

Gucci Mane "Hell Yeah"

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This that shit that get yo kids rich, hell yeah
Hundred bags of that kush shit, hell yeah
This that President Bush shit, hell yeah

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This that arm on my kush shit
My girlfriend think she President Bush, bitch, hell yeah
And I'm gon' off that lean shit
My brotha Duke keep on sendin' me that green shit

Fuck jail, Gucci time and I'm hood rich
I'm in that zone 6 and I throw it like the first pitch
My yellow 'Rari in the front and I parked it
A black chick in some heels, match the carpet

I'm pullin' up to the club like I own it
Ain't with that bullshit, Gucci don't condone it
My tolerance get low with the flexin'
I woke up, bought my main chick a Lexus

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I be the Brick Squad youngin', stankin' like a funyan
All these otha rap niggas toed like a Bunyan
I'm B-S and you B-S but I'm Brick Squad and you
bullshit
Pistol like a Chaperon, we goin' on a school trip

Places that you never seen blowin' on that stupid green

Rollin' on a stupid beam, hit the scene in Limousine
Codine, promthzine, diamonds I'm my pinky ring
Nigga, what the fuck you mean? Brick Squad dream
team

I got money to blow, naw, I ain't drizzy
Money make the world go round, that's why I'm dizzy
Standin' behind Gucci flock, they like, "Who is it?"
Slim dunkin' in this mothafuck, cut the chicken

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It's big Gucci, excuse me while I ball
Until my release, my nigga, no lights out, lights out
Creep on in silence, why do I pull more violence?
We're non-violent

While my tatoos smilin' to remind me
Of the time they robbed me with no problems
Now my problems solved and they rovolvin' around
All these [Incomprehensible]

Stretch from here to Compton, to Bouldacrest
[Incomprehensible]
That's somethin' to those who have nothin'
No bluffin', Brick Squad no, cuffin'

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