

## Gucci Mane "Hoes"

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Gucci, gucci  
What's up corey  
Back in the trap!  
Heavy, real heavy, it's so heavy, heavy, real heavy  
Gucci, gucci, gucci, gucci,

Heavy, real heavy, it feels heavy,  
Somebody help me,  
My neck hurt, my chain heavy,  
Heavy, door heavy, flow heavy,  
Gucci bag full of cash, it's so heavy,  
Listen, I can't land it, I go get it,  
My ego gettin too big, it's too heavy,  
My head gettin too big, it's so heavy,  
Somebody help me, took all this cash it's too heavy.

My bitch say everytime she look up I'm bout to do a  
cook up,  
I told he if she know like I know she will shut the fuck  
up,  
Introduce color the soda and I said yall need to hook  
up,  
I pimp that white girl like a mother fuckin hooker,  
I took 300 out my stash and I went and bought a  
phantom,  
I need some toilet paper, I'm the shit in east atlanta,  
On a 90 day tour so my niggas really miss me,  
I couldnt kick it with them so I took my whole hood with  
me,  
And I just got out of jail, ya they tried to michael vick  
me,  
I gave my lawyer half a mill and told him come and get  
me,  
I'm not wit g-unit but this drum here cost me 50,  
This chain another 50 plus a hundred of you snitches.

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I'm so confused, don't have a clue, man, what to do.  
Should I rob him, or should I serve him, you know the  
rules,  
I keep miami heat, got more scrap then a gun show,  
Run up on the kid, I have you moarning like alonzo,  
Try me if you want to, I send my shooters pronto,  
I know u die, but hell I don't know where you gotta go,  
Run up on me wrong, try your luck, cause I don't think  
so,  
This four four that I told a libra, whole size of a pot  
hole.  
Yeah I got amigo, but they don't bring metacco,  
Only bring me kilos, but keep that on the d lo.  
I'm getting my tip fade cut, bouldercrest, and flat  
show,  
Wish a nigga would run up on me like I'm brisco.

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Uh well I think I need a hundred pack, and I aint even  
finished,  
I'm I'm in this deuplex in the 6, I only use the kitchen,  
I'm the same with my grinder post, yeah I got big bags  
of smoke,  
You fuck niggas don't call my phone unless you wanna  
buy some dro,  
I got birds like atlanta zoo, bitch you a fool,  
I got goons like a scary movie, yeah that is true,  
And I change cars like a rich white girl change shoes,  
Gotta go, go get get them the money, little cuz wanna  
duce,  
And I was holdin under 32, 2002 you know it's true,  
Bought em a sun valley jacob, me and juice, you know  
the crue.  
I got money stacks credential, now still aint spent old  
bred,  
If you wanna gladly pour some change on your own  
head.

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Heavy!

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