Loser

Gucci Mane

Loser....
Haaaa...
S'Gucci!!!

Loser....
He's a Loser....
Loser....
Your Boyfriend is a Loser

Since I lost my top does that make me a loser
Know you love that nigga but your boyfriend is a loser
Weed, pills, mollies, man I'm a drug user
Your girlfriend on dick, man your girlfriend is a chooser

I beat that pussy up, Gucci Mane is a bruiser
No shirt in Miami riding on a scooter
I'm wrestling with the work you can call me Lex Luger
I fucked your mama, Damn, I swear that bitch is a cougar
Your sister's so fine I bought her a Landcruiser
Your daddy wanna buck? I'm a hit him with the Ruger
I fuck your girlfriend then act like I never knew her
Every time I see a disser that's the way I do her
I tote a lot of weight like a motherfuckin mover
I rock so much Gucci you would think I was a booster
I sell a lot of chickens yeah I keep a lot of roosters
I'm Gucci Mane, a Martian, and your boyfriend is a loser

True Religion pants man, I guess I'm a True-er
Got a lot to prove man I guess that I'm a prover
Lost another case, guess that makes me a loser
Make a lot of money man that's the way that I manuever
Gucci Mane the shit bitch yeah I'm the manure
I'm dreaming 'bout your girl I guess my mind is in the sewer
I'm fuckin with these bitches man cuz Gucci Mane's a flirter
I don't fuck with lames, man, your boyfriend is a worker
Killin every track man I swear I am a murker
Rude with these bitches so they say that I'm a jerker
I only use her mouth so that makes me a user
Get lost after I screw her and that makes me a loser

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