

I Don't Do Roofs

Gucci Mane

I'm allergic to ceilings, offended by tops
I don't have no feelings, get that from my pops
Convertible Gucci, convertible Phantom
Got money on money, might drop the top on my mansion
Let me reintroduce me, I'm drop top Gucci
Had a hard top once, but now I'm drop top stupid
I got your girlfriend with me, she in an awkward position
Switching gears on the steering wheel and I'm revving the engine
She never seen nothing like it so she keeps asking me questions
She ask me where is my ceiling, I told her fuck it I left it
She started braining, I'm driving, I damn near went past the exit
I'm in a headless Ferrari, me and your wifey, she naked

Hit the bank, withdraw a million dollars, then make it rain at the house
Vacuum, then a month later I done found like 100 thou
Eating breakfast the next day, found diamonds all in my fruit loops
8 cars and they topless cause truthfully I don't do roofs
I don't do roofs, I don't do roofs
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Got ahead in my car, got a headless car
Got my top pushed back but I'm up to par
She glazing at my Cartier's, looking at the star
My game is extraterrestrial, it's next to Mars
Your niggas swag so stanky it's an extra charge
Get in that ugly ass car, I'm dropping sexy bars
I know some killers long beards, and they praise Allah
I got some skinny waisted bitches, but they stuff cigars
So how we country and these cars ain't from this country
Hit one button and fold my top just like it's lunch
Sexy but can't eat a spaghetti for nothing
Blood red Rari, drop my top, Spaghetti Junction