Murda

Gucci Mane

M-M-M-Murda
Hah, hah, hah (Go), hah

It's Guwop and Travis (Huh?), I'm so far from average
All this bread, clad bitch in karats
She gon' give head automatic (Brr, uh-uhh)
Gotta be the first one to have it (Brr)
Can't buy this shit off the track (No)
Rock so many chains, it's tacky
And the jeans don't fit 'less they cost a stack (Damn, uh-uhh)
Got gingivitis, my gang so sweet, make her dyke and like it (Uh-uh)
So many rings, think I got off right, this a ball with Michael (Uh-uh)
Just like Steph Curry, in a hurry to win another title (Uh)
I done rocked up so many blogs, I shoulda dropped this with Tidal (Uh-uh)
Man, I came so far from trappin', niggas then wouldn't give me nothin' (Uh-uh)
Lil' bitch used to come from the other side of town
Just to ride by, see me hustlin' (Muah, uh-uhh)
A lil' [?] say she see me juggin'
Either that, then she see me stackin'
In the hood, you only got two choices
Be a plug or be a junkie (Wop)

Ooh, ooh-ah, ooh
Ooh-woo-ooh-ooh
Ooh-woh-ooh-ooh
Yeah, ooh-ooh

Lo-fi, lo-fi (Yeah), when I slide by your side (Yah)
When I glide by your side (Yah), when I crawl by your side (Yah)
Help me, swipe me, how 'bout now, how 'bout now? (Ooh)
Comin' wild with the child (Ooh)
Gucci proud, Gucci proud, yeah (Ooh)
All these double Gs, all these double Gs (Yeah)
Got you lookin' round, like, "Oh, nigga please"
Ooh, I, oh, [?] please, I'm the O in CEO (Straight up)
I need my fedo, every time like you checkin' in with your P-O (Ooh)
And don't leave me pissed me off (Ooh)
Diamonds heavy husky like my jeweler name was Rick Ross (Yeah)
I'm gettin' up while you gettin' off (Yeah, yeah)
Poppin' crystal livin' like Christoff, uh (Ooh)
Havin' a cheers off, [?], mayday (Ooh)
Chains run around like a relay (Yeah)
Only show up for the cheesecake
I scoop your ass up like the sweetstakes

Ooh, ooh-ah, ooh
Ooh-woo-ooh-ooh
Ooh-woh-ooh-ooh
Yeah, ooh-ooh

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz
Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!