

Hard On A Bitch

Gucci Mane

I'm Gucci Mane and I'm so player
And when I grab her hair, baby scream "oh yeah"
Triple ice on so they gon' stare
I like it when they wear the dress without the underwear
I'm swingin' through the club like I don't care
I'm a million dollar figure, nowadays that's rare
And you ain't gotta talk boo, I ain't finna stalk you
Girl, I get like fifty thousand dollars just to walk through
All this stuntin', I'm so blunted
What I'm gon' do with all this money?
Bag it up, wrap it up, trash bag money
Hundred pounds, ninety-three, octane money

I go hard on a bitch
I go hard on a bitch, man
I'm so smart on a bitch
I go hard on a bitch, man

Baby, it's my watch that got everybody watchin'
Them white BBS's on the bracelet got 'em talkin'
Perfected on my life, thirty years of stress
A million dollar statue as a token of success
So practice makes perfect, I'm on side turfin'
While you internet surfin' and buyin' hoes purses
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I just fuck her, throw her chump change and it's to the next thang
I go from the jump, man, but you bitches know I...

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I'm feelin' my homie Game, I got money, I got fame
Wanna hear some more? I got pool, I got range
Bitches wet they clothes when I step up in the door
But I treat these monkey hoes like some garbage on the floor
I know I be fly like the man on the moon
You standin' in my space, baby let me get some room
Take a step back let me see what you look like
Dig you, I might, only if you weigh
I'm so smart on these hoes, man games I be playin'
I go hard on these hoes let that lame hold your hand
She say she wanna love me, I won't let her rub me
Dick up in her mouth, that's the only way she touch me

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