

Orange

Gucci Mane

Word on the street, I'm the best thing going
Smoking on the gas, got the best thing blowing
Tattoo's on my face, It's my face not yours
Spanish broads, Gucci clothes
Nigga everything foreign
Pop a pill, popped a seal
Then I start back pouring
Yellow horses on my cars, like they rocking Ralph Lauren
Bought an old school yesterday just to paint the bitch orange
So much money in my pocket I could paint a bitch orange

I'm in hot pursuit, I'm stacking loot
You niggas sweet as apple juice
Your girlfriend got an apple-bottom, suck dick like she Snaggle-tooth
She walk round with an attitude, I show that bitch no gratitude
I'm a tycoon, I can change her longitude and latitude
Slap niggas with pistols til' they only can eat baby food
Colder than a refrigerator, hotter than a stove that cook
I woke up in the morning, rolled a blunt and than I cooked this deuce
I cracked the seal, poured up a 4, than put it in a Mountain Dew

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They be stupid, dumb, bad with that crazy Gucci bag
Her man buy her a Jag, how you gon' compete with that
Wanna take her on a date, than you must fuck up a set
She so spoiled, if he gave her to you would give her back
You can love me all you want but i'ma lock you from a distance
Egging me to pay you, I'ma pay you no attention
Fresher than my pad, baby girl you got me twisted
I heard you got a boyfriend, don't your man play for the Pistons?
I had a girl named Susie and she used to go the distance
She sucked dick like a porno flick, I gave that bitch the business
She asked me for a [?] , I told her today must be Christmas
Just like the Sprite and Promethazine, bitch you got me mixed up

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