

# Tootsies

Gucci Mane

This dope will make you do the Kanye, took so many opiates  
The mall ain't even open yet, but Gucci made them open it  
Dr. Trapenstein and I just prescribed a Percocet  
She ain't even fine enough so I don't even wanna hit  
Bitch tailing out of Tootsies, bag full of hundreds  
I told the dealer he can keep the talk cause I don't want it  
Think my house is haunted, woke up saying I'm done bitch  
Gucci on that done shit, so wealthy that my son rich (yeah)

Hop out that new Maybach like I come from paper  
You've been cuffin' bitches you a super saver  
My boy already rich he got my future paper  
We just parked a Wraith inside a elevator  
Tootsie on Tuesday in a private room making a movie  
I got some vibes with me getting groovy,  
We at the top floor in a jacuzzi  
Roll with some hot boys like I'm Juvy  
I'm on that dumb shit like Gucci  
I spent twenty-six thousand in Gucci  
Go ask about me this shit ain't no news  
I got money before it was music  
I don't drink, I don't sip, I abuse it  
How I did what I did got 'em clueless  
Think these Adderalls got me all loosey  
Got your bitch on my drip, she been choosy  
She been shakin' me out I've been movin'  
So much money its getting confusin'  
Only winning ain't doing no losing

This dope will make you do the Kanye, took so many opiates  
The mall ain't even open yet, but Gucci made them open it  
Dr. Trapenstein and I just prescribed a Percocet  
She ain't even fine enough so I don't even wanna hit  
Bitch tailing out of Tootsies, bag full of hundreds  
I told the dealer he can keep the talk cause I don't want it  
Think my house is haunted, woke up saying I'm done bitch  
Gucci on that done shit, so wealthy that my son rich (yeah)

Show me that pussy cat cause El Gato got cat wrist  
Shoota got that rocket on 'em, call him James Harden  
We be straight ballin', wet t-shirt contest  
Top off, colors of the coupe call it Sunkist  
I be goin hard on them, I'm on that Lil Pump shit  
I don't even know how my money got so retarded  
(Trap god) Gucci sandals on like I was Jesus  
Bitch fine as Kim K and these are not Yeezy's

This dope will make you do the Kanye, took so many opiates  
The mall ain't even open yet, but Gucci made them open it  
Dr. Trapenstein and I just prescribed a Percocet  
She ain't even fine enough so I don't even wanna hit  
Bitch tailing out of Tootsies, bag full of hundreds  
I told the dealer he can keep the talk cause I don't want it  
Think my house is haunted, woke up saying I'm done bitch  
Gucci on that done shit, so wealthy that my son rich (yeah)