

Angry

Gucci Mane

Tell me I'm [?] nigga and Imma learn to love you
Put that chopper in your name so I got to fuck you
If you fuck my homeboy then I can never trust you
Give a shoutout to my new bitch, she a fucking hustler
I got a new bitch, I got a new bitch
Yeah I'm riding round the city with my new bitch
Got my old ho mad, she a broke bitch
And plus I got the kind of money that we both rich
Jump out the yacht bitch, we going shopping
I bought three cars 'fore she got options
I'm not popping, but she Gucci
She told me baby get them niggas, they pussy

I'm [?] summer bitch
I'm a dirty summer bitch
I c good to you baby
I buy Rolexs for the clique
I'm a neighborhood nigga
I'm a no good nigga
I'm from a Hollywood court but ain't no Hollywood nigga

Riding round LA with my new bitch
Counting blue face hundreds, count a few licks
Hit the trap, bounce, whip a few bricks
Baby fall back, you know I does this
Think it's all fun and games, just music
Till a nigga pull up, get to shooting
Fredo ain't getting money, man that's nonsense
On Front Street, got the trap jumping
I can front your work depending what you're copping
If you run off then I'm finna fucking goblin
Got Tec-9s, AKs in my closet
It's just in case a nigga cross me on that op shit

Tell that nigga don't ride past if he the opposite
I'm a neighborhood nigga, you an op bitch
3 hunna, 64th, yeah we be dropping shit
She a neighborhood bitch, yeah she a block bitch
She been around the block, yeah that's the block bitch
I spin around the block, I got my Glock and shit
Spin right back on your block, you better not be on it
Any nigga getting seen, yeah we on it
3hunna that's the team, yeah we own it
Got killers, kill your dream, nigga we on that
It's a hundred band juug right there and we on that
3hunna that's the team, yeah we own that