

# Stupid Wild (feat. Lil Wayne & Cam'Ron)

## Gucci Mane

(Gucci Mane)

I'm the fire, you say your mo' fire then nigga you a lie' (liar)  
Homie you and I, Know the trooper  
Thats between You and I  
Stupid jewelry on me, yeah  
Stupid jewelry on me now  
If you think you finna shit on Gucci  
Then just show me how  
Someone dis me yesterday,  
What I'm 'posed to do, go cry?  
With my money chasin' million dollar mission on the side  
Just a chicken in my lap  
I'm bout to trust her then I die  
I'm so hood right now  
They question whats gettin' Gucci high?  
Stupid wild, stupid stupid wild,  
Homie thats my style  
Girls fightin',  
Hoes fist fight, man  
Just to touch my tie  
Get my squad squad,  
I ain't been this hard in a while  
Blow top off,  
I ain't been this hard in a while  
(Chorus)  
Stupid wild, Stupid, stupid wild,  
Homie Thats my style (4x)  
Every single night I'm ballin',  
Sippin' on the drink, Girls crawlin'  
Mostly every night I'm countin, countin,  
Niggas wanna fight but I'm shootin', shootin'  
Niggas wanna fight but I'm shootin', shootin'(Lil Wayne)  
Wilder than a jaguar,  
Wildin' in a jaguar,  
Please don't play with me  
I'll put that pistol on your grandpa  
I swear I'm so wild  
I think I just may need a xanbar  
And If she on my team  
I bet that bitch know who she playin' for  
Mr. Coach Carter  
Or Mr. Go Harder

And I like my kush dry  
Like a fish with no water  
Swagger stupid perfect,  
I might as well surf it  
And if she ain't fucking  
She get the voicemail service  
Tell it like it be,  
Bitch I do it for the bloods  
And every fuckin' time I say  
Zu Woo is for the bloods  
With you just like I love  
I do it like I does  
And if you wanna fight,  
Then come on you can fight my guns  
Haha, Weezy man, Young Money(Chorus)[Cam'ron]  
Let's do the first, his and hers  
Started gettin' on my nerves so I hit her with a "BURR!"  
Hustlers love me, all the haters hate me, They brothers wanna fight me, They sisters wanna date  
me,  
I tell her bless it baby, You could be my bust it baby,  
But stay in your place, I need my space, Don't suffocate me,  
Back black approach us, Clack clack gats in holsters, Cops in black control us,  
Treat us like rats and roaches,  
But the blue Benz, Got the blue lamps,  
And your wifey, What we use her for a food stamp,  
Ain't no big deal, But she keep the fridge filled,  
Eggs scrambled, cheese, grilled, cold juice and grits Kill!  
Don't forget veal, Italiano, Gallardo, Yea the big wheels,  
Like milk and wig spilled,  
We'll rush in ya spot,  
Knock Knock, snock of the glock,  
It Gucci turn, Huh?, You gon' suck it or not?(Chorus)  
Stupid wild, Stupid, stupid wild,  
Homie Thats my style (4x)  
Every single night I'm ballin',  
Sippin' on the drink, Girls crawlin'  
Mostly every night I'm countin, countin,  
Niggas wanna fight but I'm shootin', shootin'  
Niggas wanna fight but I'm shootin', shootin'Bitches wanna fuck me, mainly  
Cause I got a catch and I'm famous  
Im tryin' to hold my head above water, water  
Stack a million cash I just oughta, oughta  
My chain cost a stack cause I'm Gucci,  
My wardrobe Gucci'd out like I'm boosting  
Shine with all this ice  
Homie shine, shine  
Wanna hate me?  
Get a ticket and join the line  
Fine

(It's Gucci)

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

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