

# Too Loyal

Gucci Mane

Mr. Zone 6'er, rock two pistols (BOW) [2X]  
Fucked three sisters, iced out crystals  
Mi-Mr. Zone 6'er, Mi-Mr. Zoner 6'er

I'm too hood, I'm too turnt (turnt)  
Ain't been an hour and a quarter pound burnt  
Mr. Zone 6'er, rock two pistols (BOW)  
Fucked three sisters, iced out crystals  
Tell you like you wanna know, iced out shorty  
Got a glow, blue block party, and you better know (POW)  
Fuckin bitches every show, one for the cheese  
Two for the ki's, three's for the P's, go for the O.G.'s  
I'm so sleaze I hit your main squeeze (geah)  
Rollin on 30's, like you rollin on D's (wow)  
It beez Gucci Goo-Wop  
In the South top Beemer that's convertible top

I'm too fuckin loyal; you too fuckin spoiled  
Bitch I'm gone off that hard, Brick Squad we barred  
Them boys are high [3X]  
We ballin out [3X] - I'm too fuckin loyal

They said I'm steamin, I'm bubblin, from the fire up  
You got loud better fire it up  
Call me a one-hit wonder I'll switch my flow up  
Drop "No Hands" with Roscoe Dash, now I've blowin up  
I'm (ballin out) everywhere you see me is money on the ground  
'Caine one bleaches me, in for a pound (flags)  
Higher than a motherfucker I smoked 'bout a pound  
I love to throw hundreds screamin stripper bitch drown!  
Girls all around me run me down  
I drink, go bomb, [?] me round  
Pants down, Brick Squad we the shit  
Waka Flocka Flame the 2011 [?] Mitch

Brick Squad young'n  
Catch me with a groupie chick, I be on my groupie shit  
Hotel, motel, try and shoot a groupie flick  
Bang bang, skeet skeet, Sturdy Pete, blew the crib  
Dumped out the flag fuck, coolin with the stewardess  
Hoe like OH MY GOD, look in my garage  
This ain't no facade, sleepwalkin on them bars  
I got me on free, link get me the Z  
Red Bull give me wings, pit be robbin ching  
Money I'ma get to it, neckpiece, igloo it  
Shoot a hundred bet a hundred crapped out and redo it  
It ain't nuttin to a boss nigga, put down  
I'm so fuckin loyal Gucci tellin me to sit down