

# 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)