

# Story (feat. Young Dolph)

## Gucci Mane

I got 25 pipes in my book bag  
25 ounces of that OG gag  
I got a mouthful of y'all niggas OG bag  
And I'm a paper round 1 and y'all not fed  
I got the pretty ice glass with the dragons  
I made a half of mil made out of fan kits  
And I still get the dough to your daddy  
Coming on 'cause you know I fuck your mamy  
26 is great 8 with the headbag  
Can't hear from your mama what a G bag  
Red 4's on already black bentley  
Crib blue forging lookin just like pentley  
On way nigga but I rhyme on the schemeless  
Just hit a lick so I'm finna spend plenty  
Pop up in the club I ain't thought up in the 20  
I at least made 20 mil on I 20  
20 year old, hit 20 fucking licks  
30 years old Gucci 20 year old bitch  
Acting roze at 30 years old  
Suicide dogs, I don't wanna die bitch  
Got a call from my niggas said daddy what a bleach  
Tell me where you wanna come that's where he will be  
Pillow with a mac 11 rdng for the fresh  
And a nigga gon jump me, a nigga gon jump  
(2)  
Just got a call and my dog got some steady  
Get the car keys and the chopper's out the alley  
This the part of the game where shit gets tragic  
Nigga say he got problem, we gotta let him have it  
All a couple AK's and a couple cars  
With my dog been robbin' now we got a couple problems  
He wrong or he right, bitch we shoot on sight  
Burn your man's house down the next morning catch a flight  
Check 'em out her hope he told his family good night  
Out in Vegas partying like it ain't shit happened  
Out here fucking with these bitches tryin to see what happenin  
I hate bitch ass niggas with a passion  
I had to leave ain't got time for no question asking  
Feet kicked up smoking and relaxing  
Shoot a nigga ass out, John Paxen  
(3)  
I'm the type of nigga will shoot you in public

Rather to a nigga that I robbed in the public  
I said I heard you lookin for me and he try to change the subject  
Had that pussy in my breeze said he thought I went epic  
Up in told all day riding through the public  
Somebody called the police 'cause they thought I was gonna bust them  
I ain't get shit bad that is not out for discussion  
They say the nose on 6 boys had to be trusted  
But love ever take you there and pull up in the cullies  
If your nigga had a roast then the pussy nigga lucky  
I might pull up in a Rolls Royce and pull up in a bucket  
Ye I rob your home boy but I ain't motherfucking ducking  
If you see me in the club better keep on trucking  
'Cause these niggas on the fuck shit and they ain't with the fuck around  
Got a pistol with you dog and here it's the crystal  
Matter of fact 2 pistols can't let you get the pistol  
You made it I was 8 when I first learned to wrestle  
I was bind on cook, man those fuckers was catching  
Get silly squick, man the law he was blessing  
Got a car and then a tec got a whole lot of weaponry  
How the bed how the dough where I go off the extasy  
Can't pull a move maybe nigga was finessing  
But I broke off and got it bigger on professionally  
Then my first second mil put that pussy along that massacre  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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