

Gucci Linen

Blackbear

My bed is draped in Gucci linen, uh
I never say, "I love you" to these women, no
Unless you is my mama, yeah
I take her shopping, tell her "You can have anything you want in here", ooh
When I'm fucking, call me Papa, yeah
They saying I'm a problem yeah
I'm high as a bird, Nelly Furtado, yeah
No Nelly, no Nelly, it's getting hot in here, whoa

I make a lot a year, I see a lot of tears
I made a lot of girls cry, don't really know why
I'm at the W getting W's
I ain't do this shit because I want to, I just gotta have it
And I don't need no practice, got it in the basket
Got a Louis bag for lust, I'm cashing
And I'm about to go and play a show and make 50 racks
That's big facts, that's a flex
I just did it with no label, that's a fact, that's a fact
I just did it on the table, whoa

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Miseducation of Tity Boi
Umbilical cord filled with plenty drugs (yeah)
My mama a G and my daddy dead
I went to the prom wearing black and red
The neighborhood turn into Pakistan
Middle of the war zone, I was back in 'Nam
With some caps, with some packs and some nappy dread
Shoot at you, then shoot at the ambulance
Gucci my, Gucci my spread, uh
Marble floor all to my stairs, uh
My circle don't fuck with no squares, uh
When I fuck 'em, I fuck 'em in pair, yeah
Gucci my, Gucci my spread, yeah
Green and the white and the red, yeah
I took me one to the head, uh
Then I took me one to the bed, yeah

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