

King Snipe - Gucci Mane Lyrics

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"King Snipe"

Shit, I love Guwop though

Zuwop, 'cause I'm a big Z

Ya heard me?

Know what I'm sayin'?

Shoutout to Gucci, I think that's my dad

You know, I was just jerkin'

(I just told Richie we rich)

Been said, "Whopty-woop, whopty-woop"

I was like, "Bet, " though I was lyin'

When them bullets had came my way, I say, "I bet Kodak ain't dyin'"

We put murders backwards after, we turned red rum to wine

I'm that nigga that smack all the smackers so I'm the biggest stepper,
five-five

I'm a hot boy, my bitch the coldest, yeah, opposite attract

You got one time to raise your voice in here then I'ma get the strap

I've been chasin' that boy like a fly 'round the house but eventually, I'll get
him clapped

All I ever had was the trap, I ain't have me no dad, so I got off my dick,
yeah, I jacked

I've been true to this from the jump (uh-huh)

When I do it, consider it done (mm-hmm)

Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one

On point like I'm a dot

I'll swap me a body for a swap

Put a bag right on his top

I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart

Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope

Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke

I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho

I'm a Z but I'm P for sure

I've been lowkey, she a swoop

Need Codeine with lil' boo

And I know she cheatin' too

But I ain't finna look for proof

I triple crossed them 'cause I seen it was planned

They tried to count me out, must didn't know how to count

Told her ring up, and didn't know the amount

Expensive new fabrics I couldn't even pronounce (it's Gucci)

No gun policy, stick in the party

Hope nobody gets out of they body

Got his self hurt, he was full of that molly (damn)
We ain't even wanna have to kill nobody (whoa, ooh)
Ridin' down Ocean like Fast and the Furious (Gucci)
Caught me red-handed, can't crank up the jury (damn)
Your boss is a pussy, your artist so scared (pussy)
Just a matter of time 'fore they take all your jewelry
These young niggas, they done made killin' a sport
They're brazen, they'll take a switch to New York

So crazy, kill a pig, turn him into pork
I hope they don't try to get my lyrics in court (it's Gucci)

I've been true to this from the jump

When I do it, consider it done

Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one

On point like I'm a dot

I'll swap me a body for a swap

Put a bag right on his top

I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart

Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope

Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke

I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho

I'm a Z but I'm P for sure

I've been lowkey, she a swoop

Need Codeine with lil' boo

And I know she cheatin' too
But I ain't finna look for proof
Man, I got juice but I want the lean
I'm smokin' deuce, I pour green
And I got boot but not on my feet
What did I do?
Caresha, please, baby
Bought you a Ring Pop to be funny
I'll take you to Kay's now if you like it
My Pomeranian puppy a Russian
I brought this lil' beautiful bitch to the ugly
And I'm King Snipe and I came tucked
Yeah, I came tight, you ain't gettin' none
Miami nights, fuckin' in the club
Shakin' with the dice, they don't really bluff
I made a way, it's only us
Niggas hatin' on me much
All I did was run it up
I've been true to this from the jump (uh-huh)
When I do it, consider it done (it done)
Fuck a shooter, bitch, 'cause I'm one (I'm one)
On point like I'm a dot
I'll swap me a body for a swap (uh-huh)

Put a bag right on his top (your head)
I got murder all in my eyes, you see it, it's torture in my heart (it's there)
Beat the pot like it's beef with the dope
Pop Percs, I don't drink, I don't smoke
I'ma leave 'fore I beat on a ho
I'm a Z but I'm P for sure (uh-huh)
I've been lowkey, she a swoop (a swoop)
Need Codeine with lil' boo (she bad and bougie)
And I know she cheatin' too
But I ain't finna look for proof

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
