You A Dime

Gucci Mane

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there?)
(Hmm, look like DJ Chose)

Your mama must be fine (Fine)
Your granny must be fine (Fine)
Your auntie must be fine (Fine)
'Cause damn, you a dime (Dime)
Your sister must be bad (Bad)
Your friends must be bad (Bad)
Your haters must be mad (Mad)
'Cause damn, look at that ass, yeah
Five, six, seven, eight, uh
Let them bitches hate
Seven, eight, nine, ten (Ten)
You a fuckin' ten
Your mama must be fine (Fine)
Your granny must be fine (Fine)
Your auntie must be fine (Fine)
'Cause damn, you a dime (Dime)

Look how she pop it (How she pop it)
I'ma do what she say, she can call me Simon (You can call me Simon)
She such a fuckin' dime, I'ma call her diamond, yeah (Call her diamond), uh
If she got that WAP, I'ma take her shoppin' (I'ma take her shoppin')
Damn, I seen her mama and her mama thick (Thick)
I ain't no trick, but if I hit (Yeah), I'll pay her mama rent
Hol' up, hold up, wait (Wait), that's too far (That's too far)
She say she drive stick but not the one that's in the car (Skrrt)
Yeah, I'ma let her ride (I'ma let her ride)
And her sister bad too, I can't decide (I can't decide)
Haha, but I'm tryin' (But I'm tryin')
Don't let me meet your cousins 'cause I know they fine (I know they fine)

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'Cause damn, you a dime (Dime)
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Your friends must be bad (Bad)
Your haters must be mad (Mad)
'Cause damn, look at that ass, yeah
Five, six, seven, eight, uh (Uh)
Let them bitches hate
Seven, eight, nine, ten (Ten)
You a fuckin' ten
Your mama must be fine (Wow)
Your granny must be fine (Huh)
Your auntie must be fine (Fine)
'Cause damn, you a dime (Go)

Shawty fine as hell (Yeah), but she slick as gel (Huh?)
She got a sugar daddy, he play in the NFL (Wow)
You know she a dime, you can tell by how she smell (Damn)
Her ex nigga a killer and he just came home from jail
Bitch so bad, you buy her Gucci, YSL, Chanel (It's Gucci)
She's super jazzy all the way from her hair down to her nails (Nails)
All that body, baby, God, can't keep it on the shelf (No)

And when she come around, can't keep my hands to myself (Yeah)
She got me goin' so hard that it got me out of breath
Designer sheets for my lil' freak, Versace when we slept
Don't sleep on my lil' dime piece, she the best that's quietest kept (Woah)
Guwop gon' keep a dime, a nine or less fuck up my rep (It's Gucci)

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