

Gucci Mane

"Spread The Word"

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[Intro:]

Lex Luger

Lex Luger

Is Gucci

Burn

Holiday Season

Hey

I'll just remain out here

Gotta get it

Price or G

Holiday Season nigga

[Verse 1:]

When it's winter time I fly to where is summer time

Spend my honey granted any given time of day

So much cash on me you think I robbed an armored truck

Smoking kush from a twelve like we don't give a fuck

Want some trap shit you came to the right place

In a V state traffic in this canny grapes

I'm a king I swear that I should play for Sacramento

Holiday Season

Treat my cars just like my house with curtains on my window

So much codeine in this ride it look like Pepto-Bismol

Miss me when I load that gospel and it at your window

They say my diamond chain is ear they say that I'm a sicko

Made a hundred thousand dollars standing like a sea goat

You busting up and you see crystals sparkling in the mirror

And I never stopped jiggig nigga 'cause I'm not a quitter

And when I hit the club I hit it with a bunch of killers

[Chorus:]

My mama gave birth to a trap boy, trap boy

Then trap boy then turned into a dope man, dope man

Gucci man the flayer I got all money, all money

And I'm a be a hustler as old man, old man

This one dedicated to the dope boys
Price so low I'm at a loss for words
I know you nigga heard I got them joyner birds
20 25 Nigga spread the word
Holiday Season Nigga

[Verse 2:]

Come with me you know I got the Charlie Sheen
Hiding pins so purple that's alot of lean
Got 2000 pounds of swag like I cut the grass
He said alright Kruger snatched me but that made me
last
So many bend rose in my rally park about to bust
Walking trough the mall and smelling like a pound of
kush
I got thirty grant on me and a.40 Cal
I'm in a Louie V store signing autographs
My flow takes me saying gish can
I tested bet my nigga I'll be on my way
I'm selling most skilled that's fine digger
Got a bow bed rolling like twin kids
And ain't no broke niggas coming to my house
Got that white girl call her Amy Winehouse
Old school cellphone costs a town house
Better bring 'em pounds before I bring the 9 out

[Chorus:]

My mama gave birth to a trap boy, trap boy
Then trap boy then turned into a dope man, dope man
Gucci man the flayer I got all money, all money
And I'm a be a hustler as old man, old man
This one dedicated to the dope boys
Price so low I'm at a loss for words
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20 25 Nigga spread the word
Holiday Season Nigga
My mama gave birth to a trap boy, trap boy
Then trap boy then turned into a dope man

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