

Gucci Mane

"First Day Out"

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I'm starting off my day with a blunt of purp,
No pad cake just a cup of sirrup,
Baking soda pot and a silver fork,
You already know it's time to go to work,
I'm back off in the kitchen workin with a chicken,
You get 63 grams for like 12 50,
50 pounds of purp, 50 pounds of midgy,
As soon as it's gone I sell another 60,
My baby need some shoes my aunty need a purse,
Summer comin real soon so I need a vert,
I hop up out that van with a duffle bag,
And if a nigga try me I'm a buss his ass,
I'm counting up money in the living room,
Birds everywhere I call it the chicken room,
Pills in the cabinet, pounds in the den,
Attic full of good basement full of Benjamins,
Two AK-47s and a blow torch,
Couple junkies knocking hard on my front porch,
A couple old schools in my back yard,
If I don't know ya I'm a serve you thru my burgling
balls,
Gucci back bitch, Yea I'm back bitch,
Did you miss me? I miss my raps bitch,
This that new shit, that county jail shit,
That seventh floor right street straight out a cell shit,
You on my shit list, I'm on the Forbe's list,
Since I'm a rich nigga, I need a rich bitch,
I gotta sick wrist it cost bout six bricks,
I'm on that slick shit, that zone 6 shit

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