

It's Alive

Gucci Mane

1-2, 1-2, 1-2, burrrr burrrr
This is special, GUCCCI
Its Gucci, that's what you mean huh...right? right..
Ladies and gentleman, showtime

My pocket on swole, my rims on chrome
When I hit the club, everything goes
Bottles in the air, put your lighters in the air
But when I'm in here, I don't really care
Cuz I ride on em, I style on em
I lean on em, yes, I flash on em
Yeh I know, that's the way you like it, huh, yeh
That's the way you love me, huh? It's alive..it's alive

It's alive, it's alive
Rims cut the eyes
I had to bring the bitch back like Frankenstein
I push weight, but Gucci don't exercise
I get extra from whippin up extra pies
I'm in the hood like the mayor round election time
It's a suggestion, don't park your car next to mine
I'ma start when the light hit, I'm 'posed to shine
Your flow is garbage, they let me out just in time
They got a section, but none of the hoes are fine
They need to exit, don't let the grind pass you by
I run laps around lames with my shoes untied
I jump the line, walk in, and watch the crowd divide
Still stuck outside, that's the ugly side
Looked medusa in the eye and medusa died
This is top secret shit, classified
Don't blame me, Swizz was the mastermind
Can't breathe, can't breathe, Toni Braxton time
I got my chain moonwalkin, Michael Jackson time
I keep on buying ice like I lost my mind
This bloodline of mine is supposed to shine

Hurry up, hurry up Gucci on the news, they say he walked out the jail rockin
stupid jewels
They try and find out what it do, admit it, you confused
Too much cash on me, hundreds fallin out me, true
Big yellow wrists, bright as piss, bitch I'm the shit
Big Gucci called Swizz, let's make a hit
2 things in this world I ain't ever seen
Are you a foreigner nigga? I need to help me get me me
Well if your stomach cannot tote it baby, let me breathe
Cuz I don't check if no babe or bitch chasin me
Excuse my French, bitch I'm so Gucci, I so fuckin gutter
It don't make no sense to switch for none these mother fuckas

Somebody said my life is it
I said nah dog, my wife is it
Now I'm back, back on 'em like I never, never left
Plus the boy right here, I'm fresh to death
And the Black Card in my back pocket
The Conaseg lookin' like a speeder rocket
Yeah, I'm zoomin' on the highway
And you should love me, I did it my way

[Hook]