

# No Hands

Gucci Mane

Girl, the way you're moving got me in a trance (Yeah)  
DJ, turn me up, ladies, this your jam (Come on)  
I'ma sip Moscato, and you gon' lose them pants (Ooh)  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands (L'eggo)  
Girl, drop it to the floor (Yeah)  
I love the way your booty go (Come on)  
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move  
Waka, Waka, Waka, Waka, Flocka, yeah!  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (L'eggo)

All that ass, in your jeans  
Can Wale beat? Can Roscoe skeet?  
Long hair, she don't care  
When she walk, she gets stares  
Brown-skin or a yellow bone, DJ, this my favorite song  
So I'ma make it thunderstorm, flood warning, Flocka, yeah  
Blow it, fuck it, I don't care, Jacksons flying everywhere  
Tap my partner Roscoe, like, "Bruh, I'm drunk as hell, can't you tell?  
Threw me 70 bands, bet 50 stacks, oh fucking well  
I'm tryna hit the hotel with two girls that swallow me  
Take this dick while I swallow, Pink Moscato got her freaky  
Hey, you got me in a trance (Damn), please take off your pants  
Pussy pop on a handstand, you got me sweating  
Please pass me a fan, damn

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All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move (Ooh)  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash (L'eggo)  
She said, "Look, ma, no hands"

I need a down south bitch, a real boss chick  
That's what I need in my life, just so I can floss big  
I'm the shit, miss, but my goodness you did  
Dancin' like you strippin', and I love your lipstick  
Push that business, I got that good dick  
I hit your kidneys, come be a witness  
She think I'm trippin', her man is slippin'  
I'm water whippin', stay in the kitchen  
I got them oatmeal cookies, and they going for the nifty  
Good collard greens got them pills and the couple  
That white girl got me rich I think I love her  
She don't love me, she use me  
If using me mean losing me, then move it, it's Gucci

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