

Yet

Gucci Mane

Yet

My bitch ring cost 2 M&M's and I ain't been out a year yet
My wrist is sick, its terminally ill, still ain't found a cure yet
You burning all your bridges nigga I'ma call you bridgette
You mad cause you ain't made a hit yet
Someone come and stop GuWop ain't found a volunteer yet
Trap rap influencing the world Gucci Pioneered it
I just vacuum sealed a couple mill, I know real niggas feel that
Gucci can't retire cause he ain't made a hundred mill yet
Keep on talkin' slick, I send my shooters where you live at
Pow pow pow, Put that pistol where your grill at
Mama suckin' me like she love me
I ain't even pay the bills yet
I was worth two hundred fifty thou, didn't even had a deal yet

dickin' down, We ain't even done it yet
He bought it 'fore I whip the shit
Man I haven't even spun it yet
Water in there
Water whippin' it ain't even dry yet
Quarter flippin, in the kitchen, workin' with the pyrex

They bring it to me
The work ain't even came yet
They got umbrellas out it ain't even rain yet
Grr, that dog food and she can't find no vein at
Grr, mob rules might tie you to a train track
You leasing that ain't even got the title jack
She peepin' that, thats why she didn't invite you back
You got midget arms, you swing, I don't even fight you back
You'se a lame, get no stripes for that
Drop me in the jungle where the lions at (grr)
I come back with a lion jacket with the matching hat (grr)
I call you Raphael cause you hang with the sewer rats
I can't hang with no informer, I'm too hood for that

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Skrt

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