

Bring It On

Gucci Mane

Seven baby, yea
I'm talking to you
What?
Tell em bring it on

Chilling in the club with this Rolex on
Two bad bitches, tell em bring it on
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on, what's that?
Guwap in this bitch, I got it going on
Got your girlfriend's number in my cellphone
Cellphone, tell her bring it on
Bring it on, nigga what?

Got my top drop riding all summer long
Bad bitch in a thong, keep your panties on
Keep your panties on, fuck her while you're home
Call me Mr. Wrong

You don't like Gucci, but your bitch do
And you ain't even pay me for that shit I fronted you
And you couldn't even be the Guwap if you wanted to
These bitches on to you, but that's the shit that money do
These snitches like the [?], man they just as honest
I heard they told em, fuck that I just spent 20 at honors
The fuck they throwing rocks at us, I know they got binoculars
Tell em that the Bentley that I got collect 400 books
A million cash'll shut you up, birthday bash at echo's bus
With foreign bitches smoking weed, I know the bus [?] lean
I scratch some more, we smoking weed
I cook a key up, [?] key
That's less for you but more for me
I'm on the streets but bless the beat