

Gucci Mane "Pills"

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[Chorus:]

[Mac Bre-Z:] Is you rollin [x3]

[Gucci:] Bitch I might be [x3]

[Mac Bre-Z:] Girl he geeked up [x3]

[Gucci:] Bitch I might be [x3]

Yeeaaaaahhh!

[Verse 1:]

East Atlanta slum man is where I come from

Pass that bubble thrax and put this bean on your tongue

Now everything was gravy til your bitch came in

Bout the same time that that thang kicked in

Now she aint really pretty but she got a nice body

Im geeked up thinkin this Buffie The Body

Aint your name lil Trina cause you look like Janet Jackson

Im off three double stacks and I'm lookin for that action

Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowin

Ridin in my drop but I dont know where I'm goin

On two eighty five I keep ridin in a circle

The inside of my ride smellin like a pound of purple

Gucci is your time give me five more minutes and a

cold orange juice cause I'm really really trippin

Went to the strip club and request that I'm da man

The next thing you know I was throwin rubberbands

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Shawty tellin me she aint neva suck no dick

Neva took a pill or neva ate a bitch

You a lie but I aint gonna get upset right now

But I wish I had a lie detector test right now

You say you marry well bitch you might be

But I bet your husband aint Icy like me

She stand on B.C. in my ashy black tee

When dem dope man nikes and dem jore ass jeans

I dont pay her but I still keep that thrax on me

Imma the shit in East Atlanta baby ask about me

Pop one pop two two halves thats three

Aint no waffle house baby hell I cant eat
Gucci hood like your hoodman hes so extreme
Wearin doces in the club cause you kno the boy geeked
Top the top on that thang let you see my seats
We've been rollin rollin rollin we aint slept in weeks

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Gucci Mane ? nigga get your mind right
Or a crys by the twelve like a case of budlight
Sell a cush by a bell so you kno might shit tight
See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight
Im high like Fabo hood like Shawty
So tell me when to go like my name E-40
A rich rock star nigga I'm gonna party
Got a party pack of pillz thats at least bout 40
Ill pour dem in your hand like a bag of jelly beans
Take two of these pillz call me in the morning
Fifty thousand pillz man I'm so real
Three dollars for a pill thats a damn good deal

Ay wassup Gucci Mane. Why you sweatin so hard? Is
you rollin or somethin.

Shit well baby I might be. But got damn what is you
doin.

You jockin a playa. You ch-Chewy ova here right.
Look I aint K-Rab baby You know what I mean I'm not a
piece of Bubblegum.

What I'm doin is not your business. But matta of fact
while you ova here is you a waitress or somethin?
Cause the shit you got on make you look like you a
waitress. So do what you do iight.

Imma give you this hundred dollars. Go get you what
ever you drankin.

Bring me and click about ten of dem orange juices, five
crunk juices nd we'll be straight how bout that.

And is you straight is you single or is you marry.

Cause I might be, Bitch I might be,

Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be YEEEEAAAAAHHH

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