

# Say No Mo

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven)  
Huh? Huh? (Zaytoven)  
Ziggy, Ziggy  
In that pocket, in that motherfucking pocket (Huh?)  
Burr (Burr)  
East Atlanta Santa, nigga (Yeah)  
(It's gettin' cold out here, I'm freezing)  
Convertibles in the wintertime (Haha)  
Ha (Catch up, go)

I'm Guwop the creator, I gives a fuck 'bout a hater  
I want more paper than Oprah, I sell more Oprah than Kroger (Wow)  
They say, "Guwop, man, you local and plus your daddy a smoker"  
Man, I'm a hood stockbroker, it ain't nobody dooper (No)  
Man, I'm too fresh for the city, I should move out the country (Yoom)  
They say nobody showed me love, but fuck it, show me the money  
The best dressed in the game, I should walk down the runway  
I'm in my Maybach jammin' Ross and I'm so ready for gunplay (Grrah)  
You wanna be the next Gucci, you might get there one day  
You wanna met Gucci, I be in Magic every Monday  
Fresh bag full of cash, I walk out with the swag  
You know my engine in the back and my top's in the trash (Wop)

If you ain't talking 'bout cash, say no more, say no more (Huh?)  
If that bitch ain't giving no ass up, say no more, say no more (Damn)  
If two hundred ain't on your dashboard, say no more, say no more (Go, go)  
If it ain't no stamps in your passport, say no more, say no more (Wow)  
Say no more, say no more, say no motherfucking more (No)  
Say no more, say no more, say no motherfucking more  
If you niggas ain't gettin' no money, say no more, say no more  
If you bitches ain't talkin' 'bout bread, say no more, say no more  
Wop

You better listen to pimpin', I put that bitch in position  
I fucked her in so many different motherfuckin' positions  
That the bitch walked out that hotel limpin' (Woah)  
I'm tryna beat the bitch like a nigga just got out of prison (Woah, damn)  
Versace linen on my bed, man, they match my denim  
Helmut Lang and Buscemi, man, they match my pimpin' (Helmut Lang)  
Cartier with clear lenses, please don't cloud my vision  
And nobody fuck with Gucci Mane kitchen (Skrtrt)  
Gucci Mane and 'Tiggy, man, it's classic to me (Ziggy)  
You say your baby daddy broke, damn, that's tragic to me (Well, damn)  
You just called me three times, that's harassment to me (Hello?)  
Nigga, go and get some money, get the fuck 'way from me  
Wop

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If you niggas ain't gettin' no money, say no more, say no more  
If you bitches ain't talkin' 'bout bread, say no more, say no more  
Wop