

# Black Tee

## Gucci Mane

I rob in my black tee  
Hit licks in my black tee  
All in ya house searchin for bricks in my black tee (Crank It)  
I kill in my black tee  
I steal in my black tee  
Im real so I gotta keep it trill in my black tee (O-kay-kay-kay) You can catch me all in a nigga  
house wit a black tee  
Gucci Mane, lil flair got a million dollar mouthpiece  
Black Tee, black rag, even got a black mask  
Leavin out ya house, thirty pounds in my book bag  
Black 'lac, black tag, fin' to hit a lick again  
You a head bussa put yo hand wit yo fist den  
Franchise hate me, probly wanna kill me  
Remixed it wit Scrappy and now the hood feel me  
Fresh on the scene wit the all black shirt  
Gucci so gutta he'll steal money out ya purse  
Lay up in ya yard, rob ya when ya go to church  
Ya love white tees now ya face on the shirt  
Black tee, black beat, trappin on the front street  
Got a black pistol grip pump on the seat  
Black tee, O.G., nigga don't approach me  
Bubble gum wappin ass niggaz can't smoke me  
It's Bun B in his black tee & G in his black tee  
Reppin UGK and BAT in his black tee  
Pimp in his black tee, mack in his black tee  
Free Pimp C on the back of his black tee  
Gucci chain swangin on the front of his black tee  
Cadillac swangin, smokin blunts in his black tee  
Stunt in his black tee, Ball in his black tee  
It ain jus me pimpin we all got a black tee And I got a 1-2 Bun  
Got 36 O's for the 2-1  
Jeezy bout them green guys  
Got H-town goin for the ten or fives  
Im talkin cornflakes  
Got inner tubes wrapped in black duck tape  
Say it again dawg to make sure that ya heard me  
Got my four-x black tee up under my jersey  
I got the all black Chevy on all black rims  
Keep a small black gat in my all black Tims  
On the all-black leather there's a all-black mack  
Tryin to snatch get ya black ass blowed the fuck back  
44 to ya torso 4 in ya hat

Kick doja to ya house n put it to a cataract  
Gorillas wit banana clips goin monkey in the back  
They'll put yo ass in that black box, laid out flatLook I slang in my white but I bang in my  
black tee  
Gucci on the front, Jody Breeze on the back street  
Chillin by a black Cadillac on sum black feet  
Scrappy in a Chevy watchin Scarface on the flat screen  
Told yall constantly, ride wit the pump wit me  
Yup in my black tee, wit the nine underneath  
I aint gotta keep tellin yall niggaz ima G  
Ima just cock back and leave sum blood on ya teethIm s-stainless in my black tee  
Remainin in my black tee  
On the grind cause I like to shine in my black tee  
Diamond glistenin cross plus the background is a black tee  
Thieve then come back sprayin rounds in my black tee  
4-Tre, I want war in my black tee  
Fuck them, probly neva wore a black tee  
Workin in my black tee, smokin purple in my black tee  
Im lookin for twelve all out yo curtain in my black teeFuck a white tee, I got my black tee and  
vest on  
Fuck a sturdy shot, I'm goin straight for the bread home  
I don't know why yall niggaz dropped move b  
Cause now Raheem'll show ya punk ass a tree  
Bust nuts in my black tee, sluts in my black tee  
Now I'm smokin nothin but blunts in my black tee  
Saw me in Valve then tried to fight me  
Jus the same monkey shawty don't take me lightly

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