

Look Ma I Did It - Gucci Mane & Baby Racks Lyrics

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“Look Ma I Did It”

Hold on, hold on, alright

1017

Baby Racks, Baby Racks

Baby Racks

Racks

Long money, 'Wop

I'm loaded, Baby Racks

Loaded

(Honcho on the beat)

Go

You trippin', do it to 'em

They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it

It's Gucci

They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it

They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it (Yeah)

Go (Go)

I heard you broke, yeah, you trippin'

I made twenty thousand just sittin' in the kitchen (Yeah)

They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it (Mama)

My reefer be louder than three-fifty engines (Skrirt)

These niggas had counted me out (Nah)

**Now they mention my name when they tryna gain clout
(Ha)**

**I don't know what that's 'bout
I keep them bands in a drought (Bands), they comin' in,
comin' out (Yeah)**

**Bitch, I look like I'm a dollar sign
You don't see that, then you colorblind
I get the money ahead of time
These niggas green like a dandelion
Play with my money, get penalized
These niggas poppin' on Facebook Live
We used to go in on three-fives
I can go snatch my own P now
Your bitch get snatched like a rebound
Don't got no time for no handouts
I'm the one you shouldn't play 'round
I been a boss, this ain't overnight
High as a Delta flight
Hundreds be older than Betty White
Diamonds be shinin' like city lights
Playin' with sticks like it's Fisher-Price
This shit get scary like poltergeist
Baby Racks, yeah, that's my copyright
Pockets be fat, but my skinnies tight
Say he want smoke, then it's on sight
We just gon' pop up with no invite
Yeah, boy, you real funny like Peter
Got stripes like Adidas
These niggas be singin' like Keisha
I need me a bitch just like Gina
I'm selfish as fuck, I keep buyin' two-seaters
I'ma just fuck on her, you can still keep her**

**I'm just sellin' dope like it's legal
Might just go get a white beamer
Havin' more spots than a cheetah
Drop a deuce, that's that Regeta**

**I heard you broke, yeah, you trippin'
I made twenty thousand just sittin' in the kitchen
They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it
My reefer be louder than three-fifty engines (Skrrt)
These niggas had counted me out
Now they mention my name when they tryna gain clout
(Yeah)**

**I don't know what that's 'bout (Nah)
I keep them bands in a drought, they comin' in, comin' out
(Huh?)**

**I'm so rich, can't call me trick if I pay up
I used to trap out a room in Decatur (Skrrt)
All in Las Vegas, wave "Hi" to the haters (Hi)
My outfits is tailored, big tippin' the waiter (Wow)
I'm comin' trim, like it come with the Trina
Out on the yacht with no shoes, rockin' Lennon (Yeah)
Industry niggas be actin' like bitches
Too feminine, I'd rather collab with women
When I got on, I put folks in position
I had a vision, started in the kitchen
My hustle relentless, the purest intentions
Woke up in Simi Valley with no picket fences (Damn)
I can not stop 'til I run up a billion
I'm tryna stack these M's up to the ceilin' (Damn)
I'm at the top, but I come from the trenches
Big Mama look down, be like, "Gucci, you did it" (Mama)**

**I heard you broke, yeah, you trippin'
I made twenty thousand just sittin' in the kitchen
They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it
My reefer be louder than three-fifty engines (Skrrt)
These niggas had counted me out
Now they mention my name when they tryna gain clout
I don't know what that's 'bout (Nah)
I keep them bands in a drought, they comin' in, comin' out
(Bands)**

**My last bitch showed me that these hoes wasn't nothin'
So I'ma just marry the money
Me and Ben Franklin got something in common
I might propose with a bag full of hundreds
Say he got P's, well, I need me a dozen
I might just go put 'em all in the oven
Watch how them racks come back, lookin' so lovely
Money the only topic in discussions
You know all my bitches exquisite
I'm tryna go get it
Might just take your bitch to Spondivits
My pockets be looking like spinach
All of my cars, they be tinted
So you cannot see who in it
They tryna fuck up my image
Bitch, I'm Pablo in the city
I might just come with a fifty
I cannot stop 'til I push up in Bentleys, Bentleys, Bentleys**

**I heard you broke, yeah, you trippin'
I made twenty thousand just sittin' in the kitchen (Yeah)
They said I couldn't do it, but look, ma, I did it (Mama)
My reefer be louder than three-fifty engines (Skrrt)**

**These niggas had counted me out (Nah)
Now they mention my name when they tryna gain clout
(Ha)**

**I don't know what that's 'bout
I keep them bands in a drought (Bands), they comin' in,
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