

PacMan

Gucci Mane & Waka Flocka Flame

[Hook x2]

Everybody know I got a sack man
I got the whole hood shoppin' when the pack in
You never mix business with new friends
All black Benz you can call me Pacman

[Verse 1: Waka Flocka Flame]

25 to 10, 9 and the .45 on me
I don't need no Colt, do it by my lonely
CB4 gangstas, man they so gusto
24/7, all I do is hustle
Old folks in the hood callin' me man
Triple cup, styrofoam, I sip lean man
Straight slow sippin', man my finger itchin'
I've been rappin' for three years man I need a mission
Them boys on that Grove St. man they trappin' hard
Hit the club, fifty deep, fuck a bodyguard
They say Waka Flocka always startin' riots, get money gut, motherfuck a diet

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

I'm the Pacman, but it's not Adam Jones
Bitch it's Gucci Mane, double cup my styrofoam
I'm on it like I want it, I make you think your house was haunted
I got blocks, plus everybody in here want it
Me and Waka Flock, come from the block, stright drop a whole block
Chop it up to serve the block, call it hip hop
Pacman with bags of loud, and bags of kush I'm bunkin'
I just got about fifty in, I broke them down to onions
I'm servin', I'm splurgin', you snitchin', you workin'
I drop off, on purpose, your cook ups, are worthless
I'm searchin', goons lurkin', you jerkin', I'm turfin'
I just got the pack in, so call me to purchase, Gucci

[HOOK]

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