

Candy Lady

Gucci Mane

Hey, aye Gucci
Yo just so they know we in the motherfuckin' studio nigga
See how we doin' that, that ghetto shit like this, y'all already
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh
Y'all heard that, I said y'all niggas ready
So icy in the buildin'
Gucci, where you at

See she the candy lady I'm the candy Mane
She got 3 blocks on her call her candy cane
Like my Glock 9 I keep her right beside me
First I make her drive then I let her ride me

Brand new Gucci bag with a pocket scale
Plus she bust open the bags with her finger nails
She got carats on her wrist and diamonds on her neck
She in my drop top vet thumbing through the check

She say money make her cum, trapping make her wet
Every time we have sex I try to make her sweat
I keep her with some work and keep her in a skirt
We love blowing kush, stay blowing purp

See she the type of girl that a nigga like
And she'll jump off she'll help a nigga fight
She more than a lover she more like a sister
I buy her a bag she buy me a pistol

It's early in the morning she water whippin'
And what you call that I call it homecookin'
See that's my old lady she drive me crazy
But the homies in hood call her the candy lady