

# 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/>