

# Gucci Mane

## "We Live This"

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### "We Live This"

(feat. Black Magic, Young Snead)

#### *[Intro]*

Yeah! It's ya boy Black Magic  
My nigga Young Snead, let's go

#### *[Verse 1]*

Ay man I walk like a soldier, talk like a soldier  
Since I moved to the South, my slang got colder  
Walk got pimper, cane with the limper  
Treat my bitch right, always lobster and shrimp her  
Flatbush Ave I'm the number one contender  
Simpson Road fashion, poppin wheelies on the Ninja  
Whip game hot, flow cold like the winter  
Ball hard if niggaz got blocks like a center  
Time for me to switch it up, bigger car bigger truck  
Got the new house and that too was big as fuck  
And this a must that you see me blow  
Lil' nigga hold the weight like my CEO  
Now it's back to the business, we eat sleep and shit this  
Take this, shoot him and any fuckin witness  
Always on some pimp shit, never on some simp shit  
At Big Cat Records nigga e'ryday is Christmas

#### *[Chorus]*

We eat, we sleep, we shit this  
Big whips, big chips, we live this  
Smoke kush, pop Crist', fuck bitches  
Us young niggaz out there handle our business  
We eat, we sleep, we shit this  
Big whips, big chips, we live this  
Smoke kush, pop Crist', fuck bitches  
And send them goons if them goons on our shitlist

#### *[repeat 2X]*

Guess what I heard? Gucci Mane back  
Guess what I heard? Man he reppin Big Cat  
Guess what I heard? Young Snead on some other shit  
Tell them fuck niggaz they can miss us with that sucker  
shit

*[Verse 2]*

I'm addicted to the trap, down with Big Cat  
and you know he got a strap, why you wanna try me?  
And you know I gotta scrap, you a country boy  
so you know I gotta trap (AYYYY!)  
Cop the fruity watch just to hurt the haters' faces  
Big Cat chain with the Big Cat bracelet  
Big Cat bracelet with the Big Cat bracelet  
Countin twenty mill' in the Big Cat basement  
I heard, I heard, word on the street  
Gucci fell down now he back on his feet  
Anti-social, he don't really socialize  
What'cha call that? I call it street certified~!  
A hundred thou' sold no lie  
So call the fire truck, cause Gucci on fire  
And he pulled up in a 'rrari  
And if he hurt your feelings when he did then he sorry!

*[Chorus - repeat 2X]*

*[Verse 3]*

I'm a certified pimp shawty, never seen me cake a hoe  
Bad bitch one night, next day another hoe  
A young'un with a bankroll, listen what I date 'em fo'?  
Benefits and everythang that I can go and break 'em  
fo'  
We eat, we sleep, we shit this  
Smoke kush, pop Crist', real pimp shit  
Big chains, big whips on 6's  
I got money on my mind so fuck bitches  
I'm in the Coupe with the top back, Lamborghini do's on  
it  
Had to do it B-I-G, so I throwed the 4's on it  
Tote a fo'-fo' so the kid scream 'Fuck a hater!'  
All black, long part, somethin like The Terminator  
Call me the exterminator, sprayin like the Orkin man  
You don't want no part of that we deeper than a  
marching band  
We trap, we slang, we hustlers  
And stay away from you motherfuckin busters

*[Chorus]*

*[repeat 2X]*

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