

No Love

Gucci Mane

Thirty inches on the truck, nigga, no rule
And I don't get this car, sucka, no look
Gon' drive it crunked up, nigga, straight mud
So your first impression is a nigga sell drugs
I got ball, playa money, y'all get keished up
And if you get money, nigga, we can link up
I might pull to the club in the grey shorts
I'm smokin' out the pound bag, nigga, straight bud

These fuckin' shootaz strange, let 'em bitches hang
Jest this easter lana nigga, spend this easter lana kane
The girls sprain, I'm actin' when she see my chain bling
Fucked so many diamond necklaces her neck turn into ecstasy
Just came back from Texas, I just reel up with the Mexicans
When I phone the plug, I don't delete, I love these messages
Gucci Mane neglect the shit, I started all this flexin' shit
Bells of cushion, bells of perm to different adresseses
White shit that I'm sellin' will make you turn on yo relatives
Cop the plug, come shout with me, you know I got them melodies
Kush so strong, gotta smoke it in the rest room
Niggas say they got that gas, well, Gucci got that Jet fuel

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I put fours on the Coupe, they say it wouldn't fit
And I drop thirties on the trunk, they say the same shit
Told them thirty for a brick, they say I'm insane
But it's a try, they say Gucci say the same thing
All my rockets sache, chicks sendin' for a T-Shirt
I got thirty on my hippies, then they clip it how the heap work
Cold ass nigga, they should call a nigga AC
Got these niggas [?] I drop three 'em in my EP
Foes! And when they come to hold you, I got 'em
Keep them playn games with they chains, so I shot 'em
Got it, realest nigga in it, don't you doubt it
4 hunit for that Rarri, bitch I'm a jump up out I'm
Go, hiump!

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