

# Still Remember (feat. Pooh Shiesty)

## Gucci Mane

[Gucci Mane:]Thirty, you a motherfuckin' fool, nigga  
Nah, nah, nah, nahI had to laugh, it kept me from crying  
Said it was all good, but I was lying  
Stood on my ten and I did my time  
I done seen all these niggas switch sides  
I know what's up with these guys, they hate in disguise  
They runs at an all time high  
Just by the watches I buy and the juice that I fly  
Like I'm up, like I'm stuck in the sky  
I came up robbin', starvin', Sun Valley apartments  
Copped the Martel with some pennies  
Handled my business, I swear that I hustle relentless  
Bipolar from all of the killings  
Dope I was whipping, mom tried to whip me  
She gave me a 50 for Christmas, I flipped it  
Still can't forget it  
Wearin' my brother's clothes I couldn't fit it  
We still got evicted  
Coat was so raggedy it was embarrassing  
It was impairing, I'm blaming my parents  
Rode on Mac leans before the McLaren  
The hammer starin' all down, Mane a terrorist  
Did it myself, ain't no blemish on my rep  
You can come see for yourself  
Watch where you step  
Mumblin' under your breath  
I hold a grudge to the death  
Cop by myself, I don't need nobody help  
I blaze you up like I'm chef  
Shoot to the M, I shoot a hundred like whip  
You keep a 30 like Steph, you better duck  
Mask on my face like I'm Rip  
Cash cover me like a quilt  
I come equipped, blue tips inside of my clip  
You'll think my gun was a Crip  
Drive by, walk by, bicycle, motorcycle  
Killers pulling up in all kinds  
14, 15, 12 years old  
Young niggas slangin' 99's  
Young nigga stacking it proud  
Trapping it loud, he threw a stack in the crowd  
I say they jackin' my style

Crackin' a smile but I ain't sold crack in a while  
I got a biblical past, digital dash  
Scale with a digital dial  
Really put dope in a vial  
Here working the towel, I put that shit on the Bible  
Servin' my cuz outta town, they said I was devilish  
'Cause I wouldn't go to revival  
Gucci Mane talk of the town  
Now when I touch down, I'm selling a brick on arrival  
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Remember them days I was stuck in the creek  
I had somewhere to sleep, but I didn't have a bed  
Jumped off the porch, I wasn't going for shit  
Had to tackle the block just to get me some bread  
I was the man of the house, had to figure shit out here  
Time pause went to the feds  
Had the dude found no clip, I was bustin' that bitch  
I was constantly puttin' one in the head  
Now we got choppas with lasers and beams  
We three seven five one oh seventeen  
Wop came and got me, this shit ain't no dream  
Big shots stay in Gucci like Shaq and Kareem  
I got up and took it couldn't wait on no blessings  
Shakin' them dice tryin' to roll me a seven  
They threw the police on me at eleven  
I been 'causing hell, quick to send you heaven  
Couldn't wait to wop, punch you out 'cause I'm ready  
Might rob a rapper right after a session  
Give me them keys and they watchin' they necklace  
I need them Cuban links and them baguettes  
Ain't no more postin' on IG and flexin'  
I'm the one rappin' but steady be steppin'  
I'm comin' late in your dream like I'm Freddy

How you gon' run from an automatic weapon?[Gucci Mane:]

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We still got evictedIt's Gucci  
Fuck 'em  
2020

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