Gutta Chick

Trae

Shorty keep it hood
Ridin' shotgun while I'm thuggin'
And she say she ought to leave
No trippin' cause she know we just fuckin'
That's my gutta chick
Down to do what whateva, whateva
She's my gutta chick
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I told the girl rewind it, she always like to ride it
I zip it up and hide it but she always come and find it
My pimpin' pop a playa, just politics and paper
And I position it for me
Come on ladies let me see
I'm a dog, and bitch I ball in the rain
And the big kush gon shev it on some motherfuckin' things
Show me that you love me, girl come and suck me
If I let you in my door you see to get
Then you lookin' part bottom bitch
I gave a damn, yes I did
Damn, how she swallow it
Damn, how she polish it
Damn, enter her pussy
She right back on the top of it
Ain't no stoppin' it
Every night she ride it while pussy grippin' super tight
When she can't get me on the phone she want a pussy fight
Could it be? What we doin' wrong girl if it is wrong?
Face sinking in the pillow gripping in hardcore

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So I turnt up with this hood bitch
Late night on these backstreets
Audition in the take pipe, ass out on my backseat
It ain't nothing like I'm sure for real
Told her to sit it off then I tell her to chill
Got under the spotlight when I show her the grill
Might flick on that ass, got me runnin' the field
Can't even quit the paper, tell her I need a fix
Pull in the morning, got her ass doing tricks
DJ Trae about to put it in the mix
Crack her ass open then throw in a couple chicks
You never know might even store a couple flicks
Let go, made over rappin' a couple bricks
Real shit, what I'm on is so sick
How to shape swag ass to fix
C thru dress, everything yours missing
She know about to hit it when I get in position
Tellin' me go down, that's what she wishin'

But I ain't eatin' shit less it come out the kitchen
You can call me Truth, help me yea I go hall
You put your ass out, bitch I go whole
But you a time out for people to daze
Got the head boy beatin' like I paid for the course
Your gang talk bright like a couple of stores
Like when I speak for a couple of bars
Yea, truth or real, spaceship lookin' like it's fresh out more
And you may not wanna miss it if it take off
One hell of a ride, all brakes off
It should've been a warning or something
I wish I got a nigga tryna fuck 'er face off

When I look at her I can see she from the hood
Something in her eyes show red
I heard that she got that good
And if you got a bottle then the fire's gonna spread
It ain't never that she a ho
But she'd be fuckin' with a real nigga when he come through
Got it laid out for me with a buddy on her side
Just in case I wanna fuck with her too
After the Nicki Minaj I stick to massage
You see it was a trick in hoorah
And if you feel sad cause she a stone cold killa
You ain't never really gotta call her pretty, she hot
She hold them thangs and if it's drama and we really need the 2
She know how to control them thangs
I stay ever ready to bust
Back in the work I smoke it good
While she really wanna roll them back
Appetite for destruction, it's purplin'
She good at home but don't try to play 'er cause of her elegance
Never left in the start developin'
Though she got some got head she still left the damn president
Put your ass in the box, bad gutta chick
Still I got a chick for the chick that I show you how to cut a brick
Run a lick so succulent
Stuck 'em for a fit then stick 'em for a shit

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I think I'm Hugh Hefner, I'm Charlie Sheen
I fuck these hoes then I hardly see 'em
She's 19, I'm older than her father was
He in the pin though so he don't bother us
I'm her daddy now and she be getting down
My little gangsta bitch, I found her in the town
She got a pretty face, kinda grimy name
If I tell 'er get it, she gon find them things
And bring 'em to me, make her daddy proud
You could fuck 'er if you cash her out
But don't fall asleep next to my bitch
Cause if you do, she gon take a lot of shit
I ranged her well, I taught 'er how to rob a track
Take a ballin' nigga and hit a lick
She's a gutta bitch, she's from the hood

But I don't like square bitches so it's all good

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(Yea that's right, yea that's right - we don't fuck with you square bitches)
(I want a gutter bitch, gangsta bitch, a get money bitch)
(Yea mane, you know what it is, Trae mane these niggas came here with these real bitches)
(Short Dawg)

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