

# All These Bitches

Gucci Mane

I got hard dick fall on these bitches  
I get all their numbers [?] call these bitches  
No patience for their life, just kiss my wallet bitches  
Niggas don't know nothing else, saw these niggas

I got a bitch I send on runs, I put the book back in my Benz  
Got her f'in with the seatbelt strapped on it cause it's my friend  
Breakin bricks down in my tent, I got bills stacked to my chin  
Dime of jewels cost that nigga a nail, watch yo boy cut off a limb  
Look at me then look at him  
Hard top Bentley, Bentley rim  
Fuck 2 sisters with the cream  
And I drop topped off, I broke the rims  
Back to back, bitch call them twins  
Got a hard top X and a drop top M  
Call my iceberg slim, can't fuck with him  
2K on weed, yeah that's a bill  
If I 5K on lean, I'm leanin now  
Drunk to a whole price, I'm a drink it down  
Your girlfriend's a semen demon  
Big Gwap she screamin out  
Drop top Rari showing cleavage  
I'm on Cleveland - call it believing  
Knock your bitch til I leave no reason  
Take my bitch and call it even

I got hard dick for all these bitches  
I get all their numbers I don't call these bitches  
No patience for relations kiss my rarri bitches  
Niggas don't know anything else, all these niggas  
You can hold this 30 ounce for these niggas  
You die we hit 40 steps for shawty niggas  
We don't trust these bitches or these niggas  
Got the big face rollies 40 on us niggas

Nigga tried to knock me out  
But these niggas extra salt  
How in the hell you just start robbin? Come and try to test a boss  
Play the hand that I was dealt  
40 make you pay the mill  
I don't send no niggas dawg, I do that shit by myself  
Co-defendant that's a no  
Play how that shit flyin cold  
One thing bout yo jukebox nigga, spray the pussy like a score  
Since you pussy I'm a send these hollow tips down yo throat  
Killa killa, murda murda, flip that nigga like a burger  
I don't shoot for legs, so you know ain't no tip in murder  
And young Juiceman they were fine, made me put you on the murder  
Smoke you like a cancer stick  
Make yo mama dimmeloner  
Talkin all that tough talk  
But yo ass know you baloney  
Wanna go to war? Make the Gatling talking like I'm Tony

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