Gucci Mane, Die A Gangsta

Better hope he die a gangster
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Super, out of here, yeah

I hope he die a gangster
I hope you plan on game, there's too much blood on these fingers
Send out a headshot, put 'em holes in an asshole
I'm running on X pills, I'm out of control
I'm running on X pills, I'm out of control
What you do to my neck piece? Woah
What you do to my neck piece? Woah
What you do to my neck piece? Woah

I do my thing, I do my thing, I spread my wings
For Myesha, for Myesha, I had a crush on when you was real
We eat Benihanas for breakfast, we got a chef at the crib
We got a semi auto, you the [?] this a motherfucking trip

Man I'm pissed off, I'm pissed off, somebody outta get killed
All of my instincts done told me that these niggas, they ain't real
Man I flew off on the scene, I had 300 on the whip, yeah
They can't even understand why they glorify my drip, yeah

60k on sip, 100 rounds in the clip
Somebody playing, they got spilt
Went I hit the Tec you better dip
Spit the block with the AK, I heard everything got flipped
In one hour smoked a zip, it took me one hour, she got drip
Gram of kush and a leaf
Told you niggas I'm a beast
If you try your luck it ain't sweet
I'm a put these niggas right beneath me
I make my way throughout the east
My plug 10 with the molly
I put your main in the knotty
I double barrel with the shotty
You pump faking with some riders
You lucky they ain't hit your mama
A lot of pain in my body
Got me smoking marijuana
Pulled up in his side of trenches
Pulled up, get a nigga whacked
Pulled up, took a nigga ho
Pulled up running through the racks

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Just got a black card just to go in the wallet
Soon as I go in your jump I'm a go in your pocket
They call me East Atlanta Santa, I'm a fuck up the profit
I'm the grinch that stole Christmas, I might go in your stocking
I'm talking too cocky, I got so much juice
My wrist is too rocky, they done let Wop loose
I'm talking plug talk, this don't pertain to you
Cause I'm a trap astronaut, I use cocaine for fuel
You got a meeting with my shooters it didn't arrange for you
I bust your head and celebrate, man this champagne's for you
You're talking gangster but you'se a lame, this ain't the lane for you
This FBG and 1017, this ain't the gang for you

It's Wop

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