

# No Luv

Gucci Mane

Wop (Wop)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, ha, go

They say that I'm a clone, I'm not a human being (Well damn)  
'Cause I can't on and maim you without my human feelings (Huh)  
Got a murder on my belt, it's holdin' up my denim (It's Gucci)  
I'm keepin' the feds out my biz, you tryna put 'em in 'em (Racks)  
You say you wanna square off, well, fuck it, square off (Well damn)  
Choppa knock ya hair off, it turned ya bare off (Brr)  
I pray my haters get corona, stop the coughin' on me (Yeah)  
The last nigga ran up on me, and in a coffin, homie (Damn)  
I know the feds listen to me, they my competition  
Couldn't beat me fair and square, so they recruited snitches (You snitches)  
Put ya homie in the ICU, he needed stitches, yeah  
Y'all actin' gangster, but deep down, y'all know y'all really bitches (Pussy  
)

I make a snowstorm, not a flurry, whip it in a hurry (Skrrt)  
They say I did it, I'm so rich, I still crank up the jury (Yeah)  
They wanna hang me by the rafters like Vince Carter's jersey (Vince)  
Everybody broke, I could have retired, early thirty (Woo)  
Ran through like thirty million dollars in my early thirties (Huh?)  
I rep the 6 like Julius Erving, showtime like Sam Perkins (Wow)  
These bitches eatin' these Percocets like they Boston Baked Beans (Wow)  
Somebody pinch him 'cause he tryna be me, it's a dream (It's Gucci)

Uh, used to sell dope at the schoolhouse  
Look at me now, I'm a rich fuckin' dropout, yeah  
Bands in my mouth now, pop out  
Pull up on ya block, everybody get shot down, yeah  
Cartier shine when the lights out  
He don't want the smoke, pussy nigga, better pipe down, uh  
Got his main bitch, he wanna fight now  
Hit it from the back with my Glock in a nightgown  
You know how that go got shit for a bitch, I got shit for a ho  
New foreign coupe with the butterfly doors  
Made the bitch flat seat, how fast we can go  
They hated, I made this shit happen, I sleep on a pallet  
Post at the trap with the ratchet, I used to fuck with the ratchets  
But now I blew up, yeah, all of my bitches the baddest

I ain't savin' no ho, I'm a real-ass pimp  
Bands in my pocket, why I got a lil limp  
Bitch, I'm poppin' like grease, see my name on a blimp (Yeah)  
Pourin' out their heart, boy, these nigga be simp (Yeah)  
Pour a four in my Sprite, now I'm leanin' (Huh)  
I face one back to back for no reason (Woo)  
Bitch it's East Side, I know 'em, I'm bleedin' (Yeah)  
Kush all in my lungs when I'm breathin' (Mmm), damn  
I love a ho with a fat ass, boy, you a bitch with yo rat ass  
You stalkin' my shit, what y'all mad at?  
Like Mike Jackson, do it , you badass  
Step off in this bitch, it's a light show (Light show)  
My diamonds hit without no lights though  
I love a thick bitch with no lipo (Ice)  
You hate me, yo ho in my likes though  
You love on dat ho, I would never (Damn)  
If she wanna ho, then I let her

I might stress me a bitch, never press her  
All my guns come with a compressor  
Thirty-two lighters all on my dresser  
Testin' me I'ma get you together  
Bitch, I'm thuggin', no matter the weather  
So icy, we flockin' together

Plan it, I make me a pot, I get special delivery  
Then that bitch hot, you a bundle of misery  
Get off my top and ya shawty on go because this year a bop  
I got boo stamps 'cause he always complainin'  
He don't eat enough of that pussy, you playin'  
You better be careful 'cause this shit is dangerous, lay yo ass out like a m  
uhfuckin' stranger  
I say "Burr," bitch, ice cold, diamond grills all gold  
Quick bag also, pussy niggas all fo'  
My attitude needed a tic-tac  
I pulled his wig back, Swiper no swipin' the fox trap  
Damn, I need all that, send me a step, and they solve that  
Watch how my bitches resolve that  
Fly as hell, bitch, what you call that?  
Tell shawty fall back, I can't dissolve that  
My energy right, I got stamina  
Catch us, young nigga, with money, they needed the camera  
These niggas really ain't man enough, abracadabra, I see what's up  
Caught that bitch cheatin', you peepin' her  
Better think twice about keepin' her  
Bitches got options, that nigga been fuckin' her (Brr)

Yeah, fly like a bird, fuck what you heard, bitch, I been makin' serves (Ser  
ves)  
Uh, big body swerve, I fucked up my Forgiato on the curve (Bah)  
Yeah, codeine got me slurred, I'm drinkin' too much, spilled this shit on my  
shirt (Uh)  
Yeah, I ball with no jersey, young nigga flexin', young nigga, no splurgin'  
(Uh)  
Lord, please have mercy, I got two bitches with me emergin' (Yeah)  
Bitch, better go join the circus, who you think I is? I ain't buyin' no Birk  
in  
My mama is the only lady I get a purse for  
These Instagram bitches, ain't nothin' but worth some  
So I'm ridin' in a yellow Maybach, sippin' purple  
And I got two straps on me, Glock, Urkel (Bah, bah)  
Yeah, what the fuck you mean, huh? (Fuck you mean?)  
Bitch, this a P-R-E, 1-0-1-7, dream team, yeah (Bitch)  
Bitch, I ball like Kareem, uh (Swish) and I'm 'bout my cream, yeah ('Bout my  
cream, uh)  
They say money talk, but my diamonds do too  
And they sayin', "Bling," nigga (So icy), yeah