

Gucci Mane

"Burr"

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Drumma Boy
SOD Brick Squad

Chorus

Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr
Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr
Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr
Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr, Burr

Gucci

Drama, Gucci, Soulja
You wanna visit Gucci world girl here's a brochure
want a cold watch, make yur wife say burr
Goth balls in my ear like Burr Burr Burr
Got a rari with the engine in the rear, look at here
Shinin harder than yu partna, Red Air max match the
cardinals
You my son, I'm yur father, This a Trap style on the
other
So its poppin, ***** I'm so OJ okay
Im so Waka Flocka fuck it, I might smoke in front the DA
I'm so Gotti i might buck it, three two drops so I'mma
feel like fuck it
you a crab still in the bucket, Got a 6 K show in
Kentucky
Run upon a kid, and yu won't be lucky, might be around
then yu will be unlucky
38 revolver in the club, try Brick Squad and this shit get
ugly

Soulja Boy

Swagg, Swagg, Swagg
Swagg, Swagg, Swagg
Swagg, Swagg,
Swagg,

Soulja Boy off in this hoe, Im gon roll up all the dro

Gucci on the passenger, The Ferrari is painted woh!!

Boy yu already know, The yellow diamond browling boy
50 stacks plus 100 stacks a hunned racks i hit destroy
I aint for that fuckin pain, bitch yu know my name
Swang Swang with the Gucci Mane mane yu know i let
my chain hang
i'm gon do my thang Soulja boy gon Bling
Bling bling bling and i let it Burr!! all off in yur ear
Disappear, bitch yu hate on me, Mane yu fake on me
And its like a master piece the way my artists tatt on
me
tatted on my chest, tatted on my neck mane yu know its
like
I think I'm DJ Khaled, cuz we the fuckin Best

Yo Gotti

Cheaa!!
Cheahh!
I amm!!
Yo Gottiii
White bracelet so ignorant, the yellow one and match
kit
Cold hearted nigga, and i run around with lunatics
They be on some shootin shit, I be on some neutral shit
Since I got some soldiers, oh so i might as well jus
used them shits (Burr!!)
Left his body cold, you know the story go
Nigga disrespect a king, left him fulla bullet holes
(Burr!!)
Shawty go with it,
work the pole with it
Magic city money,
touch yur toes with it (Burr!!)
Rubber bands snap (Burr!!),
Money flowin up (Burr!!)
Money flowin down (Burr!!),
They just bagging up (Burr!!)
Half a million ones, (Ones!!)
thats a lotta papers (Burr!!)
Couple hunned guns, ready for the haters

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