Both Sides (feat. Lil Baby)

Gucci Mane

Rio Brrr gang, leave a nigga cold What's happening, TT?It ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no side Y'all got guns and we got guns but we don't post ours Look, you poppin' like the giant, he just .45 Told him hit 'em in the leg and make them niggas your size These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides These niggas gon' end up dead, they keep on playin' both sides They gon' need a lot of blank shoes a bunch of bowties They gon' need a lot of blank shoes a bunch of bowties I made it from the skreets, it ain't no mercy on these skreets It's hot as mercury, these boys'll merk you on these skreets These bitches double dutch so quick, they'll jap a nigga sheets Got niggas sleepin' competin' with niggas, I ain't even competin' If you talk behind my back no need to dap me when you see me 'Cause I ain't gon' share no tip when they pick you up off from the cement A real dope boy, I make it flood in any season While rappers goin' broke and blame corona as the reason I showed some niggas cannons, they mistook that I was weak I told them I was stackin', they just thought that I was cheap If I took it, I was mad, I still ain't finna give it back No in my back, consider that shit as a text So buy some station adams and a couple ties that match This MAC came with a shoulder scrap, the only thing retract 4PF and 1017 4 for life we trap And we ain't with that pity pass shit, we ra-ta-ta-tat It ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no side Y'all got guns and we got guns but we don't post ours Look, you poppin' like the giant, he just .45

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They gon' need a lot of blank shoes a bunch of bowtiesDoin' songs for Gucci Mane, now I done
ran them stupid bands up

Make no stupid, shoot your mans up, it's a robber, put your hands up
The see me, they switch the channel, I'm the real deal, Atlanta
Ain't no monkeys in the middle, play both sides, you get dismantle
Tuck my shit, I got my hammer, fuck that bitch, ain't got no manners
Can't hit that shit, that's not my standard
She copied my dripped, she like me Grandma
I kick me a dirty Fanta, ridin' 'round in these dirty Phantoms

I'm 'bout gettin' business and ain't sittin' in no worries
I ain't with no chitter-chatter, keep a bad one
Her ass fatter than the last one
We be takin' shit, no askin', we be breakin' bricks no passin'
Everybody lit, go ask, I be in the 'Vette, the fast one
And I got the CA, you don't wanna see themIt ain't my business, it ain't my beef, I ain't on no

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