

Jingle Bales Intro

Gucci Mane

Wop
East Atlanta Santa
Jumpin' out the Phantom
Huh, go
Jingle bales, bales on the scale (Bale)
Fish scale same?color?as (Skrtr, skrrt, ?skrrt)
Tryna duck the feds (F*ck 'em), ?just bust a nigga head (Bah)
'Cause these niggas tried to play with my bread (Huh? P*ssy)
Jingle bales (Jingle), motherf*ck 12 (F*ck 'em)
I'ma drop a bag on your head (Wack 'em, kill 'em)
The neighbors won't tell (Nah), and we left no shells (Bah)
It's a dead man 'sleep in your bad (Ooh, go)
Jingle, jingle (Jingle), I'm Kris Kringle (Santa)
Tryna stack my chips up (Yeah), tall like Pringles
The work came darker, the price got cheaper (Cheap)
Coke like Christmas and pints like Easter (Pink)
Hustlin' with the work, get in the kitchen like Batista (Rrah)
Shake the pot, shake the pot, shake it like a seizure (Skrtr)
Charge your boy the super high, sell it 'fore it's even dry
Gucci the executive (Gucci), but I don't wear a suit and tie
Dressed super fly, I'm too rich even for Uber rides (No Uber)
Can't even go outside (No), everywhere I'm recognized (Ooh)
Gucci Mane a model now, they need me to advertise (Yeah)
Pull up in an Avatar, hybrid with some stupid ice
She stalkin' me, she jackin' me, she watch me like a private eye
Mob guy, washed guy, your boyfriend a small fry (Small)
Drop top, winter time, 'cause I can't be the fall guy (Brr)
Ballin' till you fall out (Ball), I just trapped out the mall out (Oh, damn)
Jingle bales (Jingle), bales on the scale (Bale)
Fish scale same color as (Skrtr, skrrt)
Tryna duck the feds (Santa), just bust a nigga head (Bah)
'Cause these niggas tried to play with my bread (Wack 'em, hoo)
Jingle bales (Jingle), motherf*ck 12 (F*ck 'em)
I'ma drop a bag on your head (Damn, damn)
The neighbors won't tell (Nah), and we left no shells (Bah)
It's a dead man 'sleep in your bad (Ooh)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>