

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

---

### Gucci Flow

Par Gucci Mane

*Album : So Icy Boyz 22*

---

ICIBILLET.COM

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

Finesse, too hard

A million dollars don't excite me (at all)

Model bitches can't entice me (at all)

Still a street nigga, white jumpsuit, black Glock, dirty white Nikes

Still'll put them things in a rental (finesse 'em)

Crack his head down the middle (I got 'em)

And I'm certified everywhere I go (go)

I don't need a vouch, I'm official (I'm him)

They wanna stop me, like Jeffrey Simmons (Jeffrey Simmons)

I'm from Memphis, I grew up and walked to Simmons (eastside)

If you ain't from the block, you the opposition (opposition)

If you weren't sellin' dope, you was killin' and pimpin' (pimp)

Robbin' and stealin' (rob), whatever to get it, just get it (just get it)

Ain't just on me, it's in me (in me)

I speak the truth, I'm the realest

I ain't just dedicated, I'm committed (committed)

Pull up, white polo-tee, Palm Angels sweat, VVS baguettes, they know I was next

Locked down, twenty-three hours, one hour wrecked, look at me now

Everything together (everything), if I changed, I changed for the better

Everybody won't shine with me, but we ain't stayin' in the rain together

Can't hang together (go)

Gucci finessin', these niggas regressin'

Call me a clone, but I call it progressin' (well, damn)

I went to jail and it taught me a lesson

I took a bird and turned it to a blessin'

Wop got a fetish for chasin' the lettuce

She try finesse me to get some baguetties (ho)

Niggas pathetic, diss me and regret it

I took the cash and let them take the credit (wow)

Life is hectic, keep it kosher steady, don't need no medic (woo)

Lost in Vegas, I ain't sweat it, picked up a bag and I ain't bet it (no)

My niggas rich with millions, but we felons

Your niggas did the killings, but they tellin' (pussy)

Every time I hit the county, I was sellin'

Brother front the pack, I was seven (true)

Matter of fact, I was into .7s

Jay showin' love, call me Kevin

Forgive me, Lord, I really need a reverend (huh)

Play with Wop, you're on your way to heaven (Lord)

Gucci pulled up in a 911 (skrrt)

Raisin' terror, like it's 9/11 (yoom)

Took a nigga weapon without a weapon (wow)

He screamin', "Help," but knowin' they can't help him (it's Gucci)