to East Atlanta, I donâ€™t do deliveries
Iâ€™m charginâ€™ like Iâ€™m Tony Montana, the homes
ainâ€™t killinâ€™ no children

Top of Savannah with blue New Balances
and bricks all under the building

Homegirl said Iâ€™m the man gettinâ€™ money,
But I ainâ€™t seen a nigga, I missed it

New Lambo and Iâ€™m sittinâ€™ real low, slidinâ€™ around
without my ceiling

Used to be my hoe, you can have that hoe

My nigga, I ainâ€™t got no feelings

â€™Fore I started rappinâ€™ Gucci Mane was sellinâ€™ dope
Her brother wanna meet me but Iâ€™m still sayinâ€™
â€™noâ€™

Call my phone again, Iâ€™mma have to tell him â€™goâ€™
Two-hundred squares, a hundred pairs, whatâ€™s your
price? Low?

[Hook: Yung Fresh]

Bring them things in â– bring them things in
When you come in, make sure you have them
dividends

Hope you got a whole bunch of hundreds so I can
easily count it

Man, Iâ€™m goinâ€™ hard, summertime, dude forge a
mountain

How you doinâ€™? Iâ€™m goinâ€™ stupid, goinâ€™ dumb,
bitch

Iâ€™m a Zone 3, nigga, you know Iâ€™m on that slum shit
And my nigga from that Six, and he jugglinâ€™ all them
bricks

And he fuckin' with your French, and they know the streets is back

[Verse 3: Chief Keef]

Johnny Dame on my wrist, cost 'bout a couple bricks
Got Vellanos on my whips, Forgiatos on my whips
Got the 40 on my hip, with 'bout 50 in the clip
Hit the kitchen, hit the strip - grab some pounds and some zips
If the block sellin' here, hit your block, let it rip
Give me top in that Six, bitch, my watch very clear
And my pockets very fat, and I stay spendin' racks
Spend them stacks, get it back, twelve chickens in the back
'Migos meet me in the front, bitch, this ain't what I want
Try to play me like a punk, my niggas'll leave you slumped
'Migos meet me in the front, bitch, this ain't what I want
Try to play me like a punk, my niggas'll leave you slumped

[Hook: Yung Fresh]

[Verse 3: Yung Fresh]

Juugin' off them millions, on the table, hit the city
Man, we got cameras in the front, receivin', backin' in
When you come in, make sure you have them hundreds, then...
We count dividends, only conversatin' if you spend
Super-charged, straight A, charge it, see it on them rims
Hit you fuckin' head in, you been a real nigga when
If you wanna buy ten, come and buy thirty-six
Charge 'em thirty-two nicks, that's a five for the dry
Benz top circumcised and you know the body wide
Glock 9 on my thigh, hidden right between, I...
Young, fly street nigga, bitch, I'm from New Jack City
Have a temper around women, if you want it, come get it (fresh)

[Hook: Yung Fresh]

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