

Gucci Mane

"Jack Boyz"

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[Chorus:]

I'm fucked up!
You fucked up!
Selling Niggers where's your stash
You just blew your luck!
Jack boys on your ass put your chain on top,
I ain't talking about a name but my
I'm fucked up!
You fucked up!
Telling Niggers where's your stash
You just blew your luck!
Jack boys on your ass put your chain on top,
I ain't talking about a name but my

For big Gucci OJ
I put the cross on
For now it comes the thunderstorm
Couple Niggers down to murder for a couple strikes
Brick squad, brick squad, everything is brick squad
Seein a bitch nigga dead make my dick hard.
Is only one word I can't take is the fear.
I'm dying for my Niggers!
My Niggers die for me!
Like a midget to a train. ain't no stopping me
No!
I'm writing for my Niggers!
My Niggers write for me!
I'm my brother's that we got is real.

[Chorus x2]

I'm not the bad Niggers or the biggest one
But if you beat us, son,
I get a bigger gun!
I walk a lot of jewels
And plus a lot of tools
I make a lot of shops
I make some mortal soup.
It's such a beautiful day,
To put my diamonds on display
Black and yellow diamonds catchin sun rays on a

sunday.
You're a man or a mouse?
He's a fucking mouse!

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