

# Gucci Mane, Die A Gangsta

Better hope he die a gangster  
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Super, out of here, yeah

I hope he die a gangster  
I hope you plan on game, there's too much blood on these fingers  
Send out a headshot, put 'em holes in an asshole  
I'm running on X pills, I'm out of control  
I'm running on X pills, I'm out of control  
What you do to my neck piece? Woah  
What you do to my neck piece? Woah  
What you do to my neck piece? Woah

I do my thing, I do my thing, I spread my wings  
For Myesha, for Myesha, I had a crush on when you was real  
We eat Benihanas for breakfast, we got a chef at the crib  
We got a semi auto, you the [?] this a motherfucking trip

Man I'm pissed off, I'm pissed off, somebody outta get killed  
All of my instincts done told me that these niggas, they ain't real  
Man I flew off on the scene, I had 300 on the whip, yeah  
They can't even understand why they glorify my drip, yeah

60k on sip, 100 rounds in the clip  
Somebody playing, they got spilt  
Went I hit the Tec you better dip  
Spit the block with the AK, I heard everything got flipped  
In one hour smoked a zip, it took me one hour, she got drip  
Gram of kush and a leaf  
Told you niggas I'm a beast  
If you try your luck it ain't sweet  
I'm a put these niggas right beneath me  
I make my way throughout the east  
My plug 10 with the molly  
I put your main in the knotty  
I double barrel with the shotty  
You pump faking with some riders  
You lucky they ain't hit your mama  
A lot of pain in my body  
Got me smoking marijuana  
Pulled up in his side of trenches  
Pulled up, get a nigga whacked  
Pulled up, took a nigga ho  
Pulled up running through the racks

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Just got a black card just to go in the wallet  
Soon as I go in your jump I'm a go in your pocket  
They call me East Atlanta Santa, I'm a fuck up the profit  
I'm the grinch that stole Christmas, I might go in your stocking  
I'm talking too cocky, I got so much juice  
My wrist is too rocky, they done let Wop loose  
I'm talking plug talk, this don't pertain to you  
Cause I'm a trap astronaut, I use cocaine for fuel  
You got a meeting with my shooters it didn't arrange for you  
I bust your head and celebrate, man this champagne's for you  
You're talking gangster but you'se a lame, this ain't the lane for you  
This FBG and 1017, this ain't the gang for you

It's Wop

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