

Gucci Mane

"Servin No 2"

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I think I had one too many blunts today
Too many bills, now Iâ€™m jump today
I drank a pint of lean so I wasted mine
I got the gangsta air nigga, you can taste it mine

Iâ€™m swerving, Iâ€™m swerving
All of my niggas be serving
Pull up to the curb, curb serving
Wutchu want?
Wutchu want nigga? We workin
Iâ€™m servin, Iâ€™m servin
Come through with my Bentley, Iâ€™m swerving
Hoes say I look better in person
Maybach, Iâ€™mma close the fuckin curtains

Whatâ€™s happenin, hah
Scoo up, legend
Ha!
Shout out to zone 6
Speak Gucci ah
Dollars here so up
You see me
I know you hear me
That strong here
I know you smell me
Yall niggas are fuck niggas
I know you tell em
And I donâ€™t ease em cuz Iâ€™m a failure

Touchdown on niggas, see there where the pass at
What a pass that you make a nigga laugh black
Need a pass for yo nigga, youâ€™ll get blasted
You just a midgrade nigga like my last pet

Iâ€™m just a money making nigga, you can call ash
You ainâ€™t on me to follow you neither way on yo anklet
test chick
I got so much money I left em all with every damn feel
And for the compass raise your arm up then you make
a ball fist
They move my nigga so far away cuz they said he was

high risk

Before any come down to see him well they can pay

they damn rent

And now he frustrated, incarcerated, got us all tested

And they before tried to give me 40, Iâ€™mma jump the
damn face

Iâ€™m chargin 39 hundred â€™fore I got them bags in here

8-50 you know I got that swag in here

I got that Mexican weed, them bricks you know that
trash shit

And all you gotta do is drive this shit to after

Brick Squad in this bitch, we know for takin

I got a couple more, thatâ€™s where they gonna make it

Iâ€™m a star, Bassavella de la Gasta

And Iâ€™m a multimillionaire but Iâ€™m for Costa

These niggas tryna hold me back

Burner king never hold me back

Gucci Mane Iâ€™m all geared up

And I walk round, Iâ€™mma get missed out

Walk around with these thug pass

Damn my nigga that my bad bitch

That you broke some damn face

Have some change that I had

You feel bad but Iâ€™m not sell

You could talk trash but I moved on

Three homes, ten phones

Tell me where did it go wrong

All the money that I have

Aka thatâ€™s my stash

Nigga try to take my cash

Bet this nigga gon die fast

50 bands and the brand new pants

Take 5000 and I wipe my ass

Gucci Mane fear no man

Iâ€™m a tough guy like yo man

Mojo my right hand

And you nigga was our dope man

RIP to my dope man

Know his liquor down form head down

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