

# I Might Be (feat. Shawna and the Game)

## Gucci Mane

Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?  
Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?  
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be  
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up  
Girl, he geeked up, girl, he geeked up  
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be  
Bitch I might be, bitch I might be 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 your 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 your 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 is your time give me five more  
minutes  
And a cold orange juice 'cause I'm really really trippin'  
Went to the strip club and request that I'm da man  
The next thing you know I was throwin' rubber bands Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?  
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Bitch I might be, bitch I might be  
Bitch I might be hiffie, I'm from California and this might be Nikes  
Come and run up on 'em nigga  
I'll wear your size, you wear my size  
I got a big mac, let's make french fries I'm high as a plane, pop a pill, disappear like David  
Blaine  
Come back on the track with Gucci Mane  
I got ten pillz, ten hoes, I'ma run a chu-chu train  
All through Atlanta, my new nickname is Gucci Jane I don't let 'em swallow, I show 'em how to  
use it man  
Want to take my , make themselves a chain  
You got some bad bitches I suggest you do the same  
Treat my hoes like my cars, drop 'em in blow they brains Wash 'em up then blow they brains  
If she swallow the whole bat and the ball she can roll with Jane  
I been a soldier boy, niggas know the name  
I'll superman that hoe and call her lower slang Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?

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Bitch I might be, bitch I might be Gucci Mane on the fly, nigga get your mind right  
Or a crys by the twelve like a case of budlight  
Sell a cush by a bell so you know might shit tight  
See I'm 30 in the morning on a all night flight I'm high like Fabo, hood like Shawty  
So tell me when to go like my name E-40  
Like a rich rock star, nigga, I'm gonna party  
Got a party pack of pillz that's at least 'bout 40 I'll pour dem in your hand like a bag of jelly  
beans  
Take two of these pillz, call me in the morning  
Fifty thousand pillz man, I'm so real  
Three dollars for a pill, that's a damn good deal Is you rollin'? Is you rollin'?  
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