

G Season (feat. Meek Mill)

T.I.

Okay, aye man, I'm sucka-free, sucka duckin'
Tell all them suckas get the fuck outta my way MAN
You understand?
G SeasonnTold you motherfuckas once, prison ain't change me
All it did was make a nigga crazy deranged see
Psycho, nuts so, what I give a fuck for?
All I know now is to get out and go for the gusto
So, fuck niggas fuck hoes, he said, she said, nigga and what so?
Fuck what they say bout my cases, fuck what they say bout my lady
Fuck what they say we were doing on the day of visitation
All I care bout is my out day and thisof probation
How much dough I'm set to make, where I'm go'n go on vacation
Wait, damn. Okay that's way to far ahead of me
So I'm just tryna take it day to day if they would let a G, breath
Cop cars by the three's, Bitches call me papa Johns cuz I keep that extra cheese
Overseas in the sun, livin for the fun in my lawn with some bad bitches
They probly one of y'all, oh will it done on my momma done
Ridin foreign gettin blown by a blond, I'm the bomb
Terrorist, hella rich, wreckin'shit
Nigga ask about me homie I suggest you tell'em this
I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me
You sucka niggas out of style G season
You sucka niggas out of style G seasonMeek Milly
Gold plates on my Aston Martin bitch I'm ballin
Killin all my haters tell yo mama pick a coffin
Hundred racks shawty I just gotta pick the target
Put my name on that flyer and watch the party get retarded
And I go crazy in that bitch,
Got yo lady on my dick, cuz I got like 80 on my wrist
KOD, I make it rain, I know they hate me in that pitch
So I be there just throw in mula like they paid me for that shit Hold up!
Started in the back now Im that nigga in the front
Shawty want the real so Ima give her what she aant
OG nigga you can put it in the blunt
Fuckin all the baddest biches, Ima hit 'em from the front
Just to see the faces on her, when this nigga laid on them
.... touchin round that dick, I tell her go Jamaican on it
Lord have mercy, these bitches thirsty
I'm in a Merci she kissin on me hershey's
We in this bitch!
I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free

That's yo main bitch? She fuckin me
 I don't fuck with niggas, I'm a fuckin G
 Its Meek Milly, T.I. fuckin' P!
 I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
 You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me
 You sucka niggas out of style G season
 You sucka niggas out of style G season My best flow to cold to just bring it out
 But go and talkin crazy tho' you get yourself singled out
 Half a million bust a pack the whole Arena out
 Bein' a suckka I don't know the first thing about
 You get the seen about, I'm comin' at yo face
 Like a vulcano head, lava runnin' out yo face
 Hey, If yo ass out of place
 You'll find the weapons they took away I'll replace
 What can I say? Another year, another case
 Another sentence completed, I'm confident and conceited
 I'm sucker free, sucker ducking, so tell them suckers to beat it
 Don't fuck with me busta, trust me your future will be deleted
 Such a G, ain't no touching me, luckily I defeated the odd
 But I out Allah my glory to God, and I ain't even Islamic
 So sick, whenever I vomit just throw me a mill or 2
 And that oughta settle my stomach
 Bout some money he done it, call me Mr. He Run It
 These niggas ain't really bout it, they just be speaking ebonics
 I'm nothing shoirt of iconic, promise you, you don't want it
 Strong as gin and tonic, my left you won't see it coming
 My right you'll be running from it, I catch you with it, you done
 I'm a keep it a 100, you better get you a gun
 Word ...real talk. Keep my dirt up by my only
 Cuz them suckas will talk I'm sucka duckin', I'm sucka free
 You ain't a G, Don't fuck with me
 You sucka niggas out of style G season
 You sucka niggas out of style G season

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