

## **Gucci Mane**

### **"It's Alive"**

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My pocket all swell', my rims all chrome  
When I hit the club everything goes  
Bottles in the air, put your lighters in the air  
But when I'm in here, I don't really care

'Cause I ride on 'em, plus, I style on 'em  
Yes, I lean on 'em, yes, I flash on 'em  
Yeah, I know, that's the way you like it, huh?  
Yeah, that's the way you love me, hon'

It's alive, it's alive, rounds cured the eyes  
I had to bring the bitch back like Frankenstein  
I push weight but Gucci don't exercise  
I get extra whipped cream for them eskimo pies

I'm in the 'hood like the mayor 'round election time  
Here's a suggestion: don't park your car next to mine  
I'mma start when the light hit, I 'posed to shine  
Your flow is garbage, they let me out just in time

They got a section but none of the ho's are fine  
They need to exit, don't let the grind pass you by  
I run laps 'round lames with my shoes untied  
I jump the line, walk in, and watch the crowd divide

Still stuck outside, that's the ugly side  
Looked Medusa in the eye and Medusa died  
This is top secret shit, classified  
Don't blame me, Swizz was the mastermind

I can't breathe, can't breathe, Toni Braxton time  
I got a chain moonwalkin', Michael Jackson time  
I keep on buying ice like I lost my mind  
This bloodline of mine is supposed to shine

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Hurry up, hurry up Gucci on the news  
They say he walked out the jail rockin' stupid jewels  
They tryin' to find out what it do, admit it, you confused  
Too much cash on me, hundreds fallin' out my trous'

My yellow wrist, bright as piss, bitch, on the shit  
Big Gucci called Swizz, let's make a hit  
Two thing in this world I ain't ever seen  
Are you a foreigner, nigga? I need to help me get mimi

I hope you suffocate, me told her, baby, let me breathe  
'Cause I don't chase nothin' but paper, bitch, you're  
chasin' me  
Excuse my French, but this is Gucci, I'm so fucking  
gutter  
It don't make no sense to switch for any of these  
motherfuckers

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Somebody said my life is it  
I said nah dog, my wife is it  
Now I'm back, back on 'em like I never, never left  
Plus the boy right here, I'm fresh to death

Woo, Christians on my feet  
See, I can't fall for Suzuki jeeps  
Now I'm jumpin' off decks  
Don't worry about the haters, they gonna be upset

And the Black Card in my back pocket  
The Conaseg lookin' like a speeder rocket  
Yeah, I'm zoomin' on the highway  
And you should love me, I did it my way

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