

Pillz

Gucci Mane

[Intro]

Yeah!

Gucci Mane is in the building!

So Icy Entertainment, Zaytoven on the track

We goin' to the club we got the choppers on deck and the yoppers on deck

[Refrain]

Mac Bre-Z: Is you rollin'

Is you rollin'

Is you rollin'

Is you rollin'

Gucci: Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Mac Bre-Z: Girl he geeked up

Girl he geeked up

Girl he geeked up

Girl he geeked up

Girl he geeked up

Gucci: Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Bitch I might be

Yeeaaaaahhh

[Verse 1]

East Atlanta slum man is where I come from

Pass that bubble thrax and put this bean on your tongue

Now everything was gravy 'til yo' bitch came in

'Bout the same time that that thang kicked in

Now she ain't really pretty but she got a nice body

I'm geeked up thinkin this Buffie The Body

Ain't yo' name lil' Trina? Cause you look like Janet Jackson

I'm off three double stacks and I'm lookin' for that action

Gucci Mane, you stupid man I love the way you flowin

Ridin' in my drop but I don't know where I'm goin'

On two eighty five I keep ridin' in a circle

The inside of my ride smellin' like a pound of purple

"Gucci, show time!" Give me five mo' minutes

And a cold orange juice, cause I'm really really trippin'
Went to the strip club and requested "I'm Da Man"
The next thing you know I was throwin' rubber bands

[Refrain]

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[Verse 2]

Shawty tellin me she ain't neva suck no dick
Neva took a pill or neva ate a bitch
You a lie but I ain't gonna get upset right now
But I wish I had a lie detector test right now
You say you married, well bitch you might be
But I bet your husband ain't icy like me
She stand on B.C. in my ashy black tee
With them dopeman Nikes and them Jordache jeans
I don't pay her but I still keep that thrax on me
I'm the shit in East Atlanta baby ask about me
Pop one pop two two halves that's three
Ain't no waffle house baby, hell I can't eat
Gucci hood like your hoodman he's so extreme
Wearing Dolce's in the club cause you know the boy geeked
Drop the top on that thang let you see my seats
We've been rollin', rollin', rollin', we ain't slept in weeks

[Refrain]

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[Verse 3]

Gucci Mane La Flare, nigga get your mind right
Order Cris by the twelve like a case of Bud Light
Sell kush by the bale so you kno might shit tight
7:30 in the morning on an all-night flight
I'm high like Fabo hood like Shawty
So tell me when to go like my name E-40
A rich rock star nigga I'm gonna party
Got a party pack of pills that's at least bout 40
I'll pour them in your hand like a bag of jelly beans
Take two of these pills, call me in the morning
Fifty thousand pills man I'm so real
Three dollars for a pill; that's a damn good deal

[Hook]

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[Outro: Woman In The Club]

Hey, what's up Gucci Mane—why you sweating so hard? Is you rolling or something?

[Gucci Mane]

Shit, well, baby I might be...But god damn what is you doing? You jocking a playa. You too chewy over here, right? Look, I ain't K-Rab baby, you know what I mean—I'm not a piece of bubblegum. What I'm doing is not your business. But matter of fact, while you over here, is you a waitress or something? 'Cause the shit you got on make you look like you a waitress. So do what you do, aiight. I'ma give you this hundred dollars. Go get you whatever you drinking, bring me and the clique about ten of them orange juices, five Crunk Juices and we'll be straight, how 'bout that. And is you straight? Is you single or is you married?

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