

# Dead Man (feat. Young Scooter & Trae tha Truth)

## Gucci Mane

Call me Gucci Mane when Im on the stage with you  
But call me Jessie James when I hold this damn pistol  
You can call me Gucci gu-ap when I do a song with you  
But dont walk up on me homes, I aint finna blow no strong with you  
Got them young shooters with me they don't get along with you  
If you aint get no money nigga what is wrong with you  
And I cant tell your own thing must have gone wrong pitcher  
I'm in the whip sippin' lean, with this very long swisher  
Im drinkin' promethazine and codeine and this apple juice mixture  
If you knew that you wouldn't do that I swear you would not kiss her  
Yous a Nicky Barnes ass nigga tryin' to tell on Guy Fisher  
If a snitch was to die today I bet his hood would not miss him  
Yous a dead man, playing games with the bread  
Yous a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man youre playing games with my bread  
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man  
Five deuce, 4 tray 6 A  
8 watches, 4 chains 6 rings  
Pot forks, dope at a high cost  
From coast to coast, I set numbers on the dope  
Remix it yo, you know I can sell you both 16-5  
Prices lower then Shawty Lo, when I drive  
Got my seat leanin', low bricks inside  
Got 'em stash in the door, always road running  
Me and Gucci getting money bands yeah keep comin'  
Tractor trailer in the morning wont stop jugging  
Every month I make 4 hundred, Im a street nigga  
I got rich off of junkies  
Yous a dead man, playing games with the bread  
Yous a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, you playing games with my bread  
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

What the fuck is you thinking? Lil bitch you must have been drinking  
This chopper had got me feeling like Harley  
If I let it ride you bound to be stinkin'  
Im a asshole I do what I like to  
Old shit that's made for you to fight to  
I dont give a fuck bitch I dont like you  
Got that fire bitch I might light you  
Bitch I am the streets you just look tough  
Couple bricks of snow like I was on bluff  
Call me the master like Sho'Nuff  
Bad boy for real, no Puff  
If a nigga pussy I dont pimp mine  
Just keep your distance dont play with mine  
Stay in your place fall out the line  
Have them young niggas all in your head to pay a fine  
You can find me in the hood what a hood dont go  
Heard you're somebody the hood dont know  
If a nigga turn up, tell 'em watch this show  
Money never sit still so I dont blow  
King of the streets just call me sire  
On my thrown ain't no one higher  
T.R.U.T.H. no liar  
Real street nigga I wont retire  
Yous a dead man, playing games with the bread  
Yous a dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, youre playing games with my bread  
You in the red man, fuck around and be a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, dead man, yous a dead man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man  
Dead man, I put that pistol to your head man, dead man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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