

# Drove U Crazy (feat. Bryson Tiller)

## Gucci Mane

Gucci  
Tiller!

Brr Brr Brr Pull up in a lamb, and I drive you crazy  
Had to cut her off cause the bitch too lazy  
She wanna ride the wave, but my waves too wavy  
And your car too slow you need to drive Miss Daisy  
Jumped out the feds like "Fuck You, pay me  
"Got her foaming at the mouth like the bitch got rabies  
Got me running out the spot Like the spot got raided  
Cause I'm so much different then the nigga you dated  
Smiling in the camera like bitch I made it  
Big Guwop got the whole club faded  
Got a bitch so bad that my ex bitch hate it  
Tell me how you feel when you see me shkatin  
'Nah you don't call me baby  
We ain't finna go to the mall Ms. Lady  
When you leave it leave a nigga standing tall Ms. Lady  
Like keys take it take it take it all Ms. Lady  
Never get a love like this  
Never ever ever meet a thug like this  
Never met a plug like this  
Never seen a nigga in the club like this  
Never hug like this  
Never pour Ace of Spades in the tub like this  
Never got drunk like this  
Or beat from the back on the rug like this What...  
Talk 'bout how crazy I drove you  
Talk 'bout how crazy you drove me  
Talk 'bout them favors you owe me  
Talk 'bout them  
Talk about them lies you told me  
Talk about true colors you showed me  
Talk 'bout them  
What...  
Talk 'bout how crazy I drove you  
Talk 'bout how crazy you drove me  
Talk 'bout them favors you owe me  
Talk 'bout them Talk about them lies you told me  
Talk about true colors you showed me  
Talk 'bout them Aye lil mama say she fuck with me tough yeah  
Lil mama say she fuck with me tough yeah  
Her ex boyfriend words cut deep

At young tiller in the cut yeah  
Aye, Young tiller growin' up yeah  
At your head upper cut with it yeah  
I'm still on the motherfuckin' come up  
But y'all already know where I'm from yeah  
Straight from the 502 hey,  
Southside dirty our crew hey  
Now they watch all my moves hey  
Everything little thing that I do and say  
My old bitch said she need closure  
I just think she wanna get closer  
I just think she want some exposure  
Tell people how crazy I drove her  
Tell people all the dreams I sold her  
I sorry you cannot lean on my shoulder  
I already got too many burdens  
Most of them give to my attorney  
I got too many niggas in my face now  
This ain't the time nor place now  
This for my niggas that stay down  
Fuck all you niggas wanna hate now What...  
Talk 'bout how crazy I drove you  
Talk 'bout how crazy you drove me  
Talk 'bout them favors you owe me  
Talk 'bout them  
Talk about them lies you told me  
Talk about true colors you showed me  
Talk 'bout them What...  
Talk 'bout how crazy I drove you  
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Talk 'bout them  
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Talk 'bout them

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

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