

Gucci Mane

"Pillz - Big Tank, Gucci Mane"

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[Chorus:]

Mac Bre-Z:Is you rollin (repeat 3 times)
Gucci:Bitch i might be(repeat 3 times)
Mac Bre-Z:Girl he geeked up(repeat 3 times)
Gucci:Bitch I might be (repeat 3 times)
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 Im lookin for that action
Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowin
Ridin in my drop but I dont know where Im 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 im really really trippin
went to the strip club and request that im 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 lcy 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 Im 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 Im 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 Im 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. Aand 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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