

GUTTA GUTTA

Rich Amiri

Bugz on the beat

Saks Fifth fuck my racks up
They don't like me on the west, but I get mad love
Semi-automatic got a switch, I got a mag drum
Rose gold steppin' in Margiela, I'm a bad one
Boy, you must be stupid, think you takin' somethin' from me
Shell-shock a nigga, he get wrapped like a mummy
I won't spend no money on you, bitch, you must think I'm a dumm
y
We got V8's, Beamers and them Trackhawks in the country

Yeah, I'll never switch on my day ones
I ain't tie my shoes, I might pull up and just lace somethin'
Fuck up a check, okay, I'm waitin' for some more
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Dirty Sprite, ain't sippin' clean, I'm sippin' oil
Heard they wanna take me off, I got somethin' for them boys
I just sold out five-fifty in your city, makin' noise
How you mad at me? I fucked your friend, that ho don't got no m
orals
I won't spend no money on you, shawty, I know you ain't loyal
Got a warrant in the city, playin' safe, I'm duckin' boys
Blowin' mula in Rodeo, buyin' garments I enjoy
Got the murder squad on standby, I make one call to Roy
Gutta, gutta, my bitch from the gutta
Dirty motherfucker, hit her then I cut her
Pass her to my brother, you sucker, boy, you love her
Made it flip and double, money, never get enough of

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