

# Volume (feat. Wooh Da Kid)

## Gucci Mane

(Hook)

I'm so mothafuckin turned up right now (volume)  
Someone please turn Gucci mane down (volume)  
Bricksquad thugged out we don't give a fuck (volume)  
We hit the club, shoot the club, tear the club up (volume)  
So you should hit the floor get low and shut up (volume)  
Hit the floor get low and shut the fuck up (volume)  
Yous a bitch yous a snitch you a mothafuckin scrub (volume) (x2)(Verse1)

I pulled up in a 4 door porsche set trippin(?)  
3 young dread head niggas ridin wit me  
I don't think they like me and I don't like em neither  
But if they move wrong I'll red up they white beater  
I do it for da hood I do it like no equal  
I do it for the red black yellow white people  
I just bought a kay(?) Just the other day  
And I don't play with grown men I don't like to play  
I'm so mothafuckin turned up right now  
niggas hang on me I don't give a fuck right now  
Well you niggas keep on trying like (?) And jenna could  
You think you can you think you could I think you pussies should  
(Hook)(Verse2)

Call me gucci flocka flame I den changed my name  
Call me frenchie mane la flare gucc the kid its all the same  
I be runnin gunnin stuntin with 100 killers ridin  
You snitchin bitchin tattle tellin scared to stand beside me  
I just bought another house just to house my goons  
So icy entertainment boy we just like a platoon  
The colors in my chain (?)  
I'm with (?) baby find that boy the june(?)  
I wish they found him august so that's like tomuch too soon  
His face was swoll and puffy bout the color of a prune  
Bricksquad movement and no your not apart of it  
Me waka and woo juice and frenchie mane started it(Hook)

(Verse3)Wooh the kid:

Iced out bar(?) got me ballin like the lakers  
Homicide around the corner where you in jamaica  
My volume on max you boys better run  
ima nigga with an attitude holdin on the gun  
17 niggas I left 16 hit last nigga hit the corner got his whole head split  
Told you your a goner ima leave you dead quick I'm like (?)  
Wooh the kid thugged out we don't give a fuck  
let your soul meet the sole of the bottom of my chucks

black car black tint with the baby(?) tags stay low to the floor  
my midget out bag. My midget out the bag(Hook)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>