Man, it's too much of this shit! Plenty, plenty, plenty! I got too much of this shit! Plenty, plenty, plenty Plenty, plenty, plenty! I got too much of this shit! Plenty, plenty, plenty Plenty, plenty, plenty! Paper, I got plenty Bitches I got plenty Toll on the thot, her body science, Ima get it Stay in and out of my business Don't move until I don't finish Meaning, I'm tryna skeet-skeet all up in it Ride out for my pimping, I slide up in my Balenci's Yeah, all I want is to get fucked out, too many sixes Today, I'll be rockin' more than real bitches My speed got no limits, take a look around, you see plenty I got plenty! Cars, whores, doors, white girls come into my shows Body rolls 'till they see me See me? Then you see plenty! No future now, we're winning, we're winning! But no more dirty Sprite for me I pour the lean out cause I'm good with the Henny Plenty, plenty, plenty! I got too much of this shit! Plenty, plenty, plenty Plenty, plenty, plenty! I got too much of this shit! Plenty, plenty, plenty Plenty, plenty, plenty! Plenty girl, plenty real nigga ride with me Plenty paper, plenty haters, go get high with me! Plenty street niggers, they see eye to eye with me Plenty young niggers, busted time with me! Plenty gold, plenty real niggers ride with me Plenty paper, plenty haters, go get high with me! Plenty street niggers, they see eye to eye with me Plenty young niggers, busted time with me! Plenty niggers act like bitches, they should chain six Plenty pussy ass niggers should just stop flexin' House full of white, girl full of me Count a hundred dollar bill, nigga get it how you live Plenty bad bitches, couple ratchet hoes Plenty face shots, that means the casket closed Plenty spots, plenty whips, I took plenty troops He came with me, that nigga make plenty flips Plenty, plenty, plenty!

I got too much of this shit!

Plenty, plenty, plenty

Plenty, plenty, plenty!
I got too much of this shit!
Plenty, plenty, plenty
Plenty, plenty, plenty!

Now I'm not friendly, and I got plenty
Back and forth on this layup, I'm on I-20
You see my bankrolling, it's back bus George skinnin'
I bought a Rolls Royce, I cashed out and I don't trust it
I play football and I go to sleep stuntin'
Never too much, never too much money! (It's Gucci!)
Kicking in with trouble and the comma's keep coming
Problem like the "Problem like the drama, keep coming!"
I ball every day, to me is Super Bowl Sunday
I took a fifty with me, King of Diamonds brunch
I can't get enough of Gucci, she's a Gucci man son
Tell Plazy, I wonder when they got plenty of money! (It's Gucci!)

Plenty, plenty, plenty!
I got too much of this shit!
Plenty, plenty, plenty
Plenty, plenty, plenty!
I got too much of this shit!
Plenty, plenty, plenty
Plenty, plenty, plenty!