

Gucci Mane, No Sleep (Intro)

They tell me!

Ziggy
Mike Will
Mike Will Made It

I can't even sleep I got so much to say
Fuck the feds, fuck the police, fuck the D.E.A.
I can't even sleep I got so much to say
Ex-drug dealer, used to sell a brick to day
I can't even sleep I got so much to say
Recovering drug addict, I used to drink a pint a day
I can't even sleep I got so much to say
Recovering drug addict, I used to smoke a pound a day

It's Gucci
No sleep!
Blur, blur, blur, blur
I'm outchea
Wizzard!

When the sun comes out it takes the rain away
But just like Noah it been rainin' the last 40 days
Takin' pain pills, tryna take the pain away
Sold my first 8-ball and bought me my first pair of J's
Momma cussing out these disrespectful ass J's
They knocking on the door, know I'm just in the 7th grade
I'm mixing codeine pills and molly in a lemonade
I'm feeling like biscuit so damn high, might just die any day
For all you junkies that's addicted, please don't get offended
I'm a recovering drug addict and that's not my intention
That OG's gas hit my mailbox like a magazine subscription
My doctor in the feds for writing bad prescriptions
I got so drunk I left Keyshia and I crashed a Bentley
I'm a mathematician
I'm too stoned to miss it
I got the best intentions but I made rash decisions
Throwin' cash at bitches
Spend like half a chicken
Before I started rapping I was worth half a tickey
Took your stash to get it
Or spent it so fast it's silly
I drop the top on my Rolls Royce, I ride past the prison
They hate with a passion,
I guess that's the new fashion, is it?

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