

Dead People (feat. Raury)

Gucci Mane

I got a pocket full of dead people
Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread
Got a pocket full of dead people
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this bread
Got a pocket full of dead guys
Evil voices in my head tellin' me to watch the feds
And I love sellin' cake pies
It's a bad bitch in my bed and she got that stupid head
Got me Versace, shop, shawty, catch me walkin' out of 5ths
With a lit Glock 40 and a couple extra clips
Lenox Mall in the closet, all my hoes exotic
And ain't that shit ironic that my doors go up, robotic?
I can walk the shit and I can talk the shit
I can talk the shit cause I got it
It's Gucci Mane, I'm a walkin' lick
Got dead people in my pocket
Fallin' off in Follie's, got a bag full of the mollies
A half a mil' off profit, and my [?]
I've been livin' like a king all week
I'm a peasant at the end of every day
I've been chillin' with my niggas in the streets
Livin' like a vagabond, wild, free, run away
Reminisclin' 'bout them bored summer days
Blowin' haze on the east side of Atlanta
Makin' moves on the shawty, a Hispania
We don't speak the same language so excuse me if I stammer
I understand you wanna pick up the hammer
And build up your own, she see her brother climbin' the ladder
It's your time, yeah it's somethin' that you figure
I mean you can do it too but you can't be a bitch ass nigga
Get up off your ass, find a fuckin' craft
Make bread, get it back, give it back times 2
Who are you? Look in the mirror
Don't give a fuck what they think, you're the one, you're the truth
Got the juice, got the juice, got the juice, got the juice
Mothafucka you the man like an 8th grade Jew
You can chew through any zebra ass in the zoo
Any nigga tryna act hard as some leather boots, fuck them
And anyone tryna step on you, fire burnin'
Make a livin', stack a sum and watch your paper
Now and later ain't really good time

For a nigga 'bout his business on Wood Crest Manor

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