

Gucci Mane

"Scholar"

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[Intro:]

The legendary DJ Scream
The legendary Gucci Mane
The young legend DJ Spinz
And this Trap God 2 nigga

I guess run cool you a game but you just a fuckin lame
I can put you up on something but you still wouldn't
learn nothing
You know the game is to be sold man, it not for you
lames man
(Can't just give that shit to you nigga)
I spent half of my life nigga sellin crack cocaine
(... in this shit nigga)

[Verse 1:]

I'm a victim of the dope game, I don't like to name
names
I don't like the main drop, I just like cocaine drop
All I do is drop top, man I'm so goddamn high
If you got a old car then go get a new one
If you don't got no strap go and get yo 2 gun
Got a bitch so fine with me, she make me wanna do
some
I told her baby call me Mr. Never Ever Use A Coupon
Baby got that slow tone, my trap like a group home
I'm bad with niggas but I'm good with bitches
Man Gucci Mane so superstitious
I like the riches, no pot to piss in
Three years going I ain't seen no Christmas
Six months going I ain't seein no drop
Work so good it don't ever get slow
Putting bar doors on all my houses
I'm a put hardwood on all my floors

[Hook:]

Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover
Pimp nigga ain't turning shit down but my damn collar
Police running at me tryna snatch me by my damn
collar
Gucci Mane ain't never graduate but I'm a trap scholar

Talk a bitch, drag a bitch so bad I need a damn cover
Pimp nigga ain't turnin shut down but my damn collar
Police man be chasin, wanna grab me by my damn
collar
Gucci Mane didn't graduate, but guess what, I'm a trap
scholar

[Verse 2:]

Hit the club I'm clean as hell but yea I got them 30
dollars
Drag a bitch so bad I need a goddamn dog collar
Pull up in 3 Phantoms like I'm crib flow damn dollars
And if your bitch with me, no need to call, don't even
bother
Limpin, screamin, pimpin, turn my trap to a damn
brothel
Need these pieces on my Charger, tryna dodge every
pothole
You ain't gotta worry bout yo bitch cause yo boys got er
Said she want some dick, then guess what she gon get
a whole lotta
Nothing but I think I need a goddamn El Dorado
Big face Rollie keep it rolling, fore I leave ya holy moly
I'm golden, call me Goldie
Can't none of these fuck niggas hold me
I'm a young nigga but a OG
I'm about to turn me into the old me
And no OC, I could OD cause I drink so much damn
codeine
I'm solo, no codeine
And this Mac11s my homie
I'm up ain't talkin bout mollies
I'm up ain't talkin bout coffee
I don't give a damn about you nigga and don't give a
damn about the police

[Hook:]

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