

# Choosin

Gucci Mane

I can't lie they got me choosin'

Hot

Stand stand stand out of land on wanna throw the bands on 'em  
Pay to tell your girlfriend that a rich man want her  
She bustin with that stupid shit, I'm throwin bands on 'em  
They way she suck a dick a trick I'll spend this check on her  
From George just wanna call the 'flix, I got a six full of Georgia peach  
And she get the bitches wanna ride ditch  
200,000 pounds both question it  
I wanna know which one I can ride the bitch  
I'm married to bitch, call it mister miss  
Go get the shit and this is the shit  
And the other shit, this here a dress  
Take cruise and [?] can you bust a hit then you pass the test  
We can kill the prime bed on her bed and baby's what that I'm never going in  
She love to drink gotta have her pipe  
Doub-double the cup till it's  
Fuck what you heard, fuck what you think  
Give her, told her to she

She got me  
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Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'  
I can't lie she got me  
Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'  
Man I swear she got me  
Choosin', choosin', choosin', choosin'  
(It's Gucci)

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Lemme lay these rules down  
Even though you my boo down  
Real real dick, truck boy  
Couldn't be [?] up  
I move around my tool around  
Lose me you're gonna lose that  
You can choose me or get chose on  
'Cause your friend girl put the shoes down  
Her boss drop and her mouth drop  
Like a young girl never suck cock  
Ain't hip hop and I'm not pop  
I got a stash box of the main box  
Got your day [?] at your day spot  
Like your grandpa got paper  
As you girl with me all day bro  
But I get you get what you pay for

Came wish let the wish do 'em  
I know you sleep this to 'em  
She cheated on you to tissue  
Invested it in your future  
Now ball out like the rich dude  
Got spill on you like I wish dude  
Suckin' dick all day takes text you she miss you  
Got issues, you bitch do

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