

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/>