

Gucci Mane, Vette Pass By

(Chorus)

Vette pass by, everybody looking
Six stoves in the house and everybody cooking
Wrist like blow, chain like oww
We throw it in the air, to watch it come down
You ridin bird (wheewh)
Your bullets gone (wheewh)
You got a common cold, we got the bird flu

This house is stupid purp, it cost me half a whack
A.K. half a stack, so ain't no hit back
I'm at the Gally house, I wear 'bout 80 bands
And with the magic city, and it don't rain man
I'm the king man, stupid bad man, rubberband man, oh it's the grand sound
A stupid fruity sack, a stupid fruity pack
Crazy Gucci shoes where you get em at
I said it's off white, bought a fifty pack
The hottest nigga in the nation ain't dropped yet
Where them pots at, where the glocks at
I kick a door with, where the blocks at

(Chorus)

Cartoon chain, papa smurf ring
All red waynes, so icy airplane
Gucci Mane hat, Gucci Mane shirt
Louie V shoes, Louie V purp
We ain't the Big Tymers, but bitch we got work
We get our roll on, and new school verse
Old school's cool, but most ours new
Gazoontite biatch, we got the bird flu
And we'll bless you, so say hachoo
We'll turn those house shoes, into some Prada shoes
On the east side, we play by Gucci rules
He's only in the hood, but he's commissioned to it

Chorus

((O.J. Da Juiceman))

The bird flu got me, the Jacob watch rockin
Bell border diamonds man, I'm so icy
Young juice man goddamit I'm the shit
Booming off the chain workin with 50 bricks
Nay later cars, fruit loop chains
32 carat posted on my pinkie ring
Been a 100 charger, sneak a color gunk
Super bad bitch A ain't pocket with them all
I ain't coming cold nigga
Ain't dis ain't what you want
Ain't 72 dunk
Ain't with no skirt whoa
6 stoves cookin mean we got work
Young Juiceman cuzz smokin 9 pounds of purp

(Chorus)