

Gracias

Snootie Wild

Yeah, yeah haaaaah
Mane fuck all these niggas
Thats why i keep my ruger
But i thank em, gracias i thank em
When my pockets be on broke mode
Smokin' on this mota
I thank em, gracias i thank em
If am rich as fuck i thank em
Broke as hell i thank em
If im stressed out i thank em
For today i thank em
If i blow your ass away
It could've been me so i thank em
Forgive me lord, but i thank em
Eh, okay not everything forsure
Thank you lord yeah he know so
No help where i come from
When you're city so poor
My ghetto, man i love my ghetto
Trappin' out my ghetto
Swangin' off that yayo
Pocket it was solo
Ready for that elbow
Watching for the popo
Marked up and i know so
All day they on patrol
But they have no control
BET no Visa, no j's it was reebok
Talking in [?]
Locked up for thank jesus
Cause i could been dizzy (dizzy)
Fifty countin' a to z
Thank you lord and i know so
All about my go role
Gotta stay on go mode
Favorite gun is a ruger
Any know im a true one
Many dont hellujah
In a eye of a shooter
So you know ill do ya
Pocket it was breakin'
Stomache steady aching

Trappin' out of vacant
But i had to take it
Cause i could been dizzy (dizzy)
From the streets to BET i did it
Real hood nigga can't stop me
Can't clone me or copy
Chances to recopy
Haters can't believe me believe it
Jesus, thank jesus believe me

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>