

Tight Rope

Gucci Mane

(Zaytoven)

Says she want it all, I'll see her tonight, girl
Swear I want 'em all, I just need to write
Bottles on the way, woke up to the light-show
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope, yeah
On her tippy-toes, she can walk a tightrope, yeah
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope (Let's go)

Tip-toein', all through the-, oh-oh
Ass pokin' out when you walk
Find the language, we don't really talk
You know your body finna go
I know you know, baby, you know
If I say "Go", then it's a go
And you know what's next, you know I ain't really-really finna play
Shit, they gon' tell you who I left with, you know I ain't really finna say
Gotta be dumb and you know that I ain't
I lie, I lie, I lie, I lie
Hop in the ride-ide-ide-ide, ride-ide-ide-ide-ide
They already know
Ain't no need to flex right now, but you're fuckin' with a vet right now
I can write a check right now, for your net right now
If you wanna make a bet right now, we can bet right now
Got her real wet right now, she gon' make a mess right now, right now, right now
She say I'm the best in town
And she right when she ride that side that dick right down
Woah-oh-oh-oh-oh, wait a minute, go slow
Trappin' right here, go

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On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope (Yeah, got you, Guwop)
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope (Go)

Breakin' bread, stackin' money, tryna run a bag up
Dodgin' feds, cashin' checks, I done got the swag up (Huh)
Baby, you was fine, now you got a dad-body (Huh?)
A serial killer on the loose, that bitch got mad bodies (Damn)
Gucci don't give a fuck, I'm a human like [?] (Bling)
She ain't the type to play, she know she walk a tightrope (Huh)
Diamonds in these bitches face, my fingers on Mike glow (Huh)
Got her tippy-toein' 'til her fuckin' back broke (Huh)
Trap it to the floor, we make your booty clap though (Clap)
We both know you a freak, so what you tryna act for? (Ho')
No Johnny Carson, welcome to the Gucci Mane show (It's Gucci)
Three-hundred bands, my fans treat me like the damn Pope ('Wop)

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You know, you know you can see
You grown, you know I believe it
Athlete shit, no nigga love to ball
In the season, Autumn watch the money fall
I can't take my eyes off you, girl
Your body's doin' things that I can't explain, oh-oh-oh
Stripper girl, stripper girl, stripper girl (Damn)
Stripper girl, yeah
Come and get that money, baby, do it now
Ooh, look at that booty, how it's movin' now
In between the sheets, like a center-four
Please fuckin' with me, that way you finna go
Got some niggas with me and they really go
She say we the shit, like we didn't know
Fuck it up, fuck it up like that
Smack it up, flip it, rub it down from the back, yeah

Says she want it all, I'll see her tonight, girl (Oh-oh-oh)
Swear I want 'em all, I just need to write
Bottles on the way, woke up to the light-show (Oh-oh-oh)
On her tippy-toes, bet she walk the tightrope, yeah (Ooh)
On her tippy-toes, she can walk a tightrope, yeah
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