

## 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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