Dead People (feat. Raury)

Gucci Mane

I got a pocket full of dead people Evil voices in my head tellin' me go get this bread Got a pocket full of dead people Evil voices in my head tellin' me to get this bread Got a pocket full of dead guys Evil voices in my head tellin' me to watch the feds And I love sellin' cake pies It's a bad bitch in my bed and she got that stupid head Got me Versace, shop, shawty, catch me walkin' out of 5ths With a lit Glock 40 and a couple extra clips Lenox Mall in the closet, all my hoes exotic And ain't that shit ironic that my doors go up, robotic? I can walk the shit and I can talk the shit I can talk the shit cause I got it It's Gucci Mane, I'm a walkin' lick Got dead people in my pocket Fallin' off in Follie's, got a bag full of the mollies A half a mil' off profit, and my [?] I've been livin' like a king all week I'm a peasant at the end of every day I've been chillin' with my niggas in the streets Livin' like a vagabond, wild, free, run away Reminiscin' 'bout them bored summer days Blowin' haze on the east side of Atlanta Makin' moves on the shawty, a Hispania We don't speak the same language so excuse me if I stammer I understand you wanna pick up the hammer And build up your own, she see her brother climbin' the ladder It's your time, yeah it's somethin' that you figure I mean you can do it too but you can't be a bitch ass nigga Get up off your ass, find a fuckin' craft Make bread, get it back, give it back times 2 Who are you? Look in the mirror Don't give a fuck what they think, you're the one, you're the truth Got the juice, got the juice, got the juice Mothafucka you the man like an 8th grade Jew You can chew through any zebra ass in the zoo Any nigga tryna act hard as some leather boots, fuck them And anyone tryna step on you, fire burnin' Make a livin', stack a sum and watch your paper Now and later ain't really good time For a nigga 'bout his business on Wood Crest Manor

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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