

Ferrari Boyz

Gucci Mane & Waka Flocka Flame

[Intro: DJ Holliday]

Holiday Season!
PYONG! Catch up!
It's Gucci!

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

I'm in the yellow thang on the expressway
That bitch so nasty it might give a bitch road rage
Get out my lane, Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain, So Icey Boyz
I'm riding in a mansion but I don't think I'm fancy
But I cut the blinker on and my diamonds dancing
Once upon a time, a little while ago
There was a nigga in a 'Rari with a pretty yellow ho
Got my head held up cause I think I'm handsome
But the media portraying me as Charles Manson
And I could have bought a Phantom rode here four deeper
But I'd rather pull up solo in the yellow two-seater
Gucci!

[Chorus: Gucci Mane]

Get out my lane, Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain, So Icey Boyz
Get out my lane, Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain, So Icey Boyz
Get out my lane, Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain, So Icey Boyz
Get out my lane, Ferrari Boyz
You see the chain, So Icey Boyz

[Verse 2: Waka Flocka Flame]

Riding in the 'Rari same color as Bacardi
She don't like me, shawty, man she like my car
Damn near wanna fuck my chain, damn near wanna fuck my name
I'mma bust every nigga in the click I claim
Deep-dish rims and them offsets, mane
That's how me and Gucci Mane claim
Iced out, popping shit, drunk, switching lanes
I rock bandana's like Santana's
Screaming out "Who wants some Anna?"
Made a million off my words, they in love with my Country Grammar
That's the antenna, but your rapping careers got static in it
I'm a walking meal ticket, just wait a minute
Bank account got commas in it

All black 'Rari know the llamas in it
I hear em talking gangsta shit but I know they lame as hell
One thing I ain't gon do
Pussy nigga you scared of jail
My name ring bells, my engine loud as hell
Shit, my 'Rari cost about 230 bills..
[Outro: DJ Holliday]
Brick Squad monopoly, that's my company
Bitch I'm buying all the property..

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>