

Stomach Grumbling

Gucci Mane

(Once again, I'm locked in with TP, we finna make a hit)

I'm confident I'll never run out of money
They pray that I fall, but I kept it a hundred (A hundred)
Drop change on a bitch, girl, this bread on your bonnet (This bread)
And she fell back in love with my dick in her stomach
These bitches be clumsy and nosy and rummaging (Clumsy)
She didn't eat before she started drinking, she vomited (Ugh)
These niggas ain't eating, they stomachs be grumbling
Claim that they fasting, but no, it ain't Ramadan (Damn)
Keep puttin' out music, but nobody cares
He did a show, but wasn't nobody there (Nobody)
Wanna be me but it's hard to be me, known to put on some shit that wouldn't
nobody wear
My watch is icy, I need a Moncler (Burr)
If you run up, you get done up right there
2019, tried give me a GRAMMY, in 2005, tried to give me the chair

Street nigga turned legal millionaire, I feel like a billion, one hell of a
feeling
She took an edible, say it's incredible, took off her shirt and start showin
g her titty (Showin' her titties)
Writers on strike and I know why they did it, Hollywood moguls be paying 'em
pennies
AI can't write the song Gucci would write 'cause AI didn't stay up all night
in the trenches (Hell nah)
I got a lick, is you coming or not?
All this free money, they handing it out
I told my artist to stick to the script, they show love when you broke, but
they hate when you hot
I get two, three hundred thousand a feature
I robbed a bank with no mask, it was legal
I took the cake and split it with my people
I dropped a classic, then came with a sequel
Before it was legal, we smoked like it's legal (Ugh)
Stood on the couch and turned over the speakers
And my promo team was the neighborhood geekers
My first Trap House album, two naked shit-eaters (Ugh)
Young nigga listen, go get you some money
This shit won't be easy and I'm being honest
They gon' talk down when they think it ain't working
But when you pop out, they gon' all be astonished

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ATL, Georgia one hell of a place, you come for vacation, but leave on probation (Well, damn)

The way she keep shaking her ass with no waist, shit ain't a game, it ain't no recreation (Ain't a game)

Her booty keep clappin', a standing ovation (Clap)

Told me to chill, but I'm losing my patience

Pussy like water and head is amazing

I'm smelling like money, she lovin' the fragrance (Lovin' the fragrance)

Please call me Gucci, better not call me Radric

He signed the contract, didn't flip through the pages

I fucked her and fell asleep, that shit was crazy

The way she kept sucking was making me lazy (Damn)

Caught like three nuts, so I'm calling her Tracy

I made her dance, so I'm calling her Stacy (Pyoom)

Fuck a rich nigga, you know that she bragging

Her titties so perky, hell no, they ain't sagging

Lil' mama look like she been dragging a wagon

My homie so geeked, said it's Megan Thee Stallion

Her ex-nigga broke, he a dud, he be crabby

He make excuses, but I make it happen

Started off trappin', but switched it to rappin'

My bitch is an addict, addicted to fashion

I'm the one these niggas hate with a passion

My dog turned to snake, could've sworn it was magic (Well, damn)