Track & Field

Gucci Mane

(Yeah, TBDigital)
(Oh my God, Alec)

Me and my Glock one and the same
'Cause we both got extensions (Yung Lan on the track, baow, baow)
And don't you try give me your heart, 'cause I got bad intentions
I'm really a good girl at heart, I just make bad decisions
And I get way too much money to fuck on an average nigga (Yeah)
Don't bring up my last nigga (No)
Ain't claimin' none of my past niggas
I love a go-get-me-a-bag nigga
Put me in Hermés, no Hilfiger
He broke, hell nah, I can't deal with you (No)
I'm a real big deal, can't chill with you (Hell nah)
You a boss, I'ma run up a mil' with you
I love me a be-in-the-field nigga
I know you wanna fuck on me
RBP, this shit ain't free (This shit ain't free)
Yeah, a ho this fine 'cause I'm a P
Real deal stepper, the biggest B (Biggest B)
He say he love me, whatever that is
Niggas cappin', pull up clappin'
If you see me with your ho, don't know what happened
Don't be askin'

I been runnin' through this bag like it's track and field
Only fuckin' with them niggas got them racks for real (Racks for real)
Too much money on a bitch, gotta be strapped for real (Baow, baow)
If he broke, he ain't no option, gotta play the field
Bitch, I'm all pressure, lil' body, big stepper (Big stepper)
Gotta talk heavy, you ain't met a bitch better (Met a bitch better, no)
Girl, these niggas, they ain't got it like they said for real
Fuck his bag up, run off like it's track and field (Kali)

Yeah, I run off with that bag like, "What you gon' do about it"
(What you gon' do about it?)
How you fuckin' with that nigga, ain't get shit up out him?
(How you ain't get shit up out him?)
They be cappin' like they on that, but ain't really 'bout it (Nah)
Yellow diamonds on my neck like it got piss around it
I'm in my bag like the fries at the bottom (Yeah)
Step on your neck with the red at the bottom
I'm all in his mouth like I'm finna floss him
Put him to sleep, wake up, toss him (Ah)
Tell him what to do, he just want me to boss him (Yeah)
He know not to play, that shit gon' cost him (Gon' cost him)
You know them racks in
At the strip club throwin' the backend (The backend)
Your nigga say I'm fine, he just wanna beat my back in (He do)
Lam' truck when I back in (Skrrt)
I been that since back then (Yeah)
Don't claim you knew me from back then
Shit ain't the same, bitch, I been stackin' (Stackin')
I been runnin' through that bag, I done got up while bitches nappin' (Ah)

I been runnin' through this bag like it's track and field
Only fuckin' with them niggas got them racks for real (Racks for real)

Too much money on a bitch, gotta be strapped for real (Baow, baow)
If he broke, he ain't no option, gotta play the field
Bitch, I'm all pressure, lil' body, big stepper (Big stepper)
Gotta talk heavy, you ain't met a bitch better (Met a bitch better, no)
Girl, these niggas, they ain't got it like they said for real
Fuck his bag up, run off like it's track and field

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!