

Gucci Mane

"I Shook Them Haters Off"

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(Chorus)

I shook dem haters off, I shook dem haters off, I shook
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off,

(Verse 1)

I'm the type a guy hit the studio smokin dro
And your the type a guy in the O wit nan to smoke
Now I'm the type a guy hit the club and I make it rain
And your the type a guy like Cat buy me a chain
I'm the type a hit park and drop my top
And your the type a guy baby mamma at da bus stop
Now I'm the type a guy swing on you soon as I see you,
You got on dem dickies I got on dem evisu's
I'm the type a guy keep money cuz I be HUSTLIN
Your the type a guy I use to pay to tow my luggage,
And your the type a guy hit the mall but window
shoppin,
Gucci can I be yo hype man HELL naw you Garbage,

(Chorus)

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off,

(Verse 2)

Your the type a Bitch old as hell still tryna rap,
And I'm the type a nigga young as hell an I run the trap,
Now your the type a freak say lick your Georgia PEACH,
You married to a lame and dat lame don't wont no
BEEF,
Now he the type a nigga that a old lame ass Bitch a

want,
Aint never drank no beer aint Never rolled no Blunt
Now she the type a gurl aint got no ass on her back
No kurt aint got no money I heard she fuckin cat
Now japes the kinda guy go both ways think I don't
know
I heard he fuckin kurt in ass on the D-Lo
Now japes the kinda guy tell you, you gon make
millions
But he's a petifile on the low he fuck his children

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

Now your the type of guy put a soldier rag on yo stuff
But let a nigga black yo eye nigga at yo prom
Now your the type a guy rap about it but you don't live it
And I'm the type of guy catchin charges bout to go to
prison
Your the type of guy and find your old jersey
You say you got money but your ones are dirty
Now your the type I look at like my lil sister
A nigga black yo eye n you, you had a pistol
Your the type all ways talkin bout pimpin
You claim you from bankhead but really yo ass from
griffin
Your the type of guy who never gon be shit
If I gave you 3 dollars I know you'd suck that dick

(Chorus)

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