

Heart Attack

Gucci Mane

Heart attack, baby when you roll
You gone give me a heart attack
Don't slow it up baby roll it I want a heart attack
Gotta act just like you know you giving me a heart attack
I ain't never ever poppin back
I just want me a heart attack
Heart attack, heart attack, heart attack, heart attack
Heart attack, heart attack, heart attack
Picture me not doing well from a heart attack, from a heart attack

Gotta have my Tinder on her
She don't want nun but that designer on her
I don't remember how many times I bone her
And she the bomb like Lotus Flower water
I ain't snitchin' but I told her I really wanna change into a pimp
Turn your little ass at Giuseppe store
All your jewelry on the wrist belt
5 pair of J pair of leather leather
Catch a dime by the strip club
And make you shake your little bitty tail feathers
Told her "baby girl, knock out, knock out" just like Mayweather
Only told you my two thighs on the other side of my fuckin' bed
She got a good job and her head perfect that's super head
She get inside the road then bust it open that Sufared
When we first started I'm like Superman now I'm super dead

Lamborghini with the doors up
Pull up and she chose up
Froze up so she chose us
Better ask these hoes, they know us
She watching me like a movie
Gucci Mane got his numbers up
Tell her, baby girl come over here, drop this ass right in front of us
Yea, she chose up, yea that bitch chose us
That bitch she chose up, the yellow bitch chose up
I got a dark skin friend and she fine as fuck
But when I hit the club she make them hoes choose up
Yea, they choose up
Jimmy Choo shoes up
Jimmy Choo glasses? That's just the shit my boo wear
I'm so inconsiderate, I'm not even caring
I got them big old diamond chains and thinking about marriage