

# Gucci Mane, Pillz

(Chorus:)

Mac Bre-Z:Is you rollin (repeat 3 times)  
Gucci:Bitch i might be(repeat 3 times)  
Mac Bre-Z:Girl he geeked up(repeat 3 times)  
Gucci:Bitch I might be (repeat 3 times)  
Yeeaaaaahhh!

(Verse 1:)

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 aint really pretty but she got a nice body  
Im geeked up thinkin this Buffie The Body  
Aint your name lil Trina cause you look like Janet Jackson  
Im off three double stacks and Im lookin for that action  
Gucci Mane you stupid man I love the way you flowin  
Ridin in my drop but I dont know where Im 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 im really really trippin  
went to the strip club and request that im da man  
The next thing you know I was throwin rubberbands

(Chorus)

(Verse 2:)

Shawty tellin me she aint neva suck no dick  
Neva took a pill or neva ate a bitch  
You a lie but I aint gonna get upset right now  
But I wish I had a lie detector test right now  
You say you marry well bitch you might be  
But I bet your husband aint icy like me  
She stand on B.C. in my ashy black tee

When dem dope man nikes and dem jore ass jeans-Jordache Jeans

I dont pay her but I still keep that thrax on me  
Imma the shit in East Atlanta baby ask about me  
Pop one pop two two halves thats three  
Aint no waffle house baby hell I cant eat  
Gucci hood like your hoodman hes so extreme  
Wearin doces in the club cause you kno the boy geeked  
Top the top on that thang let you see my seats  
We've been rollin rollin rollin we aint slept in weeks

(Chorus)

(Verse 3:)

Gucci Mane (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 kno might shit tight  
See Im 30 in the morning on a all night flight  
Im high like Fabo hood like Shawty  
So tell me when to go like my name E-40  
A rich rock star nigga Im gonna party  
Got a party pack of pillz thats at least bout 40  
ill 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 Im so real  
Three dollars for a pill thats a damn good deal

Ay wassup Gucci Mane. Why you sweatin so hard? Is you rollin or somethin.

Shit well baby I might be. But got damn what is you doin. You jockin a playa. You ch-Chewy ova he

(K-Reilly) K-Rab baby You know what I mean I'm not a piece of Bubblegum. What I'm doin is not y  
Cause I might be, Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be, Bitch I might be YEEEEAAAAAHHH