

# 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  
I don't do roofs, I don't do roofs  
8 cars and they topless cause truthfully I don't do roofs  
I don't do roofs, I don't do roofs

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