

Gucci Mane, Pillz (BITCH I MIGHT BE)

(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 flyy 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 YEEEEAAAAAAHHH