

Gucci Mane "Weird"

Visit "[Weird](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Weird"

[Intro:]

Jingle bells

Purple kush smells

675 one ounce

My trap do numbers, chickens all summers

But come back dawg we're out (out)

My swag turned up, my swag got an amp

Your tramp seen the champ and her pussy got damp

Chickens with the stamp

I count so much money that my fingers got a cramp

If you're not with that camp I suggest you better vamp

I'm rollin up the plant

Gucci mane's an alien and you're not even ant

Never say can't, ball, kevin durant

Camp shine like lamps; guns, grass game gramp

Crack a egg, that's my charm, like an omelette on my arm

Cause my diamonds are my sons, yellow diamonds for my mom

He'll go to the prom, sellin dope what I was doin

Lamborghini, beemer, corvettes and my ten year class reunion

Cause my flow so weird

Diamonds same color as santa claus beard

Ho ho hoes I think santa claus here

Dashing through the snow in my old school chevrolet like

Over the hills we go, nigga, I sold so much dope

My car got personality, the grille be smiling, honey

My rims are very charming and my leather seats are comfy

Gucci major money shawty I get crazy cloudy

Have a baby by me probly maybe I'll buy you an audi

Maui wowie, stupid cloudy, loudy got me rowdy rowdy

Chevy caprice 73 play master p I'm bout it bout it

Prints color mariah carey, if they're candid ask about it

Tell em that big gucci said it, so icey get stupid with it

Drop top be, passenger seat celebrity
Seven chains on so gucci mane shining heavily
Cocaine heavenly, soft white prejudice
All white bricks same color as my necklace

My flow so weird
Diamonds same color as santa claus beard
Ho ho hoes I think santa claus here
Dashing through the snow in my old school chevrolet
like
Over the hills we go, nina, I sold so much dope

? jumper, I can't throw a slider
But gucci mane's a rider, slide by any spider
Spiker, viper, vette with rally striper
Tiger stripe pits in my house, ready to bite ya
Standards way higher, don't have time to tie em
Cocaina fry em, gas don't cut the eye uh
Bags full of kushy, beg a pussy to push me
Brick ya from the roofie, uses it for a cushion
Gushin, whippin, my watch is good lookin
Attractive, handsome, damn that bitch is lookin
GucciD²D," admit it, realest that ever did it
Committed, my ceiling's on penny gutter and gritty

My flow so weird
Diamonds same color as santa claus beard
Ho ho hoes I think santa claus here
Dashing through the snow in my old school chevrolet
like
Over the hills we go, nigga, I sold so much dope

Jingle bells
Purple kush smells
675 one ounce
My trap do numbers, chickens all summers
But come back dawg we're out (out)

Visit [Gucci Mane](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.