

# Gucci Bag (feat. Shawwna)

## Playaz Circle

[Chorus: 2 Chainz]

Now hot damb, heavy creeses on my pants

You can tell how I stand with my Gucci duffle bag

You don't want to see me mad, I'll have to pull the strap out my Gucci duffle bag

I'm bout my swag, see rubber bands in my Gucci duffle bag

And I don't want to brag, I could fit a hundred carrots in my Gucci duffle bag

[Verse 1: Dolla Boy]

Feds hot, they on my ass, gotta shake 'm off

They wanna half me on the go, they get shaken off

Hoe, they been off, I'm bout to do a major cost, shoppin on the lot

Know I'm scrapen paper off windows, etc, pillos and extras

Gs will respect us, or we'll make it treacherous

That's what we do, ever play Tetris

Or better yet Grand Theft, shootin up your Lexis

Once was the half not, till we start progressin

Fuck goin half now, we want this whole section

South side, we wrecklis

Columbine F ones, specials, with the dollar sign sketches

Niggas bout to hate us, my lawyer never call back  
My case never came up, so it's time to blaze up  
Streets, they don't want that, guess you wanna blame us  
When you see us, you need Jesus to save us

[Chorus: 2 Chainz]

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[Verse 2: 2 Chainz]

I got Gucci on the armrest, next to a freak  
Walkin through the projects, with Gucci on my feet  
I put Gucci on the seet, when I customise the Vert  
Unzip the top, my car look like a perse  
I'm up in Gucci, poppin tags in my Gucci glasses  
I leave with two hoes, and put them in the Jag  
My duffle full of purple, with them Gs on the side  
So now I'm like, fuck you, I got Gs on my side  
Seven four five, four fives inside  
Eat speghetti on the selli, with Parelli on the time  
I count fetti on the telli, watchin Belly or The Wire  
And my belly all tatted, like I bairly ever tired

If you need some money, hoe, Magic City hiring

And if there is demand, we will supply it

See, I'm the man, if I like it, I buy it

But I ain't none of your man, bitch, stop lyin

[Chorus: 2 Chainz]

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[Verse 3: Shawwna]

You niggas don't take me serious

You niggas goin make me furious

I be in something so luxurious

Your bitch is lookin at my jewelry

Cocaine, no, you see me with that high dro

Just another misdemeanor for the five O

Fuck another family, just up in the tiho

Member me and Lil G, up in Chicago

We keep them pipes breathin, Gucci in the Rolls gold, the flow seepin

You see a couple of hoes, stealin

You pop beas, the don piece for no reason

At home, millions in fetti, no treason

It don't have no meanin, you is not speakin

Yeah, now let a nigga try to fuck with that

Cause Shawnna got a couple jabs in my duffle bag

[Chorus: 2 Chainz]

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