

## Gucci Mane

### "Get The Doe Feat Rocko"

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[Featuring: Rocko]

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

It's iced out shawty  
Your bitch wanna fuck with me, I don't doubt it  
Gucci Mane show man, the club so crowded  
Got a mean watch on me, cost a cool 140  
I'm the center of attention, watch these hoes stand  
round me  
I took a picture with your bitch, I don't know why you  
allowed it  
We check the strong pack in, yeah my kush is the  
loudest  
And my name ring bells, different countries and  
counties  
They had a bounty on my chain, how the fuck they  
found it  
I blow so much purp that I can't stay grounded  
6's on my skraight 8 Jeep, yea it's mounted  
A nigga say he jack me, how the fuck that sounded

[Hook: Gucci Mane]

200 cash, that's on the floor  
I got 100 bands going out the door  
Bitch kiss my ass, fuck them foes  
I'm hustling hard baby, gotta get the doe  
200 cash, layin' on the floor  
I got 100 bands going out the door  
Kiss my ass, bitch fuck them foes  
I'm hustling hard bitch, I gotta get the doe

[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

I'm hustling hard, bitch I gotta get the doe  
I'm Coca Cola sellin' soda, whippin' it in the bowl  
I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm flippin', I'm  
shittin' like on the commode  
I'm sackin', I'm freezin', I'm flippin' that Cola, you  
niggas be sellin' your soul  
This here shit is gettin' crazy, niggas are gettin' bold  
If niggas will tell on they mama, they hit the fan, they  
act like hoes

I'm goin' my loop with steel-toed boots, so niggas can't  
step on my toes  
I'm cockin' my pistol and smoking these swishers, I'm  
bout to lose control  
I'm workin that show like I'm flippin that dope, my  
pockets are super swole  
Ride through the trap and I got that scrap, don't know  
who's friend or foe  
These niggas'll blow your head, I'll just pour a ounce of  
blow  
And since you ran off with a brick then watch this stick  
blow off your nose

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rocko]

Soon as I enter, pussy niggas exit  
Ball like the arena, go home with all that flexin'  
Real street niggas in your area, we ain't goin' for it, we  
dare ya  
F'in Glock carrier, we gon' bury ya  
All the bitches hysterical, they know how I kick it  
Sat watchin' ass nigga, you ain't come to spend it, why  
the fuck you here  
Poor hustlin' ass nigga, 100 bands in my ear  
On the left and right pocket, 50 bands in my rear  
Born champion, gladiator, conquered all my fields  
Been alive for 30 years, I been getting money for 20  
year  
I'm with Gucci, that my brother from another mother  
Brothers of the same struggle, still in the trap house,  
we so gutter

[Hook]

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