

# Who Is Him (feat. Pooh Shiesty)

## Gucci Mane

[Intro: Pooh Shiesty]

Mmm, mmm-mmm-mmm  
Got it locked through Atlanta  
Yeah, yeah

Got a lot to handle  
(SpiffMadeIt, bitch)

Brr, big brr [Chorus: Pooh Shiesty]

Ayy, Fox 13, we rep that murder gang, we don't do no attempts  
Hop out on the slammer with this chopper like I'm Shawn Kemp  
Drew down on him with his pants down in front of U of M  
1017 Shiesty Gang, I got them folks like, Who is him?  
Bitch, you try me and get whacked, I promise this is not the way  
Know she wanna fuck 'cause she keep staring in my Cartier  
I think about guns and money sixty times throughout the day  
Nobody safe, you can't go get shit to stop these .308s, on God

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

Entertain like Cedric, had that codeine in my beverage  
Way back in day, let them niggas use me for leverage (Well, damn)  
F on my report card, on my hip, I got an F&N  
Pulled up on me poppin', but he won't pull up and pop again  
I don't care 'bout who he is or who his kin, just do him in  
Cold, dark pool, they threw him in, I just shot off his chin (Burr)  
Murder case, Snoop Dogg, back in the day, no juice and gin (Snoop)  
And I'm the coach, I'm with the G.O.A.T.s, we go for it on fourth and ten (Go)  
Always was the robber where we stayed, so I didn't play with 'em  
Police don't even try to talk to Wop, got nothin' to say to 'em  
Five-shot, .38 on me, put a tray to him  
Big dawg in the yard, took a nigga tray from him

[Chorus: Pooh Shiesty]

Ayy, Fox 13, we rep that murder gang, we don't do no attempts  
Hop out on the slammer with this chopper like I'm Shawn Kemp  
Drew down on him with his pants down in front of U of M  
1017 Shiesty Gang, I got them folks like, Who is him?  
Bitch, you try me and get whacked, I promise this is not the way  
Know she wanna fuck 'cause she keep staring in my Cartier  
I think about guns and money sixty times throughout the day  
Nobody safe, you can't go get shit to stop these .308s, on God

[Verse 2: Pooh Shiesty]

Niggas starve theyself, the whole time, somethin' to eat in they face  
Look at that lil' nigga from the Creek, his ass done made a way  
I ain't just go put food on the table, I passed out the plates  
I'm missing Tre, ain't nobody have me like my nigga Day

It's time to slide  
Walk with a hundred up in the chopper, I shot eighty-five  
Mix them Percocets with the exotic, I'm back energized  
Do donuts up in the 'Cat, drive it like it got nine lives  
You ain't take 'em down with me, nigga, so is you not my slime  
Niggas talkin' out they neck, but that lil' shit won't slow me up  
Two double cups, big congratulations, time to pour me up  
We rollin' up, mixin' different flavors, keep my 'Wood stuffed  
If you got somethin' dancin' on your wrist, it's time to hold it up[Chorus: Pooh Shiesty]  
Ayy, Fox 13, we rep that murder gang, we don't do no attempts  
Hop out on the slammer with this chopper like I'm Shawn Kemp  
Drew down on him with his pants down in front of U of M  
1017 Shiesty Gang, I got them folks like, Who is him?  
Bitch, you try me and get whacked, I promise this is not the way  
Know she wanna fuck 'cause she keep staring in my Cartier  
I think about guns and money sixty times throughout the day  
Nobody safe, you can't go get shit to stop these .308s, on God  
[Outro: Pooh Shiesty]  
On Chopper Gang, on So Icy G, this my squad  
Brr, brr, lay up grass in your yard  
Nigga, 413 Gang, ayy (SpiffoMadeIt, bitch)  
1017 on my damn chain, brr

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