

Millions Every Month

Gucci Mane

From the cradle to the grave nigga
I'mma be a paid nigga
In a escalade with some thousand dollar shades nigga
Tattoos on my face, that's why people think I'm crazy
But Gucci Mane the realest and all that other shit fugazi
Hundred K a day shit
Hundred dollar blunt shit
You can't wear my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch
Millions every month, bitch
Millions every month, bitch
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch

I'm a hood bitch
Smoke that good shit
Got a main ho, Hollywood chick
Got a mansion up in the hills
Keep bringing hundreds, I keep counting dollar bills
Ho what you talking?
Go put on them heels!
Go get that pussy why I try to get my deals
She always pimpin so bitch keep yo head down
All work no play, ho I'm in town!
Keep a hundred clips, with a hundred rounds
If you wanna stop me, bitch, you gotta knock me down
With my coke up, with that baking soda
Yeah I got my ho bitch, and she blowin' yola

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Cold hearted like a motherfuckin' cobra
I ain't feeling stopped till I get money like Oprah
Brick looks like a nigga froze up utopia
Niggas ain't eatin' like the kids in Ethipoia
I know you wanna get me and my money be provoking ya
Time to change your mind, and make your job as boob of Tokyo
Sucka tell no lies and he puffin' that Pinnochio
Still screaming free Boosie my nigga free Papa Joe
Hotter than a hula dancer, colder than an eskimo
If you think you're testin' me, you better eat the both of us
Grab you by by your collar, but I hang you by your testicles
Snitchin' ass nigga know the police was protecting you

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