

Plenty Mo

Gucci Mane

Homeboy
Turn me up
Guwop
Mike Will
EarDrummers
Turn up

Purple 'rari
Purple rim
Purple bad bitch with a purple tan
Orange frames, orange Lam'
Orange [?] and orange [?]
Red Charger, red Bentley
Bitch, I came up at the Red Room Inn [?]
Twenty hit the room
And the four just missed me
Weed so strong, you can't light no incense
Gucci Mane's a multi-multi
Hundred thousand dollars, rent me
My goons might dress up in bow ties
Always keep three killers with me
Gucci Mane don't back down, no guy
See your ass later, let a couple months go by
Whippin' up the dope, true story, my old life
Still got work like Drake, nigga, no lie
Room of house full with nothin' but smokers
In the kitchen, now I'm cooking up that coca
Used to get the dope right from my brother
My plug in the top bunk I'm right under
And you can't pull shit with a set, your Honor
Spikes in my cleats cause I'm a punter
Black shades on like Stevie Wonder
Cheetah print on cause life's a jungle
If you boys attempt to conquer
What I conquered, I'ma run you off the block
And hit your homie
Cause this clip here hold a hundred
Gun long as a gila monster
'90, was a Fila monster
And Gucci Mane gon' keep a strap
Showin up just like it's tee less summer

If you want some, come get some, baby, cause there's plenty mo', you can get some of this shit
If you want some, you can get some, baby, come getcha some, cause there's plenty mo' of this shit
If you want some, come get some, baby, cause you want some, yeah, get you some of this shit
If you want some, come get some, baby, cause there's plenty mo', you can get you some of this shit
If you want some, you can get some, baby, come get you some, cause there's plenty mo' of this shit
If you want some, come get some, baby, cause you want some, yeah, get some of this shit
If you want some, come get some, cause there plenty mo', got plenty mo' of this shit
Pl-Plenty mo', plenty mo' of this shit

Got plenty mo', got plenty mo' of this shit

I drop ashes, so careless
And these pants came from Paris
Your boyfriend's embarrassed
She felt the fabric, she married
I'm spending broccoli for carats
I'm in Versace, shoppin'
Niggas pocket-watchin', they starin'
And I'm a step up on fashion
Got these three months in advance
They feel the fabric I'm wearin'
These pants I got come from Paris
I make your man feel embarrassed
Don't speak in Frank, I'm in France
Black patent leather, your ancestors
I'm droppin' ashes on [?]

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Got plenty mo', got plenty mo' of this shit